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Clarence Dixon Taylor

His Life and Work

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John Arthur Taylor
General Editor

Foreword

Clarence Dixon “Bud” Taylor, was born May 11, 1909, the sixth child in a family of six sons and two daughters. His family was a warm and loving one, though demonstrations of affection were rare.

Bud’s family lived on Fifth West in Provo, and Taylor and Dixon cousins without number ranged up and down “Sandy Alley” and for blocks on either side. Bud had red hair as did all his brothers except Henry, and there were countless Dixon cousin redheads. Bud was surrounded by people he cared for and who cared for him. His devotion to family heritage was a guiding impulse throughout his life.

His father, Arthur, made certain he was inured to hard work. Bud ruefully recalled that on his sixth birthday he had to gather peach tree prunings to be burned. When the family made its annual summer pilgrimage to Wildwood, Clarence as a young lad was assigned to herd a gentle milk cow the thirteen miles. He and a cousin or two would arise, pack sack lunches and tie them to their belts, and set off at 4 a.m. and walk all day.

He loved all his brothers and sisters but perhaps among his brothers he was closest to Lynn and Henry who took an interest in him all their days. Henry was an astute businessman, and Bud was often his junior partner. Lynn and Henry made certain that Bud joined the Bricker Social Unit, and that he had opportunities to join them in the development of the foothills east of Provo where they all built homes. Bud and all his brothers were employed by Dixon Taylor Russell Company.

Clarence was devoted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He filled a mission in the Union of South Africa, birthplace of his maternal grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon. He had many Church callings, usually in a clerical capacity as he was recognized for his accuracy and dependability.

He was a seasoned veteran of World War II, having served as a cannoneer in the 28th Division from 1942 through 1945. The 28th Division landed on Omaha Beach a few days after the Invasion’s first wave. His unit fought in the Battle of the Bulge, and he personally was among the last to escape. Bud’s unit was the first to convoy through Paris. He was

36 when discharged.

Clarence was a prolific and meticulous genealogist. In the lower level of his home at Taylor Terrace, he built a huge wall-sized plywood panel with hundreds of family names in movable slots, before the advent of computers. It was a prodigious task to keep it updated.

His interest and loyalty to his broader family resulted in his authoring many books including *My Folks the Dixons*, in two volumes, *George Taylor Sr. and His Family, 1838-1926*, and *Rev. William Boardman and His Family, 1768-1825*. Clarence’s books are included in the collections of many libraries. *My Folks the Dixons* was examined by Dawn Brummer, not an LDS member, in a microfilm located in a Branch Library in Zimbabwe, and she wrote letters to many people in Utah trying to locate Clarence. This led to renewing contact with Henry Aldous Dixon’s mother’s family, and his last book about the Boardmans. Another result was Clarence’s two trips at the ages of 84 and 86 back to South Africa accompanied by Ken Kartchner.

Bud never married. In South Africa in 1994, Dawn Brummer asked, “Clarence, how is it that you never married?” He replied thoughtfully, “Well, I guess I just never got around to it.” A photo of Clarence and an attractive girl, his date at a Brickerhaven festival, intrigues us.

During his last illness he stayed at The Courtyard at Jamestown Assisted Living Community. His home in Taylor Terrace was standing empty. Under Ken Kartchner’s tireless leadership, all of Uncle Bud’s household property and library was inventoried and distributed among nineteen of his twenty-four surviving nieces and nephews within the space of a few days, and then the house was promptly sold.

Clarence was actively involved in insurance sales, real estate development and management, and countless projects with his brothers. His lifelong industry and methodical record keeping left in its wake numerous file cabinets, closets, and boxes filled with the papers and documents resulting from the Taylor Estate, secretaryship in Dixon Taylor Russell Company, Goldbrickers, Brickerhaven, Bonneville

Development Corporation, and countless other personal and civic projects.

At the time of his death we had no clear vision about the disposal of his papers and files, nor any place to store them. While we tried to save the most important materials, no doubt many valuable documents did not survive the purge. All the saved files including his personal papers, albums, photographs, correspondence, etc., were placed in new storage cartons and taken to George Taylor's garage. Subsequently George went through all these materials and sorted them into logical files. During this process he discovered a small box labeled "PEAKS," a heretofore unknown start on an autobiography. Notwithstanding this find, we believe that no one would be more surprised than Uncle Bud at the publication of this account of his life and work. He was too modest and self-effacing to actually pull it together himself, and no doubt thought no one else would care to do the work.

One of his grand schemes was to establish a trust to benefit missionaries descended from Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon. He surprised both Deseret Trust Company and his executors shortly before his death by including as beneficiaries of the trust the descendants of his maternal grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon. As Dixon had sixteen children, this multiplied the number of potential beneficiaries exponentially. In order to locate Dixon missionaries, Deseret Trust annually places newspaper ads and this has been productive. It is anticipated that by the

end of 2009, Clarence Taylor's missionary trust will have provided support (50% of the monthly expense) to at least three dozen Taylor/Dixon missionaries, representing an outlay of nearly \$100,000.

Serendipitous events enabled us to establish an Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor fund with the Brigham Young Chapter of Sons of Utah Pioneers. Over a five-year period the fund will provide one-year scholarships to three worthy young men and women each year.

All of Clarence's surviving personal papers, albums, photographs, correspondence, etc. housed in fifteen cartons were removed from George's garage and delivered to Special Collections in the Harold B. Lee Library at Brigham Young University. Over a six-year period substantial funding has been provided to the library which is committed to specific goals in each year, to work with and develop The Clarence Dixon Taylor Family Historical Research Endowment. This will be a lasting memorial to Clarence's industry, faith, and vision.

Clarence had a powerful impact on his nieces and nephews with whom he was closely associated over a seventy-five year period. They will always remember him as their well-loved "Uncle Bud." In Clarence's obituary, he is aptly described as, "*A Consummate Uncle.*"

John Arthur Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.
Kenneth Taylor Kartchner

My Life's Peaks

And as the mountain peaks, such as Squaw Peak—Timpanogos—Mt. Nebo—Provo Peak—
Lightning Peak—Mt. Kolob and others stand out prominently on these mountain ranges
surrounding Utah Valley, so also the following incidents punctuate the high peaks in my life.



Biographical Information



ca. 1927

Clarence Dixon Taylor Pedigree Chart

CHART NO. _____

PEDIGREE CHART

1 Clarence Dixon Taylor BORN 11 May 1909 WHERE Provo, Utah WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		2 Arthur Nicholls Taylor BORN 2 Nov 1870 WHERE Provo, Utah WHEN MARRIED 9 May 1894 DIED 10 Sept 1935 WHERE Provo, Utah		3 Maria Louise Dixon BORN 5 Jan 1872 WHERE Provo, Utah DIED 17 Feb 1947 WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah	
4 George Taylor, Sr. BORN 25 Mar 1838 WHERE Birmingham, Warw. Eng. WHEN MARRIED 5 July 1857 DIED 4 Sept 1926 WHERE Provo, Utah		5 Eliza Nicholls BORN 29 Apr 1838 WHERE Portsmouth, S. Hampton, Eng. DIED 27 June 1922 WHERE Provo, Utah		6 Henry Aldous Dixon BORN 14 Mar 1835 WHERE Grahamstown, Cape, S-Afr. WHEN MARRIED 27 Jan 1865 DIED 4 May 1884 WHERE Provo, Utah	
8 Thomas Taylor BORN 21 May 1792 WHERE Birmingham, Warw. Eng. WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		9 Anne Hill BORN 13 June 1813 WHERE Birmingham, Warw. Eng. DIED _____ WHERE _____		10 Thomas Ashford Nicholls BORN 25 May 1803 WHERE Birmingham, Warw. Eng. WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____	
16 Richard Taylor CONTINUED ON CHART _____		18 Joseph Hill CONTINUED ON CHART _____		20 Thomas Nicholls CONTINUED ON CHART _____	
17 Margaret Broughall CONTINUED ON CHART _____		19 Sarah Tedd CONTINUED ON CHART _____		21 Pheobe Johnson CONTINUED ON CHART _____	
12 John Henry Dixon BORN 28 May 1786 WHERE West Ham, Essex, Eng WHEN MARRIED 12 Jan 1826 DIED 1 Apr 1874 WHERE Grahamstown, Cape, S-Afr. DIED 16 Dec 1796 WHERE Newburgh, Ormskirk, Lanc. Eng. DIED 23 Sept 1865 WHERE Uitenhage, Cape, S-Afr.		13 Judith Boardman BORN 16 Dec 1796 WHERE Newburgh, Ormskirk, Lanc. Eng. DIED 23 Sept 1865 WHERE Uitenhage, Cape, S-Afr.		22 Rev. William Boardman CONTINUED ON CHART _____	
14 John DeGrey BORN Chr. 23 Oct 1803 WHERE Dudley, Worc. Eng WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED 24 Feb 1849 WHERE Dudley, Worc. Eng		15 Mariah Brooks BORN 10 Apr 1805 WHERE Tipton, Staff. Eng DIED 2 Apr 1876 WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah		23 Margaret Hayes CONTINUED ON CHART _____	
17 Sarah DeGrey BORN 4 Feb 1844 WHERE Dudley, Worc. Eng DIED 17 Apr 1926 WHERE Provo, Utah		28 John DeGrey CONTINUED ON CHART _____		29 Ann Bowater CONTINUED ON CHART _____	
30 Job Brooks CONTINUED ON CHART _____		31 Elizabeth Walters CONTINUED ON CHART _____		32 _____ CONTINUED ON CHART _____	

The Peaks in My Life

May 9, 1945, at one minute past twelve, p.m., Victory Day in Europe has been officially announced. With peace here in Europe, more leisure time is now available, for which I am determined to put it to some useful purpose; such as delving into the last thirty-six years of my life and re-enjoying many of the happy times I have experienced, together with lessons taught by that hard but thorough teacher—experience.

In 1974, when I went to get my birth certificate, the records office had no birth certificate for Clarence Dixon Taylor. They did however, show a baby boy was born on May 11, 1909 to Maria Dixon and Arthur N. Taylor at 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah. The attending physician was Dr. George E. Robinson, substituting for our family doctor, Fred W. Taylor. Lovable Aunt Sarah Barrett Monk gave me my first bath. Although she was no relative, she was as close to our family as any of the blood rela-



Aunt Sarah Barrett Monk gave Clarence his first bath.

tives. Her family had come from England and had lived in a little log house on the east side of Grandfather Dixon's lot. She was a practical nurse in great demand.

According to our family records, I was blessed and given the name of Clarence Dixon Taylor on July 4, 1909 in the Provo Third Ward by my father, Arthur N. Taylor.

Most children are blessed and given a name within a month of their birth, but in my case, Mother developed a "milk leg" [phlebitis] which kept her confined in bed for some time. Through good nursing and her clean, healthy body resulted in extra vitality and recuperative powers, so she recovered sufficiently to have her baby blessed in July.

I am personally thankful that I was christened the name of Clarence Dixon Taylor, rather than the name of "Alfred," which I have been told was the name one of my grandmothers had suggested. During my school days and especially in high school and college, I was known more by my nickname "Bud Taylor." My mother has always disliked nicknames, no doubt handed down from her mother, but try as she did, each of her children received one or more nicknames, as did all of the kids in the neighborhood: "Artie" for Arthur, "Sunbeam" for Lynn, "Dutch" for Elton, "Heintz" for Henry, "Obie" for Kenneth, "Sanky" for Donald Dixon, "Buck" for Fred Dixon, "Unk" for Verl Dixon, "Pink" for Paul Dixon, "Abe" for Rulon Dixon.

My first recollection of being called "Buddy" was by my oldest brother Arthur. It was a good nick-



Home at 256 North 500 West, Provo.

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE FORWARDED BY THE LOCAL REGISTRAR TO THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SALT LAKE CITY, ON OR BEFORE THE 5TH OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AFTER FIRST HAVING BEEN PROPERLY REGISTERED.

PLACE OF BIRTH
County of Utah
Precinct of
Town or Village of
City of Provo

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FILE NO.
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH,
STATE OF UTAH
Street and No. 259 11 5th NW
If in Hospital or other Institution, give its name instead of Street and number.

FULL NAME OF CHILD Clarence Dixon Taylor If child is not yet named, make supplemental report, as directed

Sex of Child <u>Male</u>	Twin, Triplet, or Other? <u> </u>	and Number in Order of Birth <u> </u>	Legitimate? <u>Yes</u>	Date of Birth <u>May 11</u> , 190 <u>9</u> [Month] [Day] [Year]
FATHER FULL NAME <u>Arthur A Taylor</u> RESIDENCE <u>Provo Utah</u> COLOR <u>White</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>38</u> [Years] BIRTHPLACE <u>Provo Utah</u> OCCUPATION <u>Furniture Dealer</u>		MOTHER FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Marie Dixon</u> RESIDENCE <u>Provo Utah</u> COLOR <u>White</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>37</u> [Years] BIRTHPLACE <u>Provo Utah</u> OCCUPATION <u>House Keeper</u>		

Number of Child of this Mother 1 Number of children of this Mother now living 1

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, and that it occurred on May 11th, 1909, at 1:15 a M.

Premature or Still Birth? (Yes or No)
*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return.

[Signature] E. E. Robinson
Date May 11, 1909 E. E. Robinson
[Physician or Midwife]
Address of Physician or Midwife Provo Utah
Filed Nov 1, 1909 E. E. Taylor
Registered No. 823

Give name added from supplemental report
April 3, 1909
Seth E. Smith
REGISTRAR.

STATE OF UTAH)
COUNTY OF UTAH) SS

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original certificate on file with the City-County Health Department of Utah County:

[Signature]
Registrar, City-County Health Dept. of Utah Co.
By [Signature] Deputy

name and a name I have never objected being called. To strangers I have answered to the name of "red," "freckles," "orange," and "sunny."

The average family of today is between two and four children. How lucky I was born when I was, and into a large family. To me, an only child is missing half of life, besides losing the companionship as well as the unselfishness and loyalty of a large family. I feel as Mother had written in one of her weekly letters: "I do feel the Lord has certainly blessed me and your father in sending such choice spirits into our home, to guide and direct and set a worthy example for them to follow."

The names of my brothers and sisters are: Arthur Dixon Taylor, Lynn Dixon Taylor, Elton LeRoy Taylor, Henry Dixon Taylor, Alice Louise Taylor Nelson, Orson Kenneth Taylor, Ruth Elaine Taylor Kartchner. I am the sixth child.

Since Father and Mother's marriage, Father and each of his six sons have spent over two years each on a Church mission, and Mother spent over six months in the British Mission at the close of Father's term. To-date, all four of my older brothers have been sustained as Bishops of their ward and two as presidents of a stake. (As of December 31, 1979 our Arthur N. Taylor and Maria D. Taylor roster numbers 217. This includes spouses. There were 114 males and 103 females.)

Since Mother's health was not the best after my birth, Father decided the best thing for her was a quiet rest in the shady and beautiful Provo Canyon, away from the summer heat and where the ice cold and pure water melts from the snow banks of Mt. Timpanogos. Here the days are not too hot and the nights are chilly and invigorating. A building lot in Wildwood had recently been acquired. This new resort was located just seven miles from the mouth of Provo Canyon, thirteen miles from Provo, at the junction of the North Fork Creek with the Provo River. I spent part of my first summer here at Wildwood, maybe that is one reason I have always looked forward to summers in the Canyon, which I enjoyed so much.

While Father and Mother were in England, they became very well acquainted with a young English girl (convert) named Janet Poole. She was a member of the Birmingham Branch of the Church, and later became very desirous of migrating to Utah. In November of 1909 she arrived in Provo and came to live with the Arthur N. Taylor family. Her chief duty was to act as housekeeper and help Mother with her vast number of household duties. I am very much indebted to her for instilling in me the desire to live

a good clean life and to follow in the footsteps of my parents, who she almost idolized.

To my dying day, I will retain the first recollection of her, as she would slowly open the kitchen door into my bedroom, and after finding me awake, would shout out in her English accent: "my word you get to sleep." After which, I am told, I would give a little whimper and cower down and go to sleep.

After keeping house and helping Mother for more than fourteen years, she married Joseph S. Monk and moved to his home in Logan, Utah.

How well I remember this little gold gilded, iron trundle bed, with the side nearest Mother's bed, which would slide up and down; and which had a white bed spread with Noah's Ark and every imaginable animal designed on it. Many is the time I can remember entertaining myself with these fixed playmates.

It has always been my dislike to have my picture taken, even as far back as when I was still a youngster having to be dressed and sleeping with my sister Alice. I remember being made to dress up in my Sunday "sailor suit" with its "dickey" over my chest and which I disliked so much; and then having someone button my shoes with a button hook. I was then taken to a photographer on University Avenue for a picture of Alice in her white dress and long braids of hair, which she could sit on. She also had a picture taken of her looking in a mirror, which showed her back as well as her face. Another



Clarence and Alice, ca. 1913.

picture was taken of her holding my hand, which I guess she was doing to keep me in the picture.

Another time they bribed me into letting a door to door photographer take my picture standing in front of the house, near the rose hedge, with our old family shepherd dog named "Scottie" standing with me.

It was soon after this that I tasted my first real grief which I remember. While outside playing, after



Clarence and Scottie, ca. 1913.

breakfast one morning, I found the still and lifeless form of this animal companion, Scottie, lying in the rose bushes, dead. Death, so I was told, was attributed to poisoning by some unkind and unthoughtful person. He was buried in the back yard and for a long time after, his grave was

adorned with flowers ranging from dandelions to yellow roses.

Having become six years of age in May 1915, I was permitted to be taken to the old Timpanogos School house, by my older brother Henry and enrolled in the first grade. I felt mighty big, seeing that I did not have to be taken to school by my mother or father, as was so many of the other first graders. The principal of the school was white-haired Francis Marion Young, and my first grade teacher was Miss Gee.

Little do I remember of those first few years of school, but one sad experience I will always remember. It was either at the closing of the first or second grade that I was supposed to recite a poem before the students and their parents, prior to receiving our report cards. When the time came for my entrance,



Timpanogos School, 1915-1920.

I was timid and frightened to go through with my part of the program and sat back in the corner and wept. That same fear has been with me ever since, and the majority of cases has overcome my better judgment and reasoning.

My other teachers in grade school were:

First grade	Miss Gee
Second grade	Jennie Harding
Third grade	Berniece Davies
Fourth grade	Thelma Eggertsen
Fifth grade	Winnie Clyde
Sixth grade	Winnie Clyde
Principals	F. M. Young, Barney Hyde
Custodian	A. W. Harding

My closest playmate, although two years older, was my cousin, Donald "Sanky" Dixon, who lived just two houses south of our home. Whenever he permitted, I tagged him wherever he went and tried to do whatever he did. It was his love of sports and untiring patience that he taught me to play basketball, baseball, tennis, and to enjoy all of these sports. How proud and privileged I was to be in his company from early in the morning to late at night. I think I spent more time at Aunt Louie and Uncle Walt's (his mother and father) place than I did at my home.

Father was very strict in allowing any of his children to sleep away from home. He had always taken the attitude that home was the place for his children to be at night.

On this special day, March 12th, Donald "Sanky" Dixon's birth date, I was allowed to sleep at his place, for the night.

I will never forget how I felt on my sixth birthday, when I was required to go out to the Hillcrest Farm and gather up the pruned peach limbs in the orchard to be hauled away to be burned. Usually I had experienced birthdays as days of celebration and parties, rather than working days.

It was about the same time that Roland Snow and his family were living on the Hillcrest Farm and it was Elton and Henry's job to help him milk the cows each morning and night, and to deliver the cream each morning to the Hansen's Catering Co. for the making of their candy and ice cream. I always enjoyed this trip, not only for the ride in the horse and buggy, but the treat that awaited us when we would trade some fresh apples to the baker, "Turk" Thurgood, for freshly made cakes, doughnuts or candy.

It was not unusual for some of our horses, including "Sage Cat" to get frightened of something

and run away for some distance, becoming uncontrollable by the boy drivers, luckily without any serious damage or accident.

One day, at Hillcrest, after cultivating beets in the lower field, I was riding one of the horses hitched to the cultivator. The horse decided it had enough work and took off down the lane heading for the barn. The harder I tried to stop it, the faster it ran and the next thing I knew I was strung out on top of a barbed wire fence. For several days after, I carried my arm in a sling, but grateful it was not any worse.

On Sunday morning, all of the family went to Sunday School. I always looked forward to this when I was in the primary classes. The class that was the quietest, the most attentive and best behaved during the opening exercises, had the privilege of leading all the classes from the chapel to the class rooms, and one of the best disciplined students could carry a banner in the lead. It was a real incentive for good behavior.

On May Day, the Fourth of July, the Twenty-fourth of July, we would all gather at the North Park for a May Pole dance, various contests and all kinds of sports and games. It was on one of these occasions that I won my first prize in a foot race and with it a jade stone, set in a tie pin. It was not much in value but priceless in sentiment. I still have it.

Early in June, after beet thinning was over, Mother would decide she was ready to go to Wildwood for the summer. Several of the neighborhood boy cousins or friends would get up at four o'clock in the morning of the appointed day and start off to the canyon on foot, leading one or two of our milk cows.

We would each have a lunch prepared and placed in a flour sack and then tied to our belt. Ropes would be tied around the cow's neck and just before the break of day we would start our thirteen mile trek to Wildwood.

Most of the cows chosen to spend the summer in the lush, cool canyon pasture, were gentle, tame and well behaved, and we would arrive at our destination without mishap, before noon. On one occasion we were not so lucky.

Sanky Dixon and myself

had been delegated this one year to get the cow to Wildwood. As I remember, this cow's name was "Millie." Everything had gone along well until we had just passed Springdell and was climbing the new Canyon Glen dugway. Something on the mountainside frightened the cow and down over the hill she headed for the old lower road. At this particular time, I was leading the cow with the rope around her neck. When the cow started downhill I could not keep my feet, so she dragged me quite a distance before I hit a big rock and lost the rope. Away went the cow and the rope. Luckily for the two of us, we were able to go down on the old road and corner the cow and then proceed on our way to Wildwood.

Upon arrival at the Wildwood cabin, we would unlock the old padlock and slip the heavy chain through the hole in the door, and then gently push open the door and peer inside the darkened cabin for the unexpected.

The inside of the cabin was dark, even in the middle of the day, for solid shutters were raised to cover the windows at the time the cabin was closed the previous Fall. We could always expect to find a big rat's nest on the top of the cupboard, which was directly east of the front door. This seemed to be the choice spot for the rats to build their nest, which often was composed of materials pulled out of the mattresses. Although the mattresses were taken off the beds and stored over a big four by four beam which had been stretched at ceiling height from the front wall to the back wall; the rats managed to get to them. Often we would frighten the rat out of its nest, and if so, a merry chase ensued to capture and kill the rat before Mother would arrive. She, as most of us, was petrified by these rats, inside or outside, and especially when they would run up and down



At Wildwood: Rye Taylor, Ruth, Eliza Taylor, Sarah Dixon, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, ca. 1918.

the screen windows in the middle of the night.

After dropping the shutters from the windows, we would then carry all of the furnishings from the inside to the outside. Bucket after bucket of water was carried from the creek to wash down the walls and scrub the floors. After the floors were dry all the furnishings were carried back in their place inside, all ready for the Queen of the Cabin to arrive. While some went onto the mountain to get wood to burn in the old stove on the east porch (which served as a kitchen), others would string up the canvas curtains on the north porch to accommodate the older boys for a private bedroom and would keep the rain from drenching their beds. From then until about five o'clock, when Father, driving a team of horses on a wagon loaded with Mother, the rest of the family and provisions to last the summer, which included foods, bedding, utensils and even a sewing machine, would arrive. While waiting for the wagon to arrive, the time was our own to just rest, go fishing, hiking, or play ball.

The icy-cold waters which originated from the snow banks of Mt. Timpanogos and the Stewart Cirque, and which came dashing down what we called the North Fork Creek, was the finest drinking water in the world. Before there was any pollution up the North Fork, this served as the drinking and culinary water for everyone in the "camp." Whenever we needed water to drink, to cook, or wash, we would take a bucket and go down to the creek and dip it up. In the early spring when the creek was running high and swift, a person had to be careful that the swift waters would not sweep the pail from their grasp and go "clanking" down the creek.

Having no modern refrigerators, each cabin provided their own natural refrigerator by rocking in a small pool in the creek, alongside the bank. A pan or a box would then be anchored in the pool so the cold water could flow through or around it. Perishable foodstuffs were put in the box and a lid placed over the top. Watermelons placed in the creek to cool, came out of the creek in just a few hours, ice cold.

If an unexpected cloudburst or heavy rain came down, one of the first things each family did was to rush down to the creek and pull out their box and foods and place it high on the bank. If they were not removed from the creek, the swollen waters would wash them down the river to the lake. The next emergency thing to do was to fill all available receptacles with clear water, for soon the water would become muddy and unpalatable to drink or use without first letting it settle and boiling it. If the

water remained muddy for several days, we would often take a bucket and walk about a mile up the creek to the spring which was usually clear, fresh and cool. Many is the times Aunt Maud Taylor has paid us twenty-five cents a bucket for this spring water.

Mother so enjoyed her home in the mountains that she wanted to share it with just as many persons as possible. The east bedroom in our cabin was the "Grandmother's room." Here Grandmother Taylor would bring her feather mattress and she and Grandmother Dixon would share the bed, the room, their stories, conversations and companionship, for the summer. On the front porch were two wicker rocking chairs reserved for the grandmothers to sit and watch the children at play, greet their friends passing along the road, and visit with all who would come over and sit on the porch and visit with them.

Just after the sun had gone down behind the west hill, the grandmothers would gather all members of the camp, both old and young, and would take a slow, leisure walk down the Provo Canyon road about a quarter of a mile to some large rocks in a clearing. Here they would rest a short time and then return to the cabin. This slow walk gave the children plenty of time to explore for "pretty rocks," pick wild flowers, run down to the river and "skip" rocks and hunt for anything of an unusual nature. Often the menfolks from town would be met on the road; if so, the kids would pile into the wagon or auto and ride back to camp.

I cannot remember a week in the canyon when there was not a guest staying with us. Some became homesick for a day or two, but after that they became adjusted and would thoroughly enjoy the remainder of their vacation.

It was an unwritten rule of the cabin, that everyone would remain in bed until the sun would shine through the windows into the Grandmothers' room. For the guest, that was difficult the first morning or so, even as the sound of the creek kept one from sleeping soundly for the first few nights. The rushing waters soon became music to lull one to a most sound and refreshing sleep.

What little hot water was available in the morning was heated in the tea kettle on top of the range and was usually reserved for the Grandmothers. So our morning ablutions consisted of dousing our hands and face in cold water, hoping the rest of the dirt would wash off when we went swimming in the river in the afternoon.

Being too small to milk the cow, which was in the pasture down by the main road, our first job in the morning was to mix a little bran in a pan and

take it down to the pasture and coax the cow to come and get the bran. When the cow came to get the bran, we would put a rope around her neck and tie her up to a fence post or tree. Now Mother, or one of the older boys could come and milk her. If Mother came to milk, we would stand nearby and shoo the flies and mosquitos away from the cow, as well as hold the cow's tail from swishing to keep the insects away, so as not to bother Mother while she was milking. After breakfast, which often consisted of our favorite, "hot cakes and syrup," we were to do the jobs assigned to us, such as: hauling wood from the wood pile and stacking it convenient for use in the old Majestic range, filling the buckets with water and running errands; after which we were then free to go play.

The older and most energetic boys would go up to "Keeler's Mine" where they used railroad spikes and hammers to dig for "precious ore." The younger boys and girls would go up back of Gudmanson's cabin and dig in the white silica deposits, it being much easier to dig than in the solid rock at Keeler's.

Before the tennis court was built, the old "devils slide" was the favorite spot for all young and old. This was located on the west hillside, between the Rock House and Swenson's cabin. Here the braver boys would slide down the steep mountainside on tin plates, broken shovels, or any kind of flat metal or boards they could find to serve as a sled. We younger kids wore the seat of our pants out sliding on them, and were told about it in no uncertain terms, by our mothers. Several persons were hurt by rolling rocks and other accidents, so many parents were glad when the foundation of the tennis court was dug out from devils slide, completely ruining it as a slide playground.

With the building of the tennis court, it was the responsibility of the boys in camp to water and roll the court each day, and keep the weeds out when necessary. If you did not work on the court, you could not sign up for your time to play tennis.

In the afternoon, all the younger kids would come down to Mother's cabin and wait for her to take them down to the river to swim. They all had permission from their mothers to go swimming if "Aunt Rye" was

going. She would troop along with all the younger kids following and would encourage them and even take them into the shallow water to help them duck under and get wet all over. It took a lot of courage for that first plunge, for the river was very cold, even in the middle of the day. She would entertain the younger kids by putting them on her stomach and crawl around in the shallow water on her hands and feet, somewhat simulating floating in shallow water.

The older and more adventurous would go up to the sandy banks and drift down with the current to the big rock, just before coming to the diving board. This diving board was made by the older boys, who came up on weekends or on holidays or vacations. To get to the diving board, one had to go up the railroad tracks on the south bank of the river to the swimming hole, then follow a trail from the tracks to the river through the brush and stinging nettle. Only those who could swim were permitted in this area.

Why all the mothers in camp had so much faith in allowing their children to go swimming with "Aunt Rye" is a profound mystery, for she could not swim a stroke. All she could do was paddle around in the shallow water and warn the children when they were getting too adventurous. Her faith prevailed, for in all her years at Wildwood, no one was ever seriously injured in her chaperoned swimming group.

The grassy ball diamond was always a favorite spot for a group of the boys to spend their time playing soft ball. In the evenings or weekends the older men would join in on some lively games.

Not many persons could play croquet at once, but it was a game all could play and the croquet court was in continuous use from the first thing in the morning to dusk at night.



Wildwood bathers, Provo River, ca. 1913.

Just next to the croquet court was the horse-shoe pegs which was patronized mostly by the older menfolks. So on weekends there were many exiting games and tournaments of horseshoes.

Not only was the long rope swing a favorite for the very young children, but some of the older kids would try to see how far out they could jump out of the swing. Or they would see how high they could swing by having two friends with a rope, standing behind them, doing the pushing. None ever went over the pole from which the long rope was hung.

One of the most exciting events of the day, was to hear the train whistle its approach to Wildwood. Every kid in camp would start running down to the river and across the bridge to get to the tracks before the train came to a stop to let the passengers off and deliver the mail and freight. If a family came by train with all their luggage, everyone pitched in to help them. One person would run over to the Rock House and borrow a wheel barrow to haul the heavy luggage, the rest was picked up by individuals and delivered to the cabin the passengers were to stay in.

Each year, Uncle Walter Dixon would take his vacation and spend it at Wildwood. He would arrive by train, and from that moment on there was never a lack of interest or things to do. He would organize games of all kinds. He would plan a special trip somewhere each day such as:

A trip to Hoover's Ranch, two miles up the canyon, for butter, eggs and produce.

A combination hiking and fishing trip up the Little Deer Creek, to Cascade Springs, at its source.

A trip to Bridal Veil Falls, and climb as high as was possible, with a stop at Upper Falls for a chat with Mr. Donnan, who was a personal friend and had some very interesting fish stories.

A fishing trip up the South Fork with a visit to the fish hatchery and Conrad's Ranch and fish

ponds.

The annual trip of the old and young, up Scott's Hollow, coming out of the dense growth of ferns and pine trees, to view Stewart's Falls.

For the older folks, the assembling of food, blankets and other necessities to be taken to Aspen Grove, for the Annual Overnight Program and Hike to Mount Timpanogos.

On my first hike to Mt. Timp, there were no good roads from Wildwood to Aspen Grove, only a rough logging trail. I was only eight years of age and Uncle Walt was anxious to take me along with a dozen other young folks of the camp. I remember one of the dugways above Scott's cabin was quite steep, and being loaded down with food and bedding, I was having quite a difficult time keeping up. So Uncle Walt had me hold onto the tail of a pack horse which helped me keep up with the rest of the hikers.

After making our beds at Aspen Grove, we all went to the huge bonfire and program. Not being used to sleeping on the hard, rocky ground, very few slept soundly that night under the stars.

While still dark, about 4:30 a.m., we were awakened by Prof. Robert Sauer and some of his students over in the pines, playing their trumpets. This was the signal to get up, get breakfast, and get ready to start the climb to the summit.

The trail up the mountainside was steep and rough. It most generally followed the small creek bed. On some parts of the trail, I became too tired to want to go further. Here Uncle Walt would revive my desire to go farther by giving me a piece of orange or a piece of chocolate bar, or would have Paul Dixon's dog "Tip" come back and let me hang onto his tail. I will remember the picture he took of the Dangerfield twins, Cliff and Harold and myself, shoulder high in the wild flowers. The flowers looked beautiful, especially after Uncle Walt touched them up with color; but the boys looked all



Fishing on the Provo River with the seagulls.



1917 Timp Hike with Harold and Cliff Dangerfield.

worn out, which I am sure I was. All along the trail, Uncle Walter was looking for people, flowers, and scenes for him to take pictures. He not only took the pictures but later developed them, printed them, and even hand-touched them with colors, and then shared them with other people by giving them away.

With the enthusiasm and encouragement of Uncle Walter, I made it to the Emerald Lakes. In those days, I thought that was a pretty good achievement for a lad of eight years.

With the encouragement of Will Rawlings and others, the older boys of the camp would go up on the south mountainside and haul down the old dead pine trees to make a big bonfire on the weekend.

Just about dusk on the designated night, we younger kids would go all the way up the camp road, yelling "bonfire tonight." By the time we arrived back, the wood was already to be lighted. Everyone brought their own chairs and blankets and gathered around to hear the stories of Will Rawlings, the community songs, the display of the talents of the musically inclined, and the many poems and recitations rendered, especially of the favorite "How the Waters Come Down At LaDoor," by Alfred Osmond.

One of the highlights of the summer would be when Uncle Roy Dixon would organize a group to go to the Hot Pots at Midway, for an afternoon of fun and a swim. This was where many first learned to swim. It was nothing for Uncle Roy to crowd twelve to fourteen in his car for the trip.

After an exhausting afternoon of swimming, diving and playing in the warm water pool, we would almost have to be threatened to leave the pool and partake of the welcome picnic under the park trees. Days like these are never forgotten.

In order to earn a little pin money to spend on our weekly trip to Vivian Park, where there was a store, a hand pushed merry-go-round, and boats on the pond for rent, we would do any and all kinds of odd jobs.

To up-date the Wildwood sanitary facilities, the rule came down that there would be no more open holes for outside toilets (privies). All cracks and ventilation holes were to be screened, board floors installed, hinged lids on top of the toilet hole, and a wooden or metal bucket under the toilet seat to catch the excrement. As the buckets became full, a hinged door at the back was lifted and the full buckets slid out and carried to a huge, rocked cess-pool, just south of the Rock House, where it was emptied.

Our outside toilet and Aunt Maud Taylor's was a joint ownership. When it was Aunt Maud's respon-

sibility to have the buckets emptied, she would give me and Sanky Dixon a quarter to empty these "honey buckets." On the appointed day we would roll out of bed before any one was up, slip on our shirt and overalls and shoes (that was all we would wear in the summer time) and remove the buckets from the outhouses. Early morning in the canyon, before the sun comes up, there is always a heavy dew in the long grass. Our overalls became soaking wet by the time we waded through the long, dewy grass in taking the most direct and shortest route to the cess-pool. Sometimes the buckets were so full and heavy that we had to put a stick thru the bucket handle so the two of us could carry the one bucket. Then if we got out of step or stumbled over a rock or stepped in a concealed hole and "slopped" some of the contents onto our clothes, we became a "skunk" for the rest of the day and was shunned by our playmates.

It was always a great relief to see the empty buckets under the big and smaller hole, and the quarter in our pockets. Come to think of it, we didn't put our money in our pockets for fear of losing it, but gave it to my Mother for safe keeping until our next trip down the Canyon to Vivian Park to buy a Startup's 5 cent Opera Bar, or an Alakuma or a Hershey's Chocolate bar, a bag of salted peanuts, all in the 5 cent price range.

It was on the 6th day of April 1917, that the United States officially entered the First World War. I well remember Lynn and Elton in their G.I. uniforms and being quartered and trained on the BYU campus. The Armistice on November 11, 1918, saved them from being sent overseas for action.



Utah Stake Administration Building.

On Sunday afternoon, June 24, 1917, I was taken to the Utah Stake Administration Building, located on the corner of First North and First West in Provo, where I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, by M. Wilford Poulson and confirmed by Alfred L. Booth.

The “flu” epidemic hit our family in 1918 and all went to bed with it, with the exception of Henry. It was jokingly said he avoided it by his hauling the “smelly” beet pulp from the Lakeview Beet Slicer to the Hillcrest Farm for cattle feed.

Even the “smelly” beet pulp which was hauled in bob sleds in the winter time, didn’t discourage the kids on Fifth West from riding on the runners of the bob sleds, or in hitching their sleds onto the horse drawn vehicles and riding to the top of Fifth West.

Father was not only a prize winning waltzer on the dance floor, but he was an expert ice skater. Each Christmas Day or New Years’ Day, if the ice was thick enough on Utah Lake, he would have we boys dig out of the attic several pairs of “wooden” skates, or borrow some “steel” skates, and we would go down to the Lake and skate for several hours. The younger kids would just learn to skate; the older boys would play hockey. Father would just supervise, teach and enjoy his skating.

One of the happiest Christmases I can remember was when I was about nine or ten years old. Part of my daily chores was to mix bran meal with skim milk and feed it to a young calf each morning and night. For lack of room in the big barn, we were keeping the calf in the unoccupied chicken coop of Uncle Arnold Dixon’s, which was located just north of the barn.

Before I could open my Christmas presents, I was required to take care of my chores, and on this particular morning I was to have Ken help me.

No person could be more surprised or delighted, for when we went into the coop, there was a little six month old, black and white Shetland pony with the calf. Of course all the other members of the family were right behind us and to assure us this was really

our pony and his name was “Lightning.”

Father had always been very good and helpful to Uncle Ashted Taylor (in fact, Uncle Ashted has often remarked that, “Arth was the only dad that I knew”) and he wanted him to have one of his best Shetland ponies. I think Elton used to get as big a “kick” out of this pony as the rest of us. Even before he was broken to ride, he would want to show us how intelligent he was and would bring him into the house. Later when I would ride him to the Lake Farm and there was no bridge to cross the river, Elton would practically pick him up and put him in the boat and row him to the north side of the river where the pony would jump out on dry land.

As a colt, we would put him in the Lake pasture with the other horses. He was so small that he would run under their bellies, nip them on their legs, and be out of their reach when they tried to kick or bite him. The swampy lake pasture land had many bog holes where the heavier horses became stranded in the mud and had to be hauled out. Not so with this pony, for he could go anywhere without the danger of bogging down.

Adjoining this pasture, was Uncle Jim McClellan’s sugar beet farm. A net wire fence separated the pasture from the beets. The bottom of the net wire fence was about a foot and a half above the ground. In order for this pony “Lightning” to get over to those sweet sugar beets, he would lay down on his side near a post and work himself under the wire by using his feet as a pry against the post. One shout from Uncle Jim and away he would go to the other end of the field and back to the pasture.

While still a colt and in the fall of the year, and at other times when we would bring “Lightning” from the pasture to the big barn on Fifth West, Uncle Jim would tie him alongside “Old Joe,” one of his sorrell team of “Peggy and Joe.” He would drive to town as if it were the colt of the best thoroughbred of the country.

When I was working for Janet and Joseph Munk on their farm outside of Logan, Utah, Ken, who was with me, became sick and had to return home to Provo. Father realized I would be lonely out on the farm without Ken, so he had a large crate made big enough to accommodate our Shetland Pony “Lightning.” They loaded the pony into the crate and put him in the baggage car of the Salt Lake and Utah railroad electric line. At Salt Lake, the crate and the pony were transferred to the Bamberger Electric Line. At Ogden the crate and the pony were transferred to the Utah Idaho Electric Railroad bound for Logan, where it arrived the same day. When we



Clarence and “Lightning.”

went to the depot in Logan to get the pony, they had taken him out of the crate and he was grazing on the grass in the parking lot.

Each Saturday night I would ride him from the farm at Benson into Logan, where we would stay over Sunday, and I would ride him back to the farm Monday morning. This was necessary for there was no one on the farm to take care of the pony over the weekend.

At the close of the summer, we loaded Lightning back into the crate and shipped him back to Provo on the electric railroads.

This pony was smart and clever in attempting to do what he wanted to do. Many is the time we would be loping along the road and he wanted to stop and eat the green grass along the road or for some other reason, so he would suddenly, and with stiff front legs, stop. Unexpectedly the rider would be thrown forward, often over the pony's head to the ground. Or if he did not want to go in the direction the rider wanted him to go, he would try to brush the rider off by rubbing up against a post, or a fence, or anything solid. If the pony was frightened by something on the side of the road, he might suddenly side step, throwing the rider off balance and to the ground. I am sure this was often intentional and not by fright.

So that more than one person could enjoy the pony, we would often put a set of tugs on him and hitch him to a little red wagon loaded with kids, or hitch him to a string of sleds in the winter time.

After thirty-three years rest, and now at the age of sixty-nine, I will continue:

One of the greatest disasters to hit Provo City occurred on July 30, 1918. World War I was still on. The day before, I had my tonsils taken out by Dr. Stewart in his office above the Farmers and Merchants Bank. The next morning I had permission to go outside, providing I did not leave the premises.

I was sitting out on the front porch when a group of kids came running down the street shouting that the Woolen Mills was on fire. Soon after, the Mill whistle began to blow and continued until it ran out of steam. Curiosity soon got the best of me, so I walked down to the corner of Second North where I could get a better look. By now smoke was pouring out of most of the windows in the main rock building. The fire was completely out of control. There was a loss of over \$500,000.00.

This was the old Provo Woolen Mills that Grandfather Dixon was called by Brigham Young in 1870 to leave Salt Lake and locate in Provo and act as secretary and bookkeeper. He remained here for

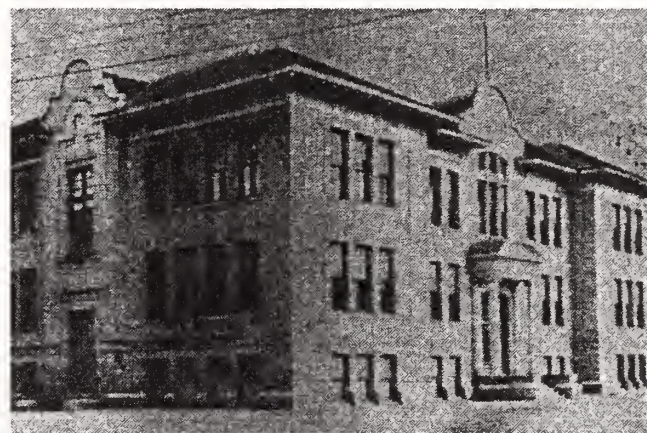
nine years prior to his departure for a second mission, this time to Great Britain.

Although just nine years of age, I can remember the panic of those people whose homes were nearby, as they tried to spray water on the roofs of their houses to keep the hot sparks from starting a fire. Despair was on the faces of those persons whose livelihood depended on working here. It was a nightmare to see the ghostly rock columns of the gutted rock walls, unsupported by any wood beams or a wooden roof.

In November of the same year, 1918, the World War I Armistice was signed and there was great rejoicing, not only in Provo and the United States, but throughout most of the world. This was the war to end all wars, so we were told. Our family was doubly delighted for both Lynn and Elton were in uniform and now they would not have to go overseas.

Our fifth grade teacher at the Timp School was Winnie Clyde. She became so attached to our class that she convinced the principal, Barney Hyde, that she be promoted to the sixth grade for next year. What a surprise to all of us when reporting for school in September to find we were in a new room but with the same teacher of last year, Winnie Clyde.

The seventh grade students from all the Provo School District attended Central Junior High, adjacent to the Senior High School. The students were divided into about eight sections, and quite a number of the Timp students were assigned to Section II. Our first morning in class revealed our Home Room teacher was no other than our former sixth grade teacher at the Timp, Winnie Clyde.



1921-1923 Central Junior High School.

That summer of 1921, Father was having a new building constructed for and to be occupied by the new furniture company, Dixon Taylor Russell Co. When the construction reached the second story in height, it was necessary to install a hoist to carry the brick, mortar, lumber and other building materials to the higher elevations. In those days there were

no electric motors or gasoline engines used to raise the hoists. It was all done by hand or horses. That summer I was hired to lead a big, sorrel mare named "Queen," hooked-up to a long rope which was attached to a 6 x 8 foot hoist or elevator. The building material was loaded on the hoist and the word given to move the horse forward, which in turn raised the hoist up. When the hoist reached the desired level the horse was stopped and the material was taken off. The signal was given to lower the hoist by backing up the horse until the empty elevator reached the ground level to be re-loaded.

The building had not been completed by school opening, and since I had started the job, it was my responsibility to finish it. I was permitted to take one day off to register for school, then back the next day with the horse, until the brick work was completed.

May 22, 1924 I received a certificate of promotion from the Ninth Grade Junior High School.

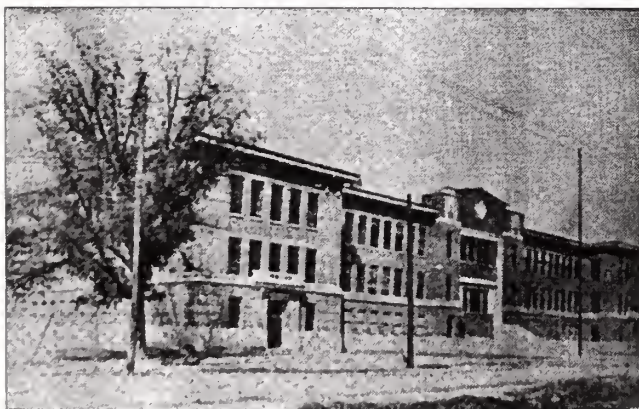
While in the ninth grade, we were permitted to sign up for Seminary classes, which were being held in the Provo Sixth Ward Chapel, located on Third South between Second and Third West. We were given ten minutes to walk from the High School to the Meeting House and were dismissed ten minutes early to get back to class at the High School.

I walked to Seminary here for two years. My third year, the twelfth grade, the new Seminary building, just south of the High School, was completed and I graduated from Seminary the spring of 1925.

In High School, the nearest I ever attended school dances was to go with Sank Dixon, who had the job of checking the wraps of the patrons, as they entered the front door to the gym (the dance hall). It was always a relief when the final wrap was claimed without a complaint or mishap.

With loving persuasion, my Mother won the approval of my Father to allow me to participate in football and basketball in High School.

It was in my Junior year, while playing football



1924–1927 Provo High School.



1925–1926 Provo High Football.



1925–1926 Provo High Basketball.

that I got my left wrist spiked, dislocating and cracking one of the bones. Not wanting to be deprived of future participation, I never let my folks know about it until it caused me so much trouble I had to go to Dr. Beck for treatment. To my surprise, Father never mentioned or objected to paying the medical bill. Since then my wrist has always given me some trouble.

Two of my foremost desires in High School was to graduate and earn letters in football and basketball, which I realized.

The old saying, "He has a face that will stop a clock" was literally demonstrated just before May 27, 1927, my High School Graduation Day. All of this year's Provo High School graduates' names were printed on the face of an eight-day clock. The large hand for the boys, the small hand for the girls. The clock was then wound up and placed in the display window of J. Edwin Stein Jewelry Store. Along with the clock on display were two 17 Jewel Bulova wrist watches. One for the girls and one for the boys, whose names the hands stopped on.

Believe it or not, after about eight days, I looked at the clock and the big hand stopped on my name. Eva Westover, a neighbor in the Third Ward, received the girls watch.

That spring, Father had remodeled the lunch room at Provona Beach, which he owned. He had extended the building to the south and had carpen-

ters install a fine maple dance floor. This became a very popular place for many of the fine clubs and private parties of the school and area, to hold their social functions. It was here I spent all of my afternoons and most of my evenings, especially on the weekends.

As a freshman at BYU in the fall of 1927, I took the required freshman classes, including "How to Study" from M. Wilford Poulson. Even though he was the one who baptized me, I don't think that helped me in getting a passing grade. I still had a hard time to study.



*Clarence D. Taylor, 1927
Freshman.*

I am sure it was due to my brothers, Lynn and Henry, belonging to the off-campus "Goldbrickers" social organization, that I was invited to join the club and was initiated that fall of 1927. The next year, the Club was requested by President Harris to disband the off-campus organization and reorganize and come back on campus as a social unit with a new name. It was the first unit organized with the new name "Nuggets." In the spring elections of 1930 I was placed on the ballot for president of the "Nuggets" Social Unit, for the next school year and was elected. The same spring I was also elected to the office of vice-president of the Alpha Kappa Psi, Beta Delta Chapter, the business fraternity on campus, which I had been initiated into on April 17, 1929.

During the summer of 1930, BYU Student Body President-elect, James A. Cullimore appointed me as his second vice-president for the ensuing school year. Then to top it all off, my call to the California Mission was changed to the South African Mission with instructions to report to the Mission Home in Salt Lake City on September 8, 1930.

Monday morning, September 8, 1930, I was greeted at the Mission Home by Pres. John H. Taylor and his wife, Rachael Grant Taylor, who immediately assigned me as a welcoming committee for other missionaries as they arrived. I was assigned as a dormitory room monitor, whose responsibility was to answer the "get-up" telephone alert each morning at 6:00 a.m. and to check and see that all missionaries were in bed by 11:00 p.m.

After a week's instruction, Elder Floyd Lillywhite and myself were given the instructions, letter of introductions and timetables and put in charge of the missionaries going to Canada and Europe. We left

for Chicago and Toronto, Canada by Union Pacific Railroad on September 18, 1930. We sailed from Quebec, Canada on September 23, 1930 on the "Empress of Australia" and arrived at Southampton, England on September 30, 1930.

After a pleasant three weeks' sea voyage from Tillbury, London, England (Oct 2, 1930), Elders John Henry Smith, Evan P. Wright and myself, we docked at Table Bay Harbour, Capetown, South Africa on October 21, 1930 at 3:30 p.m.

Elder Smith, as a child, had spent several years here in Capetown when his father, Nicholas G. Smith, was President of the Mission. He remembered many familiar land marks. Since no one from the Mission Home was here to meet us, we took the electric train to Mowbray and found the Mission Home without any problem, arriving at 8:30 p.m.

The Mission President, Don Mack Dalton, and his wife, Geneve J. Dalton, were on a mission tour up country. Elder Vern D. Green of Provo was mission secretary and made us feel at home.

My first tracting companion was Elder Clarence E. Randall, from North Ogden, Utah, a very likeable and successful missionary. With the return of President Dalton from his mission tour, Elder Smith and I were loaned two bicycles and supplied with several extra Books of Mormon and tracts and sent in the country for a couple of weeks. One night, being unable to find accommodations, we slept outside of a freight station.

Upon our return from the country, I was assigned to the Mission Office to assist Elder Green, prior to his release in February of 1931.

I was disappointed to think of coming halfway around the world, to the birthplace of my Grandfather Dixon and the interest and concern my mother had in locating relatives here, and then to be tied to a desk about 800 miles from Grahamstown.

With the departure of Elder Green on February 20, 1931, I was appointed South African Mission Secretary, acting as such until March 14, 1932 when I was transferred to Port Elizabeth as District President.

My mother sensed my disappointment in being assigned to the office, when she offered her words of encouragement in one of her weekly letters by telling me that if I would put my heart and soul into the work I was assigned, the Lord would open the way for me to accomplish His work and to find the family genealogy I so much desired.

The following was written by me on April 30, 1931 at "Cumorah," Main & Grove Road, Mowbray, South Africa, the South African Mission Head-

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

47 E. SOUTH TEMPLE ST., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

September 18, 1930

Mr. William Webber, Genl. Agt.
Atlantic Ports
Canadian Pacific Company
Quebec, Canada

Dear Mr. Webber:

This will introduce to you Elders
Clarence D. Taylor and Floyd Lillywhite, in charge
of our group of missionaries enroute for Europe
sailing on the S. S. Empress of Australia September
23rd.

Would appreciate your making this group
comfortable and any courtesies you may be able to
extend to them.

Thanking you,

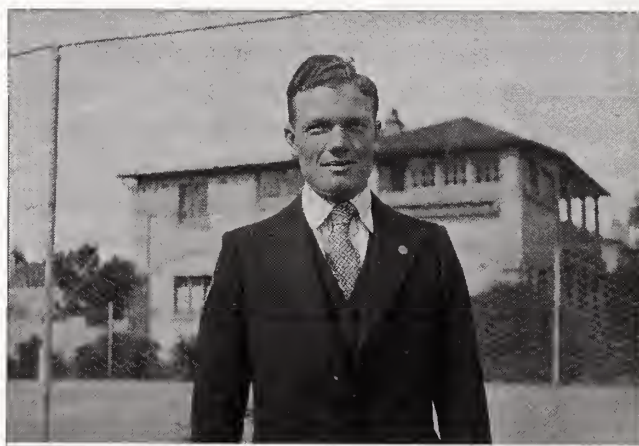
Yours very truly,

Harold C. Reynolds
Transportation Agent.

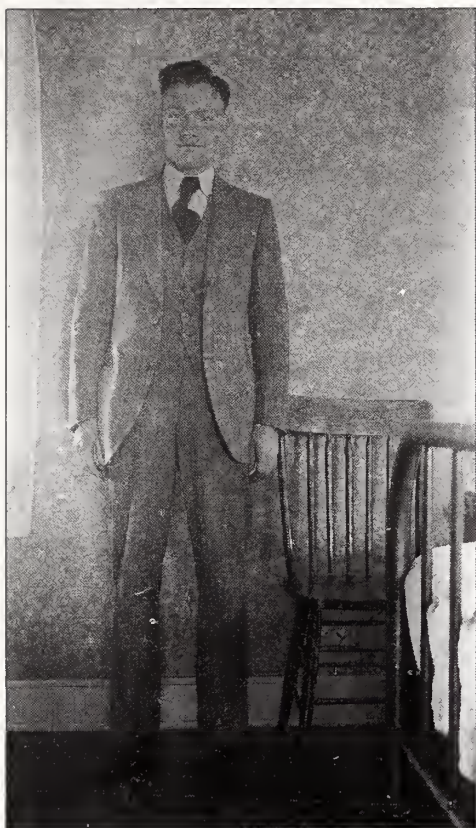
Missionary letter of introduction.



Clarence Taylor en route to mission, 1931.



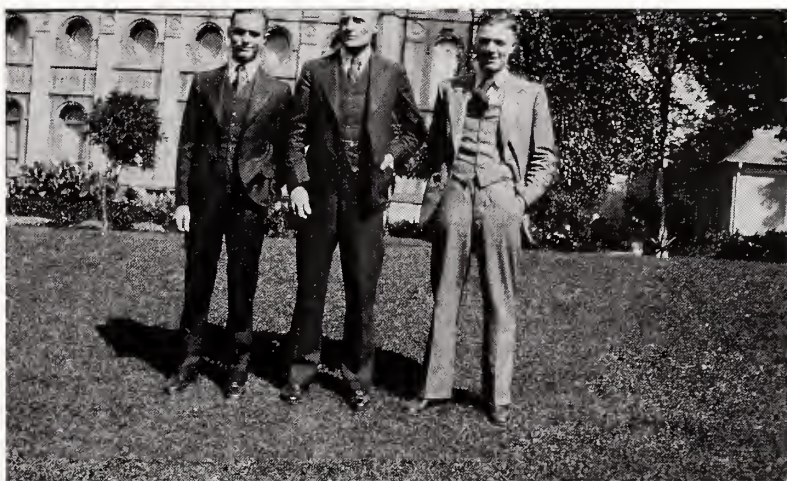
Elder Clarence Taylor, Cumorah, South Africa, 1932.



Elder Clarence Taylor.



In the mission home: Elders Broadbent, Miller, and Taylor.



South African missionaries Wright, Smith, and Taylor.



1930 September missionary group with President John Taylor.



Gold Brickers in Johannesburg, South Africa: Elder Clarence Taylor and Elder Evan Wright.

quarters and Home:

"On September 15, 1930, I left my home and beloved ones at Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah, to answer a call to fulfill a Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in South Africa, the former home and birthplace of Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon. Seventy-five years before, he had left his home, his beloved parents and sister and friends, to sacrifice all for the love of the convictions of his mind and heart; to go to America, Utah, to help build up the great kingdom."

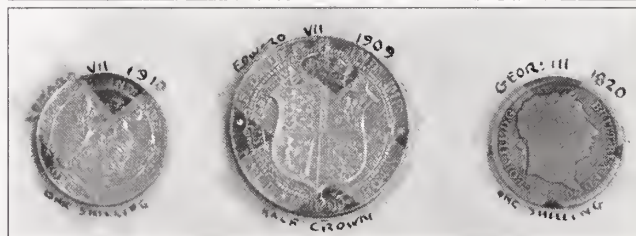
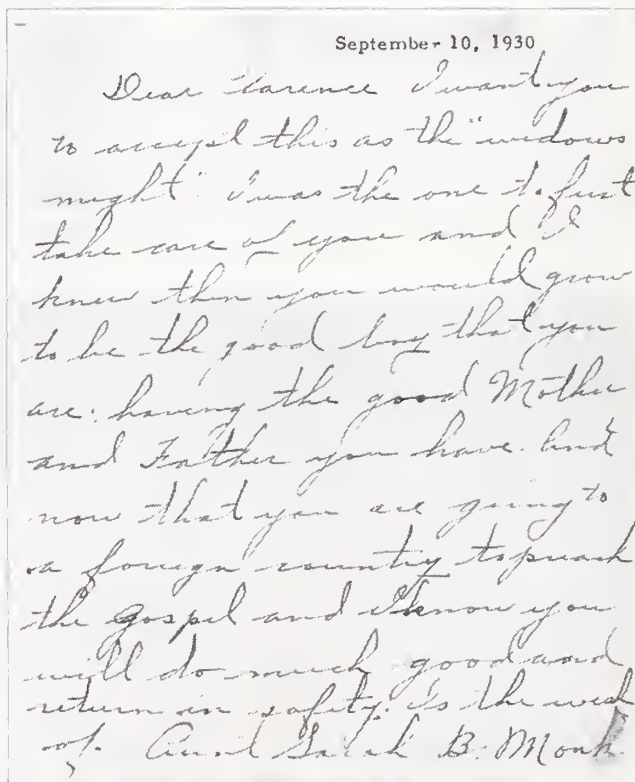
"Little knowledge did I have of any ancestors or friends, for no detailed record had been kept concerning the whereabouts of my Grandfather's family and their children. Yet within six months, through the help and guidance of Our Heavenly Father, I have been guided to the door of a total stranger, who upon conversing and searching proves to be one of my relatives here in South Africa. 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.' This work of genealogy, that of collecting and linking up our family histories, is one of the greatest and most important works of the Lord in this the latter days."

"It being the 29th of April and the end of the month, the time that is busiest in the office, I felt that I should stay in the office and do my work. I had previously told the Elders this when they inquired if I was going out tracting with them. After going to the office and outlining my days' activities, I decided that they could wait until afternoon or the next day—none of it being exceptionally important or rushing. So I went tracting, really against my own convictions."

"How it was that Elder Peterson and Elder Harris took the opposite side of the street from the one Elder Mac Arthur and I took, is beyond my power of comprehension and reason. After tracting about six houses with fairly good conversations, we entered "Kenthurst." We knocked at the door, asked

for the missus of the house and waited. The maid reappeared and asked for our names. We waited. We were asked to come in by the maid, but refused—it not being in order to accept invitations from a servant. Still we waited and finally the lady of the house came in from the back yard. She evidently had been working in the garden. We waited while she washed her hands. She finally appeared and we delivered our message or approach. She was not interested whatsoever. She had her Religion, Church of England, which was good enough for her."

"She happened to mention that one of her father's uncles was a Mormon. I then told her the story of my Grandfather, of his being born and raised in Africa, after which he went to Utah. Upon mentioning his only sister as being Anne Hartman, she immediately gave me the startling news of her relationship to the Hartmans of Cradock. What good news! How my heart and soul thrilled! Just imagine the possibility of finding relatives, someone that knew my Grandfather's family history; which was more or less a blank page to his family in Utah. Here I am no longer alone. I have found kinsmen and the possibility of helping to fulfill one of my Mother's grandest



Letter and coins from Aunt Sarah Monk.

hopes and dreams.”

“I asked if I might have the privilege of coming back some evening and talking more about the family tree. She answered in the affirmative, also stating she would write to Willie Hartman, who was living then at Cradock and was very ill and in a critically sick condition. I suggested coming around before mail day (letter writing day), and was given the invitation of calling Thursday, April 30th.”

“As we were leaving, I inquired as to her name and found it to be Mrs. Humphris, living at Kenthurst on Bankska Road, Rosebank (a suburb of Cape Town).”

“Thursday evening at 8:00 p.m., Elder Peterson accompanied me back to the home of Mrs. Humphris. I took with me Grandfather’s diary and also the pictures and letters from home. In the last mail I had received the histories of Grandmother Dixon and also Grandmother Eliza Taylor’s.”

“I took these histories, pictures and diary along and showed them and read them to Mrs. Humphris, Mr. Humphris (who is blind and without the use of his limbs), Miss Humphris, and another young man.”

“We were greeted with a very friendly welcome and made to feel at home. I had just read the letters, taken from Grandmother Dixon’s box at Aunt Electa’s. I showed them some of these letters and the pictures sent me. Mrs. Humphris located her album and showed me the picture of Miss Nash, who married Ben Webber, and also a number of his sisters as well as some of the other persons spoken of in Anne Hartman’s letters to Grandfather, which we were just reading.”

“As near as we can work out, (nothing definite) Emma Dixon must have been the half sister of Henry Aldous Dixon, my Grandfather.”

At one of the visits to the Humphris home, she advised me that I should make the trip to Cradock and visit with William Hartman, who had just recently gone home from the hospital.

On January 28, 1932, after having completed the monthly reports and all urgent work in the office, I received permission from President Dalton to go to Cradock and stay with my relative William Hartman. After sending them a wire as to my arrival, I was received at the railroad station by William’s niece, Florence Radford and driven in her car to the Hartman’s ranch, “Buffelshoek.” Here I was welcomed by William Hartman, his wife Florence and her father David T. McLeod.

The Hartmans treated me royally, letting me pick fruit and vegetables in their garden; show-

ing me the operation of their ranch; driving me to the points of interest in Halesowen and Cradock, including the Cradock Cemetery where some of the Hartmans are buried. The older section is run down and some markers are illegible.

We had many gospel conversations, but they are very set in their religious views and are completely satisfied with their church.

After a very enjoyable visit, change and rest of six days, I was driven to Halesowen Station and bid farewell to return to Capetown by way of Port Elizabeth.

Upon my arrival back to “Cumorah,” I was informed that after completing the annual reports I would be transferred to the Port Elizabeth District. On March 15, 1932, I boarded the Union Castle boat, Carnovan, destination, Port Elizabeth. Here I labored for the next ten and one-half months.

My labors in Port Elizabeth District was marked by the purchase of a Triumph motorcycle, which enabled us to save time in getting to our destination for tracting, follow-up visits, and keeping in contact with Church members, especially those members in outlying areas where no bus service existed.

The meeting of two, fine young men who had found a Book of Mormon in a used book store. Benjamin Joshua Dippenaar was baptized on April 30, 1932 and his friend Hermanus Nicolaas Casparus Lotter was baptized May 24, 1932. Brother Lotter, a South African Railroad employee was transferred to the Transvaal area where he sent me the following in a letter:

“I just want to tell you Elder Taylor that I have been desirous to know of the Lord more about the Gospel and the Church, to have revealed unto me in a dream, whether it is the true Gospel, because of so many temptations following me now. So this is the dream I had: I had been very, very thirsty and in front of me there was much water to drink, and so I took of the water and did drink until I could hold no more. After I awoke this dream came clear to my mind. For this dream refers to the Gospel you brought to me, and that I partook of. So now I am truly convinced and know that it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and that Joseph Smith was ordained of the Lord.”

Just five days after this letter was written, on August 27, 1932, Brother Lotter was instantly killed while shunting in the Germinston railroad yards.

A South African Mission “Meeting” contest was sponsored for a six-month period between the Mission Districts. Its purpose was to encourage members to study the scriptures and Gospel principles



South African Missionaries, 1931. Children: Gerald and George Edward Dalton.

Front row: Local Elder, Thos. Y. Wilson, Clarence S. Barker, Mission Secretary Clarence D. Taylor; Mission President Don Mack Dalton, Relief Society President Geneve J. Dalton, Kenneth Y. Stringham, local Dutch missionaries—man and wife—William H. Brummer and Janetta E. S. Brummer.

Second row: Local Elder, Kenneth Sutherland, John H. Smith, Clarence E. Randall, Byron C. Peterson, Harold H. Smith, Robert J. Evans, Evan P. Wright.

Back row: Richard Knight, Ervin McArthur, Marcus F. Smith, John C. Dalton, Samuel L. Gardner, Eldon Harris.



First Cumorah baseball team, 1932. L to R: Harris, M. Smith, J. Smith, S. Smith, Taylor, J. Dalton, Dr. Robinson, Randall, H. Smith, Wright, Mission Pres. Don Mack Dalton.

and apply them to their lives. Our goal of over 200 meetings per month was accomplished in September (261) and October (221).

While still in Port Elizabeth on February 3, 1933, I received a telegram from President Dalton stating that the First Presidency had recommended my release due to my father's financial situation. Elders Randall and Smith were leaving for home on the boat "Adolph Woerman" and I had permission to leave with them. Within a few hours, I had my trunk and suitcase packed and down to the Jetty by the time the "Adolph Woerman" arrived from Capetown. My release from the mission was effective immediately upon leaving Port Elizabeth, which was February 3, 1933.

After stopping at the following ports along the East Coast of Africa: Durban, South Africa; Lorenzo Marques, Dar-Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombassa; we left the steamship "Adolph Woerman" at Port Said, the north end of the Suez Canal, to travel by land.

We visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem, swam in the Dead Sea, then continued by boat across the Mediterranean Sea to Genoa, then by rail to Rome, Florence, Milan. Then from Genoa we went by rail into the Alps, stopping at Lausanne, and Geneva, Switzerland and on down to Paris, France. We flew by plane across the English Channel to London, Southampton, England where we boarded the United States Liner, "Pres. Harding." After a rough voyage we disembarked at New York Harbor.



Elders Taylor, Randall, and Smith at the Dead Sea, 1933.

I was met at the New York Pier by Paul Dixon, who whisked me through customs and for the next few days, he and his wife Ora treated me royally to all the sights I wanted to see in New York.

Wanting to surprise the folks at home, I had not notified anyone of my anticipated arrival in Provo. When I stepped off the D. & R.G.W. Railroad train at the Provo Depot on June 1, 1933, there Henry was waiting to greet me. That view of Timp, looking up Third West from the Depot, all covered with

a blanket of snow, was a thrilling sight. Nothing in Europe could compare to it.

That September I enrolled at the BYU for a half a day of classes. The balance of the day I spent selling radios and acting as a collector of past due accounts for Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

The family car was a sporty 1928, blue Buick sedan, with two front fender well tires, and used more gas than we



could afford to use very much. The depression was still on. Father had a 1929 Chevrolet coupe, which he used in driving to the Branch Stores, when he was well enough. Cash for a new car was out of the question. We sold the Buick sedan to Arnold Taylor, for a song, then we traded the Chev. coupe in on a new Dodge sedan. The cash from Arnold Taylor plus the trade-in of the Chev. coupe was still insufficient to pay for the new car. Ralph Naylor, manager of the Naylor Auto Co., agreed to let me go back to Detroit and drive out three trucks with three passenger cars loaded on them. One of the passenger cars being the new one we were buying. The freight I saved on our car, plus the freight allowance we received credit for the other two passenger cars and three trucks, made it possible to buy this new Dodge car.

With a small amount of cash, plus the cost of transportation back to Detroit for myself, Berlyn Williams and Reinwald Leichty, who went back with me for the trip, together with a gas credit card, we were fortunate to make the trip and return with six vehicles in good shape other than loss of sleep.

The next year, September 10, 1935, after a valiant but losing battle, Father passed away. The financial pressure and worry of trying to keep the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. open and providing a living for between seventy-five and one hundred employee families, was just too much for one man. He paid for it with his life.

In the spring of 1936, I attended school all day in order to obtain sufficient credit to graduate from college, which was attained on the June 6, 1936 Commencement. My major was Business Management with a minor in Economics.

When Henry left for school at the New York



Maeser Building, ca. 1933.

School of Retailing, I became a Hartford Insurance Agent, so that I could take care of his fire insurance and casualty insurance business, as well as handle the accounts payable for DTR Co.

With the notice sent me to take a selective service physical exam in 1941, and realizing my draft number would be coming up within a few months, I enlisted in the Army at the recruiting office in Salt Lake City on January 9, 1942 in order to be assigned to the Reception Center at Fort Douglas. When the call came for all physically fit army personnel to be shipped overseas, I was sent to the replacement center at Fort Butner, North Carolina and assigned to the 109th Infantry, 28th Division encamped at Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida. After several training camps in the States, we were shipped overseas, landing at Glasgow, Scotland and then traveled by train to the southern part of England and later to Port Talbot, Wales, where we spent the winter in the Margum Castle.

At the staging area of Tidworth, England, the 4th Division and the 28th Division were considered for the initial beachhead landing on "D" Day. The 4th Division won the assignment and went in on the first wave at Utah Beach, followed up a few days later by the 28th Division.

The 109th Infantry Regiment of the 28th Division suffered better than an 80 percent casualty. The worst was in the center of the Bulge in Luxembourg. We were stationed around the small town of Wiltz. This area was the thinnest defended line and the point where the Germans made their last major offensive thrust. Our Headquarters Company could see the line bulging to the point of breaking; our orders were given to vacate. I barely caught the last truck as it was pulling out, later to re-group over the border in France.

After "V" Day, our outfit spent several months as Army of Occupation in several German villages before returning to the United States for reassignment and further duty. I was discharged from the Army on September 15, 1945 at Fort Douglas, Utah.

While in the service, Mother had remodeled the big house at 256 North Fifth West into three apartments. Two of them had only one bedroom each. The back apartment was rented to Uncle Arnold Dixon and family, which included the upstairs.

Since Mother's apartment had only the one bedroom, my daily task was to get the sheets and blankets out of her closet and make my bed on the studio couch in the front room. Then in the morning it was to repeat the procedure in reverse. After a few months of this I became quite discouraged with the arrangement and began searching for a solution. We did not have a car and because we did not have a trade-in, the car dealers would not consider a sale without a trade-in. I was limited in getting around until I finally purchased an army jeep on the first war surplus sale at Fort Douglas.

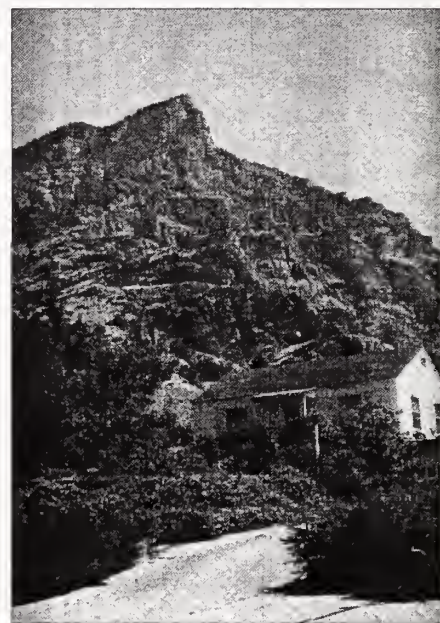
The Government had built a new sub-division of houses at Dragerton in Carbon County, for the coal miners and their families. The war had ended by the time they were finished building them. No one had lived in these houses when they were declared surplus.

Verl and Eldon Dixon and myself went out and looked at these surplus houses to see what they looked like and what condition they were in. We contacted a house mover who said these houses could be moved from Dragerton to Provo without any trouble.

Each of us submitted a bid for the surplus houses, which was accepted when we sent in our certified check for \$975.00.

Lynn and Henry agreed to let me pick any location in our joint orchard just east of their houses on the hill, where I could construct a foundation for the Dragerton house to be set on its arrival.

Frank Woffinden had ready made forms he used in pouring foundations. He used these forms and constructed my basement foundation for \$553.00. The Poulson Boys from Richfield were hired to move



Clarence's home at 2180 Oakcrest, Provo.

the house from Dragerton to Provo, but had to saw the house in two pieces and haul them over the so called "parks" road which was used many years before the highway went down the Price Canyon. The reason for the detour was because of the main road tunnel at Castle Gate which was not large enough for a house and the narrow bridge at Helper.

About the time I was leaving for my mission to South Africa, Lynn negotiated with Ephraim Liechty for another lot just south of the lot he had purchased the previous year. He then persuaded Art to assume the purchase and mortgage of his old lot which was between Henry's and his new lot. The hard times of the depression made it impossible for Art to keep up on his payments so in 1937 he sold me his interest in the middle lot and his interest in the eight acre orchard adjacent to the east of the building lots.

Rather than place this four room frame house on the building lot on the brow of the hill, for I wanted to save that lot to build a nice permanent house for myself at some later date, I chose a building site near the east boundary line of the property.

There being no city water on the hill, I dug a five hundred foot trench to connect on the Bonneville Development Rock Canyon water pressure line which connected on a large concrete storage tank up in the mouth of Rock Canyon. Each irrigation water turn we would have to go up in the canyon and take our water turn to fill our reservoir.

By setting one wooden electric pole, Utah Power and Light connected my house with electricity, which was used for cooking, refrigeration, water heating and lights. An oil space heater in the front room provided the heating. At first there was no garage, but later a two car garage with a concrete patio on top was built.

Mother's sickness at this time prevented me from moving in at this time. I think I only slept there one night that winter and spring. That summer Alice and Roy and family moved from Denver to Salt Lake and while they were getting their newly purchased house remodeled, they made it their headquarters.

Although we now had electricity, septic tanks, irrigation water (water for drinking was hauled from town) and coal or oil for heating, it was very inconvenient to have to go down to Chatwin's telephone

(just east of the present metal City water tank) for emergency calls, or for them to have to come up on the hill to get us. After years of persistent requests, the local telephone manager received permission from the Denver headquarters to connect telephones to three homes. (This was before I moved my Dragerton home to this area.) There being only two homes, the Denver office considered this offer would eliminate our request.

Our family home on Fifth West had an open air sleeping porch at the rear of the house which was used by the boys, but most being gone, it was seldom used. The folks gave permission to have Stan Roberts load this building on his large "cat" trailer and haul it up on the hill and place it on my lot, halfway between Henry and Lynn's houses.

Three party line telephones were installed, the one in the "sleeping porch" being practically in the open air, could be heard ringing for blocks away. Eventually there would be seven long and seven short rings, and sometimes the ringing would be almost constantly.

When Ham and Myrtle Calder were building their new home about a block to the South, there had been some delay in getting the water to their house and it had put them behind in their construction schedule. So I agreed to let them move into my "Dragerton home" while they completed their new home. Alta and Henry agreed to let me use their bathroom and not only agreed but insisted that I eat with them; and I would otherwise live in the "sleeping porch" until the Calder's home was finished. Although not completely finished, the Calder's moved into their home that Christmas.



Maria Taylor at the sleeping porch/phone booth, ca. 1946.

A Chronological Survey of My Life Events

1909

May 11 Tuesday morning at one twenty-five a.m. was born at the family home, 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah, to Maria Dixon Taylor, a baby boy. Dr. Geo. Robinson substituting for our family physician, Dr. Fred W. Taylor. Aunt Sarah Monk was the nurse.

July 4 Blessed and given the name Clarence Dixon Taylor by my father, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, in the Provo Third Ward. Spent the rest of the summer at Wildwood, Provo Canyon, where Mother was recuperating from a "milk leg."

1915

September Was taken to Timpanogos School by my brother, Henry D. Taylor and enrolled in the First Grade. Gerda Gee was the teacher.

1916

September Second Grade teacher was Jennie Harding.

1917

September Third Grade teacher was Berneice Davies.

June 24 Baptized by M. Wilford Poulson. Confirmed by Alfred L. Booth.

1918

September Fourth Grade teachers were Thelma Eggertsen and Estelle Manwaring. "Flu epidemic."

July 29 Dr. Stewart removed tonsils.

July 30 Tuesday, Woolen Mills burns down. \$500,000 loss.

1919

September Winnie Clyde was Fifth Grade teacher at Timp.

1920

September Winnie Clyde again teacher in Sixth Grade. Maurine Goodrich, my future sister-in-law, from the other sixth grade class, came in and taught our class history and Winnie Clyde taught music to the other sixth grade class. Principals of Timpanogos School were Francis Marion Young and Barney Hyde.

1921

September Graduated to Central Jr. High. Winnie Clyde my home room teacher.

October 23 Ordained a Deacon by Walter D. Dixon.

1922

September My home room teacher at Central Jr. High was Oscar Garrett.

1923

September Central Jr. High, Ninth Grade home room teacher was Fred C. Strate.

1924

May 22 Certificate of promotion from Jr. High to Senior High School.

May 25 Ordained a Teacher by Arthur N. Taylor.

September Tenth Grade (Sophmore) at Provo High School. L. B. Harmon, Principal. Enrolled in Seminary which held classes in the Sixth Ward Chapel at 230 West Third South. This was three blocks from the high school. Jesse A. Washburn, Principal and teacher.

1925

September Eleventh Grade (Junior) at Provo High School. Received a school letter in basketball. Glen Simmons and Kenneth E. Weight were the coaches.

Cracked left wrist playing football.

1926

September Twelfth Grade (Senior) at Provo High School.

1927

Feb. 13 Ordained a Priest by Alfred E. Eves.

Scheduled many private parties at Provona Beach Dance Hall.

May 21 Received a Certificate of Graduation from the Provo Seminary, Jesse A. Washburn, Principal and teacher.

May 27 Received a Provo High School Diploma.

Given a 17 jewel Bulova wrist watch from J. Edwin Stein, jeweler, as the lucky graduate whose name an 8-day clock's hand stopped on as it ran down.

Received school letters in both football and basketball.

September Enrolled at BYU as a Freshman.

Initiated into the Goldbricker Club, an off campus organization.

1929

April 17 Initiated into the Alpha Kappa Psi (Beta Delta Chapter), a school business fraternity.

1930

May Received mission call to California Mission, was changed to South African Mission.

Instructions to report at Mission Home in Salt Lake City on September 8, 1930.

June 29 Ordained an Elder by Arthur N. Taylor.

August 10 Patriarchal blessing by Utah Stake Patriarch, Joseph B. Keeler.

September 8 Reported to Mission Home in Salt Lake. Pres. John H. Taylor and his wife, Rachael Grant Taylor (grand-

daughter of Pres. Heber J. Grant), were the Directors. Received assignment to welcome incoming missionaries, dormitory room monitor, in charge of European and African enroute missionaries.

About sixty-five missionaries in the mission home going into various missions.

September 10 Patriarchal blessing by Church Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith. Endowed in the Salt Lake Temple.

September 12 Returned home to Provo, with instructions to return to Salt Lake for departure to the mission field on Thursday, September 18, 1930.

September 18 Boarded Union Pacific Railroad at 12:30 noon, destination Quebec, Canada, via Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagra Falls, Toronto and Montreal.

September 22 Arrived in Quebec and immediately went on board the "Empress of Australia," bound for Southampton, England.

September 30 Met at Southampton dock by British Mission President, President Lund, then onto London where the British missionaries were assigned to their fields of labor. Traveled 2,841 miles.

October 2 Boarded the Union Castle Liner, "Dunbar Castle" at Tillbury—third class. Our destination, Capetown, S.A.

Stops to be made at Las Palmas and the Equator.

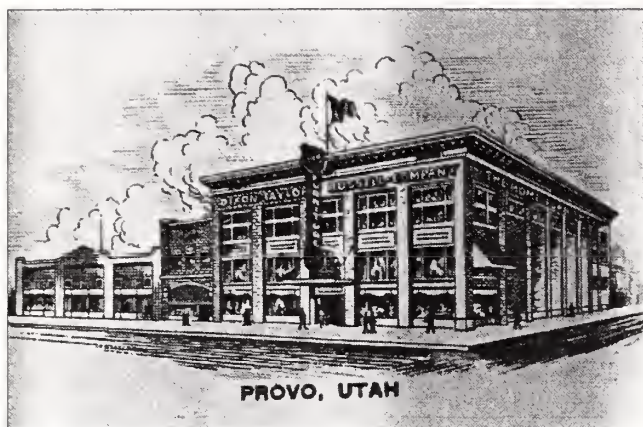
October 21 Sighted Table Mountain with its white clouds draped over the top. Cleared customs, having to pay duty on my typewriter, phonograph and kodak, then to supper at the Imperial Cafe, Capetown, before boarding the electric train for Mowbray. We checked into "Cumorah" at 8:30 p.m.

	London to Capetown—6125 miles	March 14	Appointed Port Elizabeth District President.
October 22	Elder Clarence E. Randall of Ogden, Utah, my first missionary companion, took me out tracting. Elder Vern D. Green of Provo, is Mission Secretary and in charge of the mission home while President and Sister Dalton are touring the mission.	March 16	Boarded "Carnavon Castle" boat for Port Elizabeth.
		June 10	Purchased Triumph motor cycle. Cost £40 (pounds) \$200. I paid £20.7.0 (\$102) for 50 percent ownership.
November 10	Left "Cumorah" on a bicycle country trip without purse or script for the next nineteen days. Staying at and passing thru: Strickland, Paarl, Worcester, Nuy Valley, Robertson, DeWitt, Roman Siding, Wolsely, Tullback Rd., Wellington, Stellenbosch.	1933	
		January 1	South African Mission Elders Convention, Johannesburg.
		January 4	Left Johannesburg to report at Capetown, via Kimberley to assist with yearly reports and other office needs.
December 28 to		January 26	Completed Mission Annual Reports and Southern Cross Index.
1931			
January 7	South African Elders Convention at "Cumorah." Geo. "Georkee" Lewis, world traveler from Utah visits.		Left Capetown by train with stopover at Oudtshoorn and Cango Caves.
January 10	Financial and historical record books of South African Mission turned over to me.	January 31	Received a telegram from President Dalton informing me that the First Presidency had requested my release due to financial problems at home.
February 20	Appointed South African Mission Secretary, succeeding Vern D. Green, returning home to Provo.	February 3	Left Port Elizabeth aboard "Adolph Woermann" via East Coast of Africa for home.
April 29	While tracting today, met Mrs. Laura Humphris of "Kenthurst" Banska Rd., Rosebank., who turns out to be a Dixon cousin.		Received my honorable release from Mission Field.
		February 4	Visited East London.
1932		February 5	Attended church at Durban, Natal. Visited with friends and members.
January 28	Left Capetown at 4:00 p.m. for Cradock to visit cousin William Hartman at his ranch at Buffelshoek.	February 7	Left Durban, Natal, South Africa.
January 30 to		February 8	Stopped over at Lorenzo Marques and had a swim in the Indian Ocean at "Polana Beach"
February 6	Stayed with the Hartmans and was treated royally. Was understood no gospel conversation.	February 13	Left Lorenzo Marques, Portuguese East Africa.
February 6	Left Halesowen Station at 8:45 a.m. for Capetown, via Port Elizabeth, Oudtshoorn, Montague Pass, Mossel Bay, Robertson.	February 15	Arrived at Beira, Portuguese East Africa. Sweltering heat. 105 to 120 degrees.
February 9	Arrived in Capetown at 11:45 a.m.		

February 17	Left Beira.	March 21	From Jerusalem to Lyddo to Cairo, Egypt.
February 18	Arrived at Mocambique, Portuguese East Africa.	March 29	Train from Cairo to Port Said. Boat "Watussi" to Genoa on the Mediterranean.
February 19	Left Mocambique for Port Amelia.		
February 21	Docked in the Dar-es-salaam Harbor, Tanganyika. A most romantic and picturesque place.	April 3	Arrived at Genoa. Columbus' birthplace.
February 22	Visited the Island of Zanzibar. Waived to the Sultan. Here East meets West.	April 5	From Genoa to Pisa. Visited the Leaning Tower. Arrived at Roma.
February 23	Tanga. Bathing at beach which is not permitted before 5:00 p.m., unless a sun helmit is worn.	April 7	Visited Vatican City, Museum, Sistine Chapel, St. Peter's Cathedral.
February 24	Mombassa. Could not book passage on a later East Coast boat by breaking our passage here and accepting the invitation of the Angus family to go inland to Kenya and plenty of wild game.	April 9	Left Roma, arrived at Florence, then to Milano.
February 25	Left Mombassa. Very hot and depressive. Weight from 154 to 141 pounds.	April 11	Into the Swiss Alps—Lausanne on the Lake.
February 27	Crossed over the equator at 5:00 a.m. North star visible as well as the Southern Cross.	April 13	Entered France at Gare—then on to Paris.
March 3	Visited hot, dry, rugged Aden. Now in Red Sea.	April 14	To Verseilles.
March 6	Docked at Sudan in a typical Sahara Desert sandstorm.	April 15	Part of the day at the Louvre.
March 8	Entered the Gulf of Suez. The peak of Mt. Sinai is visible.	April 16	Flew across the Channel to London.
March 9	Entered the Suez Canal, past the City of Suez. Docked at Port Said.	April 23	Visited Birmingham. Met Janet's brother, Howard Poole.
March 10	Checked thru customs at Kantara.	April 27	Left Southampton for New York onboard the "President Harding."
March 11	Changed trains at Lyddo, then arrived at Jerusalem, Palestine at 10:00 a.m. Garden Tomb.	May 5	Entered New York Harbor. Passed Statue of Liberty. Met by Paul S. Dixon at docks.
March 14	To Bethlehem. Jesus' birthplace.	May 11	Spent the day in Boston.
March 16	A swim in the salty Dead Sea.	May 16	Left New York Central Station for Salt Lake City with stopovers at Philadelphia, Detroit, Washington D.C., Grand Rapids, Chicago, Denver.
		June 1	Arrived at Provo, Utah. Met at depot by Henry D.
		Summer	Ken and I set posts and strung barb wire on both sides of new road (9th

East)—the “Slaughter House” property, also along Oak Lane; for a horse pasture.

September Part-time student at BYU. Part-time salesman and collector for DTR



Dixon Taylor Russell Company.

1935

March 13 Left Provo for Detroit to pick up a new 1935 Dodge Sedan, by bus, via Omaha, Chicago.

Berlyn Williams and Reinwald Liechty accompanied.

March 17 Had dinner in Windsor, Canada.

March 18 Left Detroit with three Dodge trucks and with three passenger cars loaded on trucks. One sedan was ours, the other two cars and the trucks were for Naylor Auto.

March 22 Arrived in Provo.

September 10 Death of my father, Arthur N. Taylor.

1936

January 2 Registered for 4 hours, special student, for graduation.

June 6 Received BYU Diploma. BS degree in Business Administration and minor in Economics.

September Henry and family left for New York.

I was appointed Hartford Insurance Agent.

1937

September 1 Assumed contract for purchase of property on Hill, from Arthur D. Taylor.

1938

January 28 Henry and I purchase Uncle Geo. Taylor's building at 230 West Center on contract.

June 22 Elected Secretary and Treasurer of Brickerhaven.

November 9 Ordained a Seventy by Richard L. Evans.

1939

January 20 Henry and I purchased the James Nelson house at 920 West Center, on contract. Sold to Kuykendall in 1941.

1940

Spring Signed-up with Merrill Christopher-son for Pilot Training course. Failed the eye exam. Washed out of the program. Merrill refunded the money paid.

April 10 5 shares of stock issued by Bonneville Development Co. Signed by Henry D. Taylor, President, and Clarence D. Taylor, Secretary.

1942

January 9 Enlisted in U. S. Army at Salt Lake Recruiting Office. Assigned to Reception Center, Ft. Douglas, Utah.

January 17 Camp Roberts, California.

January 21 Back to Reception Center, Ft. Douglas, Utah.

1943

January 30 Camp Butner, North Carolina for re-assignment.

February 15 Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida. Amphibious training. 109th Infantry, 28th Division.

July 11 Camp Pickett, Virginia.

- August 16 Elkins, West Virginia. Maneuver training.
- August 21 Montrose, West Virginia.
- September 5 Camp Pickett, Virginia.
- October 3 Camp Miles Standish, Boston Massachusetts. Bound for European Theatre of War.
- October 31 Margum Castle, Port Talbot, Wales, Great Britain.

1944

- May Camp Tidworth, England. Waiting for invasion.
- June Landed on Utah Beach soon after it had been secured and moved on to St. Lo.
- October 7 In Belgium.
- December 3 In Wiltz, Luxemburg. "The thin line."
- December 19 Piled into the last truck leaving Wiltz.
- December 21 Back in France.

1945

- March 1 In Belgium.
- March 23 In Germany.
- May 27 Grunstadt, Germany. Army of Occupation.
- September 15 Honorable discharge from Army at Fort Douglas.

1946

- February 28 Sent a certified check to U.S. Treasurer to purchase a surplus 5-room (never lived in) lumber house at Dragerton, Utah.
- July Moved the house to a foundation on a lot on Taylor Hill, Provo.
- July 18 Purchased a 1943 (World War) Ford Jeep at the first war surplus sale at Ft. Douglas. \$506.

1947

- February 17 Mother, Maria D. Taylor, passed away at L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake after 37 days with cancer.

May

Moved from 256 North Fifth West to home on the Hill. From Provo Third Ward to Pleasant View Ward.

1948

- January Record snow fall and blizzard, winds.

1951

- June 1 First BYU Church History Travel Study Tour. Alma Burton, Director. First meeting with Raymond and Ida Lee Beckham.



My first BYU Church History tour, 1951.

1952

- April 28 Sustained as Oak Hills First Ward Financial Clerk. Arch L Madsen, Bishop.

1954

- July Sustained as Sunday School Assistant Superintendent of East Sharon Stake. Evan Croft, Superintendent, Jay Broadbent, Assistant.

- December 31 Received deed to Bonneville lot.

1960

- August Appointed Project Clerk for the addition and completion of the four ward Oak Hills—East Sharon Stake Building. Dedicated September 23, 1962.

1963

- January Issue of *The Instructor* published the Iceberg Collision account experienced

by Grandfather Dixon. I was paid \$15.

July 20 Dixon Taylor Russell fire. \$50,000 damage.

1964

May 15 Started working for BYU Bookstore. Moved files and records from HRCB to new office in ELWB.



1964–1974 Worked in the BYU Bookstore.

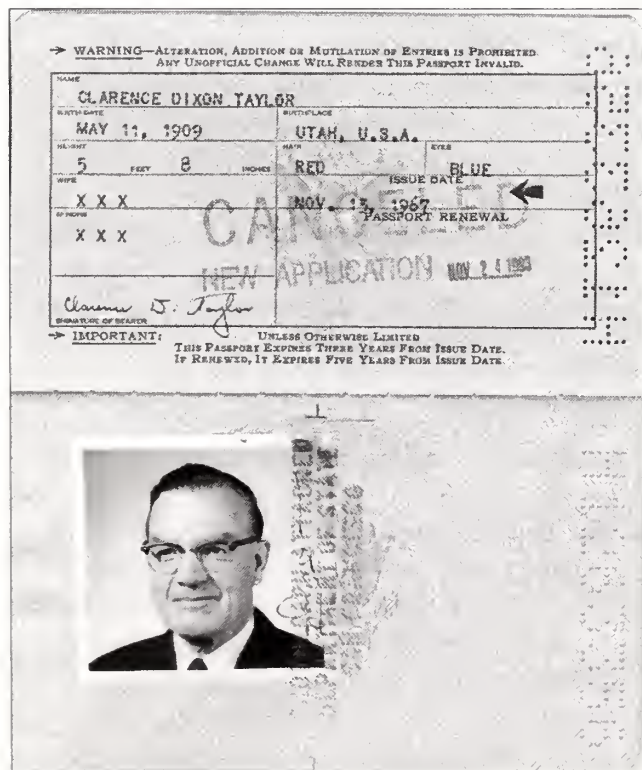
1967

December 15 In company with Tony, left for tour of South America. and pick up David A. in Brazil and Henry A. in Argentina.

1968

January 3 Arrived back in Salt Lake from South America tour.

October Sustained as Oak Hills Fourth Ward Financial Clerk.

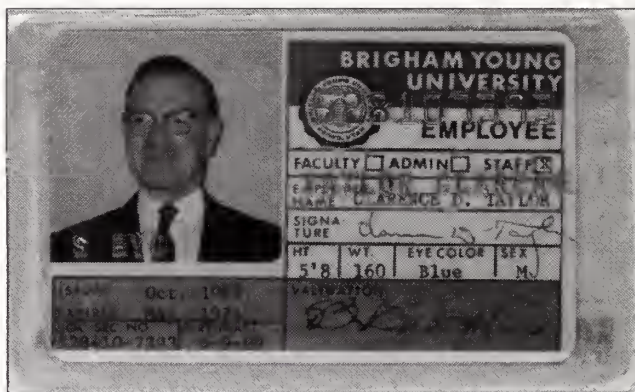
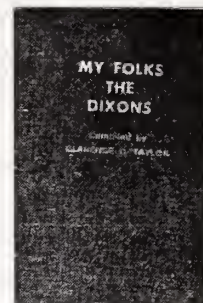


1967 passport.

1969

December

Completed collecting and compiling papers and histories of the Dixons. Printed and bound under the title, "My Folks the Dixons." First printing—150 copies. Second printing—160 copies.



1969 BYU Staff ID card.

1970

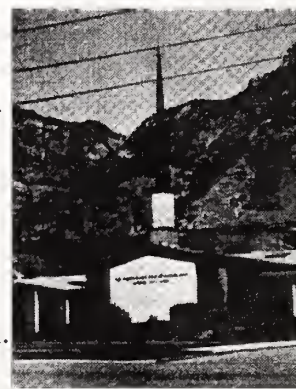
December 25 Left Salt Lake with the BYU Rainbow Classic Tour of Hawaii. Richard L. Gunn, Director. Nan and Keith along.

1971

January 6 Returned from Hawaiian Islands.

May 23

Ordained a High Priest by Elwood Rey Peterson.



Ordained High Priest in the Oak Hills Chapel.

1973

April

"Henry D. Taylor Talks—1958 to 1973" printed.

June 11

Provo City Commission approves rezoning and approved development for Taylor Terrace. Designated as developer.

November 5

Excavation of first unit in Taylor Terrace—Celestia's house.

1974

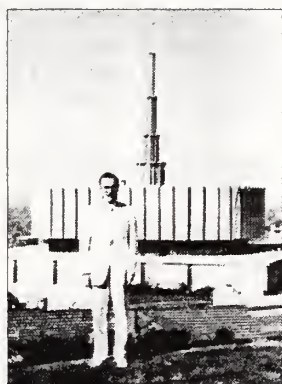
- May 31 BYU policy of mandatory retirement upon reaching 65 is now effective.
- July 26 Unit #7 for Bentley, excavated today.
- August 2 Operation for (left) hernia.

1975

- July Moved from 2180 Oakcrest to 2130 Temple View Drive.

1978

- January 25 Accepted job in Provo Temple Records Office.



- October 9 Second printing of "My Folks the Dixons," Vol. I, 160 copies.

- October 31 Designated as Treasurer, Provo Temple.

1979

- March 1 Mandatory retirement for paid temple workers at age 70.
- September "My Dixon-Taylor Pedigree" printed.

1980

- November 5 Volume II of "My Folks the Dixons" printed.
- November 21 Dixon journals, papers donated to BYU Library.

1984

- January 16 "George Taylor, Sr. and His Family" printed.
- July 30 Paid for a Life Membership in the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

1985

- June 5 First in a series of individualized, "Family Records" booklet, compiled and bound for family members.

1987

- November 24 Sold on Contract of Sale, on a long term monthly payment for property at 230 West Center.

1990

- June 19 Received a letter dated May 29th from Dawn Brummer, Zimbabwe, Africa, relative to Boardman Family.

She read micro film of "My Folks the Dixons" in church library there. She is a relative.

1991

- June 15 Resigned as Secretary and Treasurer of Brickerhaven Corp., after 42 years service.

- December 22 Released as Secretary of Ward High Priests.

1994

- January 16 "Uncle Bud and Ken K. Genealogical trip to Africa."

- January 21 Beulah and Harold Laughton, Johannesburg, Cousin.

- January 24 Hwange Wild Game Park. Lions feeding on Zebra.

- January 25 Helicopter tour over Victoria Falls. Ken takes a bungi jump from Victoria Bridge—300 ft.

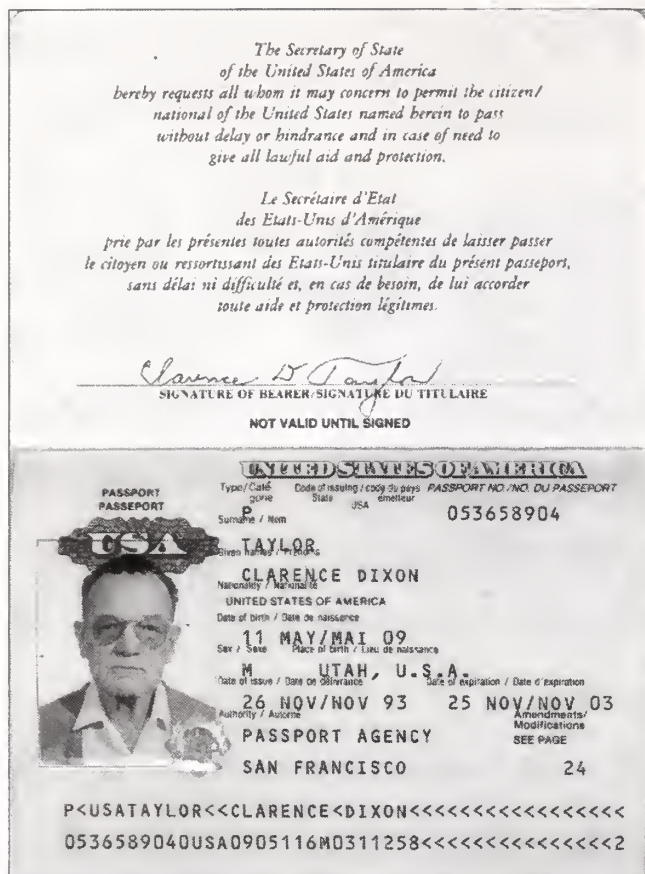
- January 26 Matomba—Cecil Rhodes Tomb—in solid rock.

- January 27 "Menslage" Cheredzei, Zimbabwe—Dawn and Pierre Brummer, sugar cane farm, Boardman cousin.



- February 3 Cradock—Town Clerk, D. J. Coetzer

Home at 2130 Temple View Drive.



1993 passport.

introduction to Graham Whyte, father-in-law of Mervyn Radford, now living in Sedgefield, Cape. Joyce and Sylvia Radford also living at Sedgefield.

February 5 Grahamstown—Norma and Earl Boardman. Earl took us to Beaufort-Vale, the Rev. Wm. Boardman's house and school ruins.

February 6 Waailate Plaats—The 1820 location of John Henry Dixon.

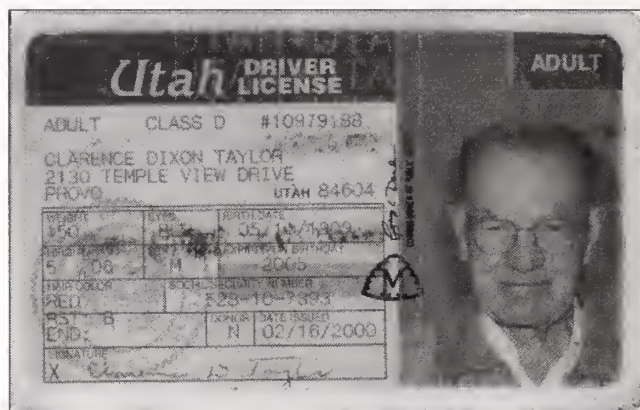
Uitenhage Cemetery—Burial site of Judith Boardman Dixon. All markers removed and grass planted in this old section.

February 12 Jerusalem—Lodging in Maierdsdorf Faculty Club, Hebrew University. Amber String Trio.

February 13 Attended a concert at BYU Center.

February 15 Tibereas—Sea of Galilee, Cruise on motor boat.

February 16 Nazareth.



2000 driver's licence.

My Thrift and Savings Program

The true value of THRIFT was not only taught by my parents, but was practiced by them. Both my parents came from families that experienced hard times and knew the value of every dollar and cent.

"Waste not, want not," was Grandma Sarah D. Dixon's motto, and she had to strictly follow this all her life.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," was another family guideline.

Soon after the birth of each of my father's children, he would subscribe for shares of stock in

the Provo Building & Loan. These shares of stock would mature in about ten years and then would be renewed for another period, maturing about the time for a mission or college. Periodically he would bring these pass books home and let each one of us examine them and see our name on each one with the increased value each year.

Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor passed away on January 27, 1922. Her will provided for each of her grandchildren to receive a portion of her estate. As I recall it was about \$85 each. Being a minor, this

\$ 150.00 Gold Provo, Utah, NOVEMBER 14, 1923
ON DEMAND after date, for value received, I, we, or either of us,
 promise to pay to CLARENCE D. TAYLOR, or order, in Provo, Utah,
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY AND 10/100 - - - - - Dollars,
 in gold coin of the United States, with interest payable quarterly at the rate of
8 per cent. per annum, from date until paid, both before and
 after judgment, together with reasonable Dollars, attorney's
 fee, if this note is collected by an attorney, either with or without suit. If the interest is not
 paid when due the holder may declare the whole sum due and proceed to collect both principal
 and interest. The makers and endorsers of this note each expressly waive demand, notice of
 non-payment and protest, and suit against the maker; and also agree that this note may be ex-
 tended in whole or in part without their consent.

P. O. _____

No. _____

Arthur N Taylor

A THRIFT LESSON AT AGE 14 YEARS

My inheritance of about \$85.00 which Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor
 willed to each and all of her grandchildren; plus \$65.00 of my summer earnings.

money was paid to my father for us. He talked to me suggesting that he would put it to work for me, and that if I would work and earn \$65 and loan it to him, he would add the gift of \$85, making \$150. A note was made on November 14, 1923 in my favor in the amount of \$150 at 8% interest and signed by Arthur N. Taylor then placed in his safety deposit box with a notation on the envelope: "Clarence D. Taylor note with Arthur N. Taylor (held for safe keeping)."

During the World War years of 1917-1918, World War Bonds were campaigned for in the newspapers, billboards, rallies, even in the schools. Books for pasting in stamps of various amounts were sold and redeemed by the value of the stamps in the book. Patriotically, we all extended every effort to earn and buy as many bonds as we could.

From the time I received a regular pay check, I have had a regular pass book savings account with Provo Building and Loan and when it merged with Western Savings, I continued my account with them until they moved from Provo. It became a most convenient source for a small loan by borrowing on the equity of my account and pledging my pass book.

When the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate began

making distributions to its beneficiaries, I concluded that I would not use this money for my personal benefit, but since it was a gift to me, something I had not directly earned by my own efforts, I resolved that I would live on my monthly salary and investments and put this distribution aside in a savings account, to be used for some future worthy project.

By about 1950 my savings account continued to steadily increase, drawing a low rate of interest. Observing some members of the family and friends making small, short-term loans and paying double or more interest than I was getting on my savings, I volunteered to help them financially, as well as myself, by offering them a loan with the interest rate of one or two percent above my savings account rate and without collateral.

In October of 1953, when DTR Co. was buying a new truck or car, rather than financing it with the dealer or bank, I volunteered to take my savings and loan them the cash for the purchase at a lower rate of interest, with no security at first. Later on, with larger loans, I received collateral of one or two of their vehicles.

DTR Co. was financing its merchandise installment sales with First Security Bank by assigning

CLARENCE D. TAYLOR - Finance Program
Monthly Payment Schedule

With DTR. CO.

[illegible]

CLARENCE D. TA LOR - Finance Program

SHEET NO. Note # 43

ACCOUNT NO. _____

RATING NOTES RECEIVABLE - F.T.R. CO.

NAME

NOTES RECEIVABLE - D. T. R. Co.

CREDIT LIMIT \$2438.00

ADDRESS

\$2,438.00

TERMS Payable: \$203.24 July 1, 1956
\$203.16 Per MonthPayable \$203.24 - Aug. 1, 1956
203.16 per monthFORM
N2-D2

DATE	ITEMS	Folio	DEBITS	CREDITS	BALANCE	DATE	ITEMS	Folio	DEBITS	CREDITS	BALANCE
Pledged: Car # 77, 78, 82											
# 92, 94.											
Monroe Calculator											
Pledged: Car #100											
1956 Ford Pickup.											
1956 -											
Jun 1,	Loan				2,438.00	July 2,	Loan				2,438.00
July 1	CHARGE	19218				Aug. 1	CHARGE	#19856			
Aug. 1	"	19856				Sept. 4	"	20359			
Sept. 4	"	20359				Oct. 1	"	21010			
Oct. 1	"	21010				Nov. 1	"	21547			
Nov. 1	"	21547				Dec. 1	"	22036			
Dec. 1	"	22036				Jan. 2	"	22526			
Jan. 2	"	22526				Feb. 1	"	23093			
Feb. 1	"	23093				Mar. 1	"	23629			
Mar. 1	"	23629				April 1	"	24101			
April 1	"	24101				May 1	"	24773			
May 1	"	24773				June 1	"	25253			
June 1	"	25253				July 1	"	25794			

MADE IN U.S.A.

their installment note contracts and delivering them to hold for security until paid in full, when they would be returned. All payments were collected by DTR and reports made monthly to the bank.

The plan DTR worked out with me to supplement their bank loan was to give me a promissory note for the principal amount plus the amount of interest added to the principal and this amount divided into twelve payments to be paid on the first of each month. By making a new note each month, eventually with twelve payments being paid on the first of each month, created a revolving note-payment program.

After a year there were sufficient payments each

month to make a like note, plus interest, on the first of each month. The last note, No. 136, was made on March 1964 in the amount of \$3,500 at 6% interest.

This finance plan was made available by DTR to myself, Dangerfield & Taylor, and a finance partnership I had with Dr. Fred Kartchner and Dr. James Webster.

My financial experience with the stock market was not very lucrative. I managed to secure some good stocks on my own which I held onto. My experience with stock brokers was not my style. I wanted to get good dividend paying stocks and hold. I was not interested in buying one day and selling the next.

A Younger Brother

Being a younger member of a family has its advantages and disadvantages. In my case the advantages were a plus.

In establishing successful and acceptable lives in society, younger members are more known to and mostly welcomed into the older members' circle of friends and society in general.

In my life when I entered BYU as a freshman, being the younger brother of Lynn and Henry and knowing some of their Goldbricker friends, was one of the pluses in my being accepted into the Goldbricker organization in the fall of 1927. In 1930 I was elected as President (the office held by both Lynn and Henry) for the coming school year. However, I was called and left on my mission to South Africa in September and submitted my resignation.

In 1929 I was initiated into the Alpha Kappa Psi, the business fraternity, which Henry had been an officer when it was introduced on the BYU campus. I was later elected vice-president which I resigned when called to the mission field.

For the school year of 1930-31, I was appointed a vice-president of the University Student Body by Pres. James Cullimore. This same office was held by Henry when he was a senior. Here again the mission call took precedence.

One of the disadvantages of being a younger member of the family occurs when fixed chores in the household, which had been handed down from

older to younger, abruptly comes to a halt, with youngest being "stuck" for many more years. Such as milking the cows, acting as groom to the riding horses, stoking and hauling out the ashes and clinkers.

Financially, I have been blessed many times by my brothers inviting me to become a member of a money making project. Example:

Brickerhaven (Country Club) Corporation. As an original stockholder in 1928, I paid \$25 which included an assigned building lot, which I am still holding. In 1991, a share of stock which included an assigned lot is appraised for \$60,000 to \$80,000.

Taylor Hill Subdivision. My first home, which I am selling on contract.

"Uncle Bud's Park" which has been deeded to the neighborhood.

Bonneville Development Co. and Bonneville Heights.

Developer of Oak Hills Subdivision.

An investment of \$1,100 in 1941. A total of return over the years to 1980, which included yearly dividends and final sale. \$64,737.00 plus a vacant lot, now valued in 1991, at \$35,000.

Henry D. & Clarence D. Taylor—real estate partnership.

The building at 230 West Center Street. I bought Henry's interest and have now sold it on contract which provides me with a monthly income.

Church Related Events in My Life

1909

May 11 Birth date at 256 North 5th West,
Provo, Utah.

July 4

Blessed and named by Arthur N.
Taylor in the Provo Third Ward, Utah
Stake.

1917

June 24

Baptized by M. Wilford Poulson in
the Utah Stake Administration Build-
ing.
Confirmed a member of the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by
Alfred L. Booth.

1921

October 23

Ordained to office of Deacon in Aar-
onic Priesthood by Walter D. Dixon.

1924

May 25

Ordained to office of Teacher by
Arthur N. Taylor.

1927

February 13

Ordained to office of Priest by Alfred
E. Eves.

1930

June 29

Ordained to office of Elder in the
Melchizedek Priesthood by Arthur N.
Taylor.

August 10

Received a patriarchal blessing by
Joseph B. Keeler.

September 10

Endowed in the Salt Lake Temple,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

September 10

Patriarchal blessing given by Hyrum
G. Smith at the Church Office in Salt
Lake City, Utah.

September 18

Departed for the South African Mis-
sion.

1931

February 20

Appointed Mission Secretary.

1932

March 14

Appointed Port Elizabeth District
President.

1933

June 1

Returned from mission to South
Africa.

In the Provo Third Ward Utah Stake
served as a Sunday School teacher and
YMMIA Superintendent

1938

November 9

Ordained
to office of
Seventy by
Richard L.
Evans.

1947

May

Church
membership
transferred
from Provo
Third Ward
to Pleasant
View Ward, Sharon Stake.



*Ordained a Seventy in the
Provo Fourth Ward.*

1952

April 28

Set apart as Financial Clerk for the
newly formed Oak Hills First Ward,
Sharon Stake, Arch Madsen—Bishop.

1954

July

Set apart as first counselor to Evan
Croft in the East Sharon Stake Sun-
day School.

1960

August

Appointed Project Clerk for the East
Sharon Stake and Four Oak Hills
Ward North wing building project.
Wesley Carter construction superin-
tendent.

Priesthood Ordinations and Callings

On October 23, 1921, Clarence was ordained a deacon by his Uncle Walter D. Dixon, who was a counselor in the Provo Third Ward bishopric. Then on May 25, 1924, he was ordained a teacher by his father, Arthur N. Taylor, and on February 13, 1927, was ordained a priest by Bishop Alfred E. Eves.

Clarence was ordained an elder on June 29, 1930, by his father, Arthur N. Taylor, who was a member of the Utah Stake High Council. On November 9, 1938, he was ordained a seventy by Elder Richard L. Evans, who was a member of the First Council of the Seventy. This ordination was performed in the Provo Fourth Ward meeting house. Then on May 23, 1971, Clarence was ordained to the office of high priest by Elwood Rey Peterson, a counselor to President Ben E. Lewis of the East Sharon Stake Presidency.

After serving in many Church capacities (Sunday School teacher, Ward YMMIA president, ward financial clerk, East Sharon Stake project clerk for four-ward stake building addition, first counselor stake Sunday School superintendency, South African Mission secretary, and mission district president), he was called in January 1978 to serve as treasurer in the Provo Temple.

Patriarchal Blessing, 10 August 1930

A blessing given by Joseph B. Keeler, Patriarch, upon the head of Clarence Dixon Taylor, son of Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon, born May 11, 1909, in Provo, Utah.

Dear Brother Clarence: In the authority of the Holy Priesthood and by my calling therein, I lay my hands upon your head to confer a patriarchal blessing in such words as the Spirit of the Lord shall constrain me to give on this occasion, and I humbly ask the Lord that His Spirit shall rest upon us that you really and truly may be blessed with words of counsel, comfort, and instruction to be a guide in life.

You are a direct descendant through a long line of progenitors to Joseph of old, who was sold into Egypt, through his son Ephraim. You are therefore of the chosen seed, and according to the flesh and heir to the Holy Priesthood, together with all its promises and blessings. This birthright you should highly prize, because if you live up to its privileges you shall attain to great wisdom, material blessings, present and future happiness, and finally come back

into the presence of the Father and the Son, and dwell with them in the Celestial Kingdom, and be possessed of a fulness of Celestial glory. All this is the prospect before you, by keeping the commandments of the Lord.

Remember, dear brother, that this life is but a brief span, with the eternity of the past and the eternity to come—but the present is precious. Use every moment wisely, so that you may make your calling and election sure. You have had a remarkable past in that other world. You have seen your Redeemer face to face, and have sat in His councils; you will see Him again; and when you behold His glorious countenance you will know you have seen Him before. Now, because of your past faithfulness and integrity, you have been privileged to be born in mortality under the Everlasting Covenant, of goodly parents. Consider well this wonderful inheritance!

One of the objects of mortality is to gain an experience, which experience not only has its lessons for today, but will go with you into the other life to come. So make the most of the activities that come into your life day by day.

Another wonderful object of mortality is fatherhood. Hence here is where your Kingdom begins. Therefore, take advantage of the Everlasting Covenant, of marriage. For in due time you will be united with one of the daughters of Zion who will be a perfect complement of your personality, provided you are wise and prayerful and seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in this matter; for sons and daughters will be your heritage—a beginning of your Kingdom to endure throughout the endless ages of eternity.

I bless you spiritually and mentally; and if you will do your part from this very hour, your mind will reach out into channels of knowledge and wisdom that you heretofore have little dreamed of; and you will become a power among your fellows. Let me warn you to be humble withal; and in so doing the Spirit of the Lord will distill upon you as the dews of heaven.

I bless you materially. It is within your power to possess much of this world's goods. And here again be careful that what you gather shall be a means to an end, even a righteous end. And thus you will lay upon riches in the treasure house of eternity.

I reconfide you to your Guardian Angel. Consider him your constant companion. He will continue to be at your side and by his still small voice will whisper to your soul the things that are right at

the proper time and season thereof; in the same way he will restrain when temptation approaches. By following his instruction and guidance you will never go astray.

In your missionary career in which you are about engaged, you will go forth clothed with power of the Almighty. By virtue of your appointment to this work and your ordination before you came to earth, you will meet with varied circumstances which at times will test your faith and strength of body and mind; nevertheless, you shall be equal to every occasion and be able to perform satisfactorily the work to which you are assigned.

Thousands will hear the glad tidings of the gospel from your lips; and many will be brought into the fold through, your instrumentality, sooner or later. I bid you Godspeed, go in peace, return in safety.

Soon the Savior will come to dwell on earth with His people. But before that day the powers of the world will be shaken; but in the midst of the turmoil which is upon the nations today, the righteous will come off triumphant, and the wicked will go to the place prepared for them. So be not dismayed with what you shall hear and see.

You will be called to take your part—an important part—in the events of the future. Therefore prepare for this by living each day well and faithfully the duties of that day, and the Lord will bring you triumphantly thru in your mission and work of this life, which is your destiny. I seal and pronounce this blessing upon you, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

/s/ Joseph B. Keeler
Provo, Utah
August 10, 1930

Patriarchal Blessing, 10 September 1930

Number 20074. A blessing given by Hyrum G. Smith, patriarch, upon the head of Clarence Dixon Taylor, son of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise (Dixon) Taylor, born May 11, 1909, at Provo, Utah.

Brother Clarence D. Taylor: According to thy desire, I place my hands upon thy head and as the spirit of the Lord shall direct me give unto thee a blessing for thy comfort and thy benefit throughout this life, because of thy faithfulness and obedience.

Thou art numbered among the chosen sons of Zion, born of goodly parents. Parents who have made certain sacrifices and rendered obedience unto

certain laws and commandments which have secured for thee many important privileges and blessings which will be measured unto thee in goodly portion according to thine obedience and thy faithfulness. For thou art of the lineage of Ephraim, and shall receive a worthy inheritance among thy people; for it is thy privilege to live and rejoice in the blessings of health and strength and such gifts and powers as will be needful to work out thy righteous and worthy desires. Thou shalt also rejoice in the preserving, protecting, and providing care of the Lord through obedience unto the counsels given thee and unto those sweet and peaceful promptings that will be thy guide day and night, year in and year out until thy mission in the earth is fully accomplished.

Doubt will also be removed from thy mind in answer to prayer and thy faith will grow and increase within thee, until it shall prevail with the Lord for thy blessings. Thou shalt also be magnified in positions of trust and responsibility and shall enjoy the confidence and fellowship of thine associates wherever thy lot may be cast. Thou shalt have power to make friends and overcome evils and obstacles and to rejoice the blessings of success in the accomplishment of thy righteous desires, both temporally and spiritually. Therefore, be humble, be prayerful, be diligent in seeking to know thy duties and in the performance thereof and to be true and faithful to the trust imposed in thee striving to learn the way of life and honoring the Giver of thy blessings, forgetting not to acknowledge His hand day and night, and thou shalt be blessed in body and in mind and shall have opportunities to further cultivate and use thy talents and thy blessings shall also be measured unto thee in goodly portion through thy efforts to learn the ways of life, and do good for others and in all thy willingness to labor and thy unselfishness in laboring for others, whether they be friends or strangers or even enemies to thy faith, the Lord will bless thee because of thy willingness to labor for thy unselfishness. And thou shalt be blessed also with power to avoid thine enemies both seen and unseen and to decide upon matters that will bring peace and happiness to thy home and circle.

And in due time, thou shalt rejoice in the blessings of a comfortable home to live and see a worthy posterity grow up around thee to bless and honor thy name and teachings. Therefore, prepare thyself for the great responsibilities of a sacred mission upon the earth; strive to profit by the lessons which have been taught thee and thou shalt rejoice in the kindness and mercy of the Lord, for He shall extend unto thee such favors and blessings as will be most

needful according to thy righteous needs, and thy good works will live to bless thee, and thy name be handed down in honorable remembrance from generation to generation.

I seal these blessings upon thy head through thy faithfulness and seal thee up against the powers of the Destroyer, even unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with thy blessings among the redeemed and glorified of Israel by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved /s/ Hyrum G. Smith

Clarence Dixon Taylor's Line of Authority to Office of Seventy

CLARENCE D. TAYLOR was ordained to the office of Seventy by Richard L. Evans on November 9, 1938.

RICHARDS L. EVANS was ordained a Seventy on August 5, 1938, by President Rulon S. Wells.

RULON S. WELLS was ordained a Seventy on October 22, 1875, by President Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle, February 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, "who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency (Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Fredrick G. Williams) to choose the Twelve Apostles" (Doctrine and Covenants 18:37; History of the Church, vol. 2, p. 187).

JOSEPH SMITH was ordained an Apostle in

1829 by Peter, James, and John, who were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ (John 15:16).

RICHARD L. EVANS was set apart as a President in The First Council of the Seventy on October 13, 1938, by President Heber J. Grant, who was ordained an Apostle by George Q. Cannon on October 16, 1882. George Q. Cannon was ordained an Apostle by Brigham Young on August 26, 1860.

Clarence Dixon Taylor's Line of Authority to Office of High Priest

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR was ordained a High Priest on May 23, 1971 by Elwood Rey Peterson at the Sharon East Stake House, Provo, Utah.

ELWOOD REY PETERSON was ordained a High Priest on September 11, 1960, by Joseph Fielding Smith.

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH was ordained an Apostle on April 7, 1910, by Joseph F. Smith.

JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle on July 1, 1866, by Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, "who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency (Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Fredrick G. Williams) to choose the Twelve Apostles."

JOSEPH SMITH and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood and were ordained Apostles in 1829 by Peter, James, and John, who were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ (John 15:16).

Anthony "Tony" Hansen Taylor's Account of the South America Trip

When our youngest son, David, was released from his mission in Brazil in December 1967, Clarence, accompanied by our son Tony, went to South America to travel home with him. Our nephew, Henry Aldous Nelson, who was serving as a missionary in Argentina, was released at the same time.

They all joined together to travel home. They first visited the Statue of Christ in Rio de Janeiro and the Iguassu Falls in Brazil, then Lake Titicaca and Machu Picchu in Peru, followed by other places of interest on their homeward journey.

The following is Tony's account of this trip:

When my brother David was nearing the completion of his mission in December of 1967, he encouraged me to meet him in Brazil and tour South America together. I gladly accepted and, as I was making preparations, I thought it would be fun to have Uncle Bud (Clarence D. Taylor) along, too. He agreed to join us, as did cousin Hank Nelson, who was finishing his mission in Argentina about that same time.

Arrangements were made, and Aunt Alice and

Uncle Roy took Uncle Bud and me to the Salt Lake airport. As we were waiting for the flight, Uncle Bud discovered, to his horror, that he had left his camera at Aunt Alice's place. She quickly called members of her family and found someone who was able to go get it and bring it out to the airport, which was a half hour drive once the camera was located. There was great concern as boarding time approached, but they arrived just in the nick of time with the camera, so I and a much relieved Uncle Bud took off for Los Angeles to catch a Varig flight to Rio. Our connection was scheduled about an hour and forty-five minutes after we arrived in Los Angeles which would have been about 2:00 p.m., but the L.A. airport had been socked in with fog for about five days, and all flights had been grounded until just before we got there, and even with flights leaving every three minutes, our departure to Rio was delayed until about eleven-twenty that night. Uncle Bud and I took a bus into the city and spent the day looking around.

After our day in L.A., Uncle Bud and I caught the bus back to the airport, but we hadn't counted on the usual heavy traffic which was compounded by the increase of Christmas shoppers. The bus inched along in the bumper-to-bumper traffic at an agonizingly slow pace. At the airline ticket desk, we had been instructed to be there at least an hour before take off, so Uncle Bud and I, both having a fetish for promptness, thought we should be back two hours or so ahead of time just for good measure, but as the twenty-minute drive stretched into two hours we nearly developed ulcers. As it was, we still got back in ample time, only to discover that our flight had been further delayed, and we wouldn't take off until about 2:30 a.m. We had already had a snack, but the airline gave us tickets for a complimentary dinner in the coffee shop. It was past dinner time by now, but for a free dinner—what the heck!

The airport was jammed with people who had been stranded for days because of flights grounded by the fog. Little children were yowling and screaming everywhere and tired parents with frassled nerves were trying to cope. People were sleeping on piles of luggage, or carpeted sections wherever there was space. While Uncle Bud and I were comparatively fresh, 2:30 seemed a long time coming. Even then there were delays in boarding, and once we were on the plane we had a long wait before take off. Sometime after 3:00 a.m. we did get off and were actually on our way. We were no sooner in the air than the flight attendants brought around sandwiches and drinks. Because of the odd hour, Uncle Bud declined, but I figured it was part of the fare and ate. I

had just dosed off when they came around and asked if we would like some hot meat. Uncle Bud again declined, and I again accepted and was told that they would bring some shortly. Uncle Bud looked at me in a puzzled way and said, "Would I like some hot meat? At 4:00 in the morning?" We both wondered what they would bring. I waited, and waited, and finally dozed off. I was awakened, and the stewardess gave me a baking dish with chunks of meat in a spicy sauce. It was delicious, but such a strange thing to be served at such an odd hour that Uncle Bud and I have never forgotten. When we get together, even now, he jokingly asks if I would like a bowl of hot meat.

I finally got some uninterrupted sleep and next thing I knew, it was morning, and we were touching down in Mexico City. We were herded off the airplane to a waiting room where we stretched and moved around for a while. We didn't get into the city, but when we took off again, I was impressed with the brownish-grey bleakness of everything, even for winter. Later that afternoon we touched down in Bogota, Columbia. There wasn't time to leave the airport so we browsed around the terminal for a while. It was a beautiful new building surrounded by the lush green of the forest and countryside and filled with many interesting shops. The items that most captured my attention were the carvings, jewelry, and colorful weavings. The airport personnel and shopkeepers were very helpful and pleasant without being pushy as the Mexico City people had seemed to be.

As we continued our flight, I was impressed with the food, particularly round whitish slices of something in the salad which I later learned was palmetto or palm heart. I also enjoyed a Brazilian soft drink called guarana which was made from a Brazilian fruit of the same name. As the hours passed, we saw nothing but jungle below, no villages, no fields, just endless stretches of tree tops. I remember thinking what a terrible place to be if the plane went down. You could never find your way out. As darkness eventually came, there was still no glimmer of humanity from lights or fires. Then an occasional light appeared below, then a few more and more, and as we burst over a mountain, we saw the dazzling lights of Rio de Janeiro.

Our flight from L.A. was supposed to have arrived in the middle of the day. I hoped that David had received word of our delays; he had. As we disembarked, he was there to meet us and arranged for a taxi to take us into town. The driver was a congenial chap who pointed out the various sights as we went along. David asked if he might be available the

following day to take us touring. He said he had a wedding to chauffeur, but his brother could take us. As he dropped us off at our hotel, a narrow but tall and luxurious building called the Lemi Palace, the driver grimaced and shrugged and said that it was excessively expensive. David, who had been used to the Brazilian economy, agreed, but for \$20 a night, it was a good price by American standards, even in 1967. Our room was high in the building and looked out on the beach upon which it was situated, and was very modern and clean.

After a good night's sleep and a shower, we were introduced to our first Brazilian breakfast in the hotel dining room. It started with fresh fruit, papaya with lime juice, banana, pineapple, orange slices, then rolls, and soft white cheese, and finished with hot chocolate. Other breakfasts sometimes included meat, occasionally an egg. Uncle Bud inquired about getting cereal, but was unsuccessful in finding any throughout the whole trip.

The brother of the taxi driver came by and took us on a tour of the Rio area. We drove all through the city viewing the nice residential areas, traveling markets called *ferraz*, business districts, and famous beaches such as Copacabana and Ipanema. We saw Sugarloaf Mountain and the giant statue of Christ on Corcovado. The view from there gave us a sprawling panorama of the whole Rio de Janeiro area. From the Christus, we drove through jungle past small villages, towns, and recreation areas. Our driver was even more congenial than his brother and had a great pride and love for Rio. He would stop and show us waterfalls, wild orchids, and strange fruits. He bought a large, brown, fuzzy fruit about half again the size of a basketball. He opened it and offered us little yellow sections from inside which tasted unlike anything else. He called it *jacka*.

After a few days in Rio, we flew to Sao Paulo. It was a great sprawling city with building going on everywhere. The city had some nice places, but it seemed like everything was under construction, and traffic was zooming everywhere with seemingly no means of regulating it. Crossing the street was a real fright for us, and this was increased when we noticed the terror-stricken faces of the local people attempting the same thing. Our tour of the city included a visit to the venomous snake farm and research lab. We saw them extracting venom from some of the snakes selected from the collection of nearly all the venomous creatures in the world, then develop serums and antitoxins, which are sent to all parts of the world where they are needed.

After a day of touring, we got some ice cream

and sat in a park which sloped up a hill overlooking one of the main boulevards of the city. As we were enjoying the rest, our treat, and the view, we heard some meowing and noticed a group of cats, then a few other cats, then others, and others until the place seemed to be teeming with them. I have never seen so many cats in my life.

We next flew to Curitiba where David's mission headquarters were located. It was a smaller, more rural place where the pace was much slower and easier. After Sao Paulo, this was a refreshing change. Here and there we saw carts drawn by horses. There were flower and fruit stands and vendors of various kinds all around the city.

David had a few arrangements to take care of at the mission home, and we were invited to have dinner there. The next day David took us out to the country to a few shops where they did wood carving, needlework, and other interesting things.

We continued our tour of Brazil at Iguassu Falls, a very impressive group of waterfalls that are higher and more extensive than Niagara. They are nestled in lush, green, jungle on the borders of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Argentina. The plane circled for a good view of the falls before we landed and were transported to the hotel. It seemed to be the only facility in the whole area. From the hotel, we were taken to various vantage points from which to view the falls at different times of the day. One jaunt was after dark, and they lighted one section of the falls for us. After our view when they were loading the bus, we said we would like to walk back to the hotel which was not far. They jabbered something to David in Portuguese, and he informed us that we were to ride the bus back. They had pointed out that this area, except for the hotel, was uninhabited jungle, and that poison snakes were sometimes a problem at night. We quickly concluded that this was a justifiable reason to take the bus.

Sometimes when something is translated directly from one language to another, it comes out a little strange. Near the pool at the hotel was a tree with a large yellow, blue, and red macaw perched on the limb. It rattled off some garbled talk in Portuguese which I couldn't understand, but apparently many American guests had tried to get it to speak English because a sign beneath its perch said, "No perturb to the parrot." At the hotel pool, we met a family from Wisconsin who had had a Brazilian student stay at their home, and they had come to return the visit and see the country. At the hotel there was a group of Brazilian high school girls who sang songs that we enjoyed, but only David could join in.

When we left, the plane circled over the falls again and passed over the only part of Paraguay that we would see.

From Iguassu Falls, we went to Porto Alegre, a large port city with many old buildings nestled among some hills with stairs, terraces, bridges, and overpasses. All over the city there were groups preparing for carnival with drums, maracas, and other instruments. Many of the automobiles had a series of horns on which they would beep out tunes. One day about noon David took us to a boarding house where he had once lived to have lunch. It was a sumptuous meal of local foods. I don't remember what we had, but I remember it was very good as was all the food in Brazil. One night we ate at a restaurant called the Gaucho that served a local specialty called churasco, sort of a barbecued meat. At the restaurant we ran into the American family from Wisconsin that we had met at Iguassu.

As Porto Alegre was our last stop in Brazil, we visited several shops to pick up some items characteristic of the country—trays designed with butterfly wings and other odds and ends. We were told that if we wanted anything of leather or hide, we would do well to wait until we got to Uruguay. I learned, after it was too late, that if you see something you want—get it then. I saw several interesting things that we didn't see in Uruguay or any place else.

We next flew to Montevideo, Uruguay. From here on we would encounter only Spanish-speaking people. Luckily Spanish is close enough to Portuguese that David was able to understand and be understood by most people. He could get us by until we were joined by cousin Hank Nelson, who was to be released from his mission in Argentina. He was to meet us the following day if he could arrange it. We were checking into the hotel and wondering how Hank would find us if he got to Montevideo. I hadn't gotten the arrangement very clear. Just as we assumed that we would probably have to look him up in Buenos Aires when we got there in about three days, he walked into the lobby. It seems that his mother had provided the necessary information for him to meet us, and he was released a day or so early. We now had a traveling companion fluent in Spanish.

That evening Hank helped us locate a restaurant that had been recommended to Uncle Bud by cousin Kenny Kartchner who had served here on his mission. As I remember, it was called Robintino's. We ordered chateau briand, which cost equivalent to about \$1.25 in American currency. We also ordered salad, soup, and french fries. They brought a giant

tureen of soup and a loaf of bread. We were nearly stuffed after the soup, then they brought a giant platter of salad followed by an equally big platter of french fries, and an enormous steak. The whole dinner cost about \$2.50. We saw why the restaurant came so highly recommended. The next day we toured the city. It had some of the same feelings and smells of other big cities like Paris, Rome, or Madrid. There were many interesting shops with many nice things of leather and hide. David was getting a high pressure sell from some lady to buy a leather jacket. She said, "I promise, you will never repent of buying this."

He commented, "There's a literal translation for you."

We decided to try Robintino's again that night. This time we didn't want so big a meal so we ordered a small dinner steak which cost about \$0.80 and the previous accompaniments. The waiter said something to cousin Hank who replied with some comment. We asked what he had said. Hank said he asked if we were sure we wanted soup and salad with our steak, and Hank had confirmed that that was correct. As we finished the soup and salad, we were confronted with the reason for the waiter's question. Our dinner steaks were the size of Sunday roasts.

The next day was Sunday and Hank located an LDS Branch which we attended. We couldn't understand what was said, but the spirit was the same as any LDS service. The people were very friendly and congenial. Hank gave us intermittent translations, and we gave a try at the hymns in Spanish. After Church, Hank guided us to a restaurant that had been recommended by some of the elders. To an appreciative eater like me, it was like a bit of heaven on earth. At one side were three giant barbecue pits about 12 feet square. They were all stacked with the same thing—rows of whole pigs, lambs, beef halves, poultry, seafood, sausages of all types, and assorted roasts. One pit was keeping warm the meats that were done, another pit was roasting, and the other they were loading in preparation for roasting. Another part of the room was filled with refrigerated glass cases filled with salads, fruits, desserts, and pastries. Even with no understanding of the menu, all you had to do was point.

That night at the hotel I noticed directly across from our window was an apartment in which was seated a very attractive girl watching T.V. The next morning as we were packing and getting cleaned up prior to catching the plane, the girl was out on the balcony visiting with an equally good-looking friend. David came to the window to see what I was looking

at. He enjoyed the view too and beckoned to Hank to join us. At first the girls pretended not to notice, but did some careful primping and preening. Hank's amiable smile got them finally, and he and David's knowledge of South American gestures allowed some communication. Eventually Hank conversed the 15- or 20-foot distance to their balcony. I think he got some good gospel teaching in, but alas, we had a plane to catch.

Buenos Aires was Hank's stomping ground. While he had worked in various parts of Argentina, most of his time had been spent in this city. We visited the mission home, the residential areas, the business district, and government buildings. Hank pointed out many bullet holes on various buildings attesting to the violence of revolutions. Our hotel was very elegant, somewhat rococo in design and decor and good priced by American costs, but to an Argentine missionary it seemed exorbitant, so Hank arranged for cheaper accommodations for us. It was a small, dingy, building with small rooms and common facilities down the hall. It wasn't exactly living in the grand manor, but this was South America, too; so we took in all the noise and squalor coming from the street and the narrow halls outside our rooms.

Hank took us on a tour of a sector called "El Tigre." It was a residential area situated on numerous small islands in the delta of the great river. The only access was by boat, so each home, instead of having a garage, had a small pier in front, and instead of having bus and taxi service, they had boat service. The neighborhood markets and gas stations were situated on piers rather than roads and street vendors shuttled about in boats.

Although Argentina is one of the world's largest exporters of beef, meat was available in the markets and restaurants only every second day, so dining one day would be soups, salads, spaghetti, cheeses, fruits, etc. The next day would be regular fare with meat and accompaniments. One evening we bought a big, juicy pineapple from a street vendor and were planning to take it to the restaurant with us and have them cut it and prepare it for us, which Hank said was not an unusual thing to do; but Uncle Bud was so uncomfortable about doing this that he wouldn't join us until we agreed to wait until we got back to the hotel rooms to eat it.

On Christmas Eve we went to the Italian sector of the city called La Boca to eat. The buildings were so garish and tastelessly done in bright oranges, purples, greens, blues, yellows, and pinks that they had kind of a charm to them. In front of one of the restaurants was a giant bruise that looked like a

bodyguard for a mafia boss. He was hustling patrons to come in and eat; and after a dazzling description of the evening's menu and an almost threatening insistence on our trying it, he convinced us to go in. Except for its garish colors, the interior was unimpressive. It had a small platform against one wall with a few musical instruments placed here and there. From time to time, one or more of the staff or patrons would get up and play or sing, or both. The "host" outside recruited a large family to come and eat. They started their meal with an enormous platter of spaghetti and when he came in to sing a little number, he commented that the spaghetti looked very good, so he pulled up a chair and joined them. I don't remember what we had, but I remember that it was quite good. One of the other waiters somehow noticed that I enjoyed trying various foods, and every time he passed he would bring a little delicacy and have me try it. I remember a shell fish and a piece of octopus among other things. After a bit the bouncer arose from a plate of spaghetti that he had shared with the family and began making a speech during which he gestured toward us. We asked Hank what he was saying, and Hank told us that he had said, "We would like to welcome Bud, Tony, Dave, and Hank here this evening." We asked what he had really said. Hank told us that he had welcomed everyone including the Americans and wanted everyone to participate in a little song by whacking the table with one of our eating utensils at the appropriate moment. As the song progressed, we tapped the table at the designated time, but apparently we were not showing enough gusto because the waiter came over and demonstrated the proper way for us. He had us grasp our knives by the blade and really pound the table with the handles. The crew in the kitchen, not wanting to miss out, threw pots and pans out into the dining area at the appropriate part of the song. It must have been a nightly favorite, because we lifted the tablecloth and noticed that the whole table was dented and battered. The evening continued with spontaneous numbers by anyone who felt like performing. All and all it was a lot of fun and certainly one of the most unusual Christmas Eves we had spent.

On Christmas Day Hank took us around to meet some of the local people. Not speaking Spanish, I don't remember much, but we visited an old friend from the "Y" who was living there, David Stone, and a British man who had a young daughter named Girly. The following day we flew to La Paz, Bolivia.

La Paz is located in a wide, hilly gully, down

off the plateau where we landed. As we rode from the airport to the city, we saw women and girls dressed almost universally in a loose skirt, blouse, a bright striped shawl, and a fedora hat. Often in the shawl they carried something: a child, a load of wood, produce, or whatever. Sometimes they would wear the shawl regularly and have an extra shawl to carry things, but they were never idle. Almost every female whose hands were not otherwise occupied, was spinning wool on a hand spindle. They did this as they were walking down the road, sitting someplace, watching animals, or tending children. The men seemed busy, too, hauling things, loading animals, and such. They wore pants and shirt with a knit or woven poncho. Many didn't wear hats; but when they did, it was a regular man's hat or a colorful knit cap with a high peak and looped flaps at the ears. Many people didn't wear shoes; but those who did, wore mostly sandals with the soles made of tire treads. As we got into La Paz, there was a prevailing smell like a combination of dead animals and raw sewage. There were many shops that had baskets of dried llama fetuses and other animal parts. The butcher shops had dead carcasses hanging about with flies swarming around them. There were shops with baskets of produce, grain, fruit, and live poultry. This was probably the place that Uncle Fred had cautioned us about the food. Despite the squalor, it was an interesting place. There were shops with beautiful robes made of alpaca and vicuna skins with bright, colorful weavings, leather goods, and replicas of Inca art. The street markets were colorful places with many exotic fruits and vegetables. Potatoes originated in the Andes and they had varieties we had never seen. In addition to russets, yams, and sweet potatoes like we have, they had purple and yellow ones, some two feet long, some small pellet-sized, hard ones, soft ones, a real variety.

Bolivia was perhaps the only place on our trip where the food was not good. Meat dishes had a rancid taste that reminded you of the stench from the butcher shops. Milk products tasted like the animals had stepped in the bucket after they were milked. We were told to avoid uncooked vegetables and salads, but the potatoes were not bad. Because of the wide variety available, we seldom got kinds that we were used to at home, but the ones we had were not bad. I must admit that my enjoyment of food was somewhat stilted by a brief touch of altitude sickness. La Paz, as I recall, was about 14,000 feet above sea level. We were rushing one afternoon to get to the Post Office before it closed. It was up the hill, and when we got there, my head was pounding

and felt like it might explode all over the mountain. It seemed to create an imbalance of pressure in the inner ear which caused dizziness and a queasy stomach. As I recall, all of us had a touch of this one time or another, except Uncle Bud.

We traveled overland from La Paz to Cuzco, Peru. We went by car to the plateau above La Paz and then across a wide plain stopping at the site of an ancient Incan statue. The car drove across the broad plateau past small villages and herds of cattle, sheep, goats, llamas, and such, where women and girls were constantly spinning. Eventually we came to a beautiful spot by Lake Titicaca where we ate and then boarded the hydrofoil to continue our journey to the other side of the lake. We stopped at an island where there were more ruins. This island had lush vegetation which was unusual at this altitude, because La Paz and the plateau above are higher than the timberline. Because of this, the native boats on the lake were not made of wood, but were made of reeds lashed together. On the other side of the lake we continued by automobile. The car was required to stop at every town and register and pay tariffs. While we were stopped at one town, we saw some gentleman dressed in a coat and tie nonchalantly urinating in the village square. In order to maintain some degree of privacy, he shielded his private parts with a hand. The people in the square were unconcerned and seemed to regard it as a normal occurrence.

We arrived that evening in Puno, Peru. As we had to catch the train the next morning, it was necessary to look around that evening. There were many interesting shops and street vendors, but the things that impressed David and me the most were the weavings. David bought a brightly colored poncho, and I bought several fakas or sashes.

In the morning we boarded the train for Cuzco. They were not luxurious accommodations, but the large windows provided a good view of the bare mountain ranges and golden prairie slopes. At almost every stop there were vendors selling local handmade items. There were even peddlers selling "genuine" Inca relics (made by local craftsmen), but it made the long trip interesting. At one point a man came running down a hill and across the open field waving one arm. The train stopped, and he got on taking a seat a few rows in front of us. He had, among other things, the skinned carcass of a sheep or goat which he placed on the rack overhead. As we rattled along, the entrails dangled gaily between the slats in the rack, and the stench contributed to the already accumulated fragrance in the car. Towards evening, as we got nearer to Cuzco, we must have

been getting lower because the dry, barren peaks and plains gave way to more foliated terrain and lush green started to appear everywhere.

As we got out of the taxi which had brought us from the Cuzco train station, we were greeted by a young boy in front of our hotel who was selling more "genuine Inca relics." Although he had some nice items, we weren't doing any shopping at the moment. He said that when we were ready to do business just ask around for Juan, and he would take care of us. There came a time when I was interested in taking another look at what he had, but Juan was not to be found.

When we awoke and looked out of the hotel window, we saw a mosaic maze of tile roof tops everywhere. We took a tour of the city and its environs and saw a great many ruins left by the Incas. Some had been built on top of by the Spanish. Sometimes a wall would be used as part of a newer structure, but all of the city seemed old whether Incan or Spanish. This was no modern metropolis. In the hills above the city, we saw some ancient Incan stone walls about 18-20 feet high made of enormous boulders, some 12-15 feet in diameter. These were fitted together without mortar so close that a knife could not be inserted between them. These were very impressive, but even more impressive were the ruins at Machu Picchu which we visited the next day. To get there we took a train which ran several miles through jungly canyons and rugged mountain passes. We got off in the bottom of one of the canyons and were met by a small bus which took us back and forth, up a narrow, windy, dirt road until we came to a small hotel near the top. From here we took a trail to a saddle between two sharp peaks which rose from the canyons far below. And there in the saddle was nestled the ancient city of Machu Picchu. The magnificent stonework, and the size and scope of the city, and its beautiful location were almost overwhelming. We spent a most enjoyable day wandering among the buildings, corridors, sports arenas, stairs, terraces, and stone highways of this most interesting place.

New Year's Day we visited one of the cathedrals in Cuzco and observed what to us seemed a very unusual service. Just inside the entrance was a band playing tunes that didn't seem to be religious pieces. As we went through a corridor toward the main worship area, we passed many small coves with barred gates which seemed to be individual chapels or worship areas. Some were filled with people praying and lighting candles. Opposite these small chapels was a wall with many doorways, some closed, some barred,

but they were dark inside. As the corridor opened into the main chapel, there was kind of a caged wall with statues inside and on a platform above this was a person loudly singing what seemed to be religious music. The big chapel was dark except for candles being lighted by individuals and was not being used. We continued toward the sound of a priest who was in a smaller chapel running off to the right. This chapel was filled with worshipers. A man in the rear was following the service carefully, and at various points would signal another man down the corridor who would give a signal to some boys who would light off strings of fire crackers just inside the front entryway. I wouldn't profess to be knowledgeable about Catholic worship, but I have never seen or heard anything like that before.

There were many interesting shops and market places in Cuzco; and after a good perusal, I thought I might get some weavings and a replica from Juan. But by the morning of our departure, I still hadn't located Juan. I did go over to the marketplace and get some weavings. Just as we started for the market, it began to rain. When we got there, we found everything closed, it being an open-air affair. I learned once again that if you see what you want, get it, because you may not get another chance.

I was surprised by the Cuzco air terminal. Cuzco was such an ancient-looking city, but the terminal was of very contemporary design. We boarded our plane, and after a flight over the mountains, we landed at Lima. I was surprised at Lima also. Peru, except for mountain areas above the timberline, was lush, green jungle. Lima looked like it was built in the Sahara Desert. All around was bleak and dry, but the city was nice. It was a blend of modern and Spanish. The Spanish residences that we were shown were elegant old buildings with beautiful courtyards in the center. Most of the new buildings looked like new buildings anywhere. The food was mostly Euro-American type. We left Lima in the evening and put down in Guayaquil, Ecuador, for a short stop, not long enough to leave the airport. We continued to Panama City for a brief touch down and got to Los Angeles airport some time the next day. After being gone for two and a half years, Dave and Hank were anxious to get home. There was a big welcome party at the Salt Lake airport which was composed largely of Nelson relatives.

After a great trip, Uncle Bud and I were glad to get back.

(Quoted from Henry D. Taylor Sr.'s book, *Clarence Dixon Taylor, My Younger Brother*, 1987, pp. 197-206.)

South America Trip Itinerary

Name	Miles	Flying Time	Other
Salt Lake to Los Angeles	850	1:20	
Los Angeles to Mexico City	1,565	3:00	
Mexico City to Panama	1,495		
Panama to Bogota	470	4:15	
Bogota to Lima	1,177	2:30	
Lima to Rio	2,347	4:30	
Rio to Sao Paulo	236	1:15	
Sao Paulo Curitiba	225	2:30	
Curitiba to Iguassi Falls	341	2:00	
Porto Alegre to Montevideo	437	1:30	
Montevideo to Buenos Aires	142	1:00	
Buenos Aires to LaPaz	1,395	2:45	
LaPaz to Lake Titicaca (by car)			2:00
Lake Titicaca to Copacabana (boat)			3:00
Copacabana to Puna (car)	140		5:00
Puna to Cuzco (train)	232		13:00
Cusco to Lima	316	2:00	
Lima to Guayaquil	775	2:00	
Guayaquil to Panama	806	1:45	
Panama to Los Angeles	1,495	6:30	
Los Angeles to Salt Lake	850	1:20	
Totals	15,747	44:00	26:00

	Arrive	Depart
December 15, 1967		
From Provo		3:00 p.m.
From Salt Lake		6:05 pm
Nat. Airport—Los Angeles	6:30 p.m.	
December 16, 1967		
From Los Angeles		2:50 a.m.
Mexico City	8:09 a.m.	
From Mexico City		9:25 a.m.
Bogota, Columbia	1:40 p.m.	
Bogota, Columbia		3:30 p.m.
Lima, Peru	6:30 p.m.	
Lima, Peru		7:10 p.m.
December 17, 1967		
Rio De Janeiro, Brazil		



Tributes to Clarence Dixon Taylor on His Sixty-eighth Birthday

A Tribute A Family 68th Birthday Party—1977

Who is that man that never stops working?
From the wee hours of morning until the late hours of night
Who is it that keeps everyone of us perking?
And when we try to help him, it's worse than a fight.
He digs and he rakes and he sweeps without stopping.
He pays all the bills and keeps LaDell hopping.
The workmen all praise him; the tenants they love him.
In all Taylor Terrace there is no one above him.
Now, he won't let us pay him, and he hates us to thank him—
No! —heavens above.
So we'll just say, "put these on (bib overalls) and go on as you're doing.
And all we can give you is lots of our love.

—Celestia J. Taylor

For the Man Who Builds His House upon a Rock

Clarence went to sleep one nite, after hauling rocks all day.
He had rather a rocky dream—it seems it went this way:
The rocks all start moving and they did the strangest things.
The rocks all started talking and they began to dance and sing.
They smiled at him, they leered at him, they seemed to say,
Why is it you don't like us? Why haul us all away?
We really are rather pleasant folks, without us, don't you see,
Taylor Terrace would be flat and muddy, as un-exciting as can be.
So save your aching back, stop digging, don't be dumb.
You might as well give up because there's more where we come from.
Stop and wonder and imagine if you can; we rocks have been here longer than man.
For when the world was made, it needed a good foundation
Rocks on which you could build a church, also your salvation.
Also think of our ancestors waiting for the work to be done all these years.
How do you think they feel with all the words and noise dinning in their ears?
Please listen to us, hear our side, then in peace and harmony we might abide.

Sincerely,
Taylor—Terrie & Ace Rock Family
Ethel S. Taylor

Clarence D. Taylor's Seventy-ninth Birthday

The following were received from Ethelyn, May 11, 1988

Excerpt from Youth

by Samuel Ullman

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of red cheeks, red lips, and supple knees. It is a tempering of the will; a quality of imagination; a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage, of timidity, of the appetite for adventure over a life of ease. This often exists in a man of 50 more than in a boy of 20. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals.

The Art of Renewal

By Wilferd A. Peterson

Your birthday is the beginning of your own personal new year. Your first birthday was a beginning, and each new birthday is a chance to begin again, to start over, to take a new grip on life.

It is a time to consider the wisdom of Socrates: "The unexamined life is not worth living." It is a time to reevaluate your past as a guide to your future.

It is a time to remind yourself that "saints are sinners who keep on trying."

It is a time to toss old hatreds, resentments, grudges, and fears into the wastebasket of life; a time to forgive and forget, a time to stretch your soul.

It is a time to list the things you have left undone and to do something about them: the visits you've failed to make, the words unspoken, the letters unwritten, the tasks unfinished.

It is a time to dust off your dreams and shine up your ideas.

It is a time to browse through the precious old books that have meant the most to you, that you may rediscover illuminating phrases and sentences to light your pathway into the future.

It is a time to give thanks to God, and to man, for the riches that have been poured into your life;

a time to appreciate anew the beauty and wonder of the world.

It is a time to rededicate your life to those things which are enduring, recognizing with William James that "the great use of life is to spend it on something that will outlast it."

It is a time to resolve to add life to your years, for as Philip James Bailey points out, "he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

—From *The New Book of the Art of Living*

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A Different World But in Many Ways the Best of Times

An Essay for the Class of 1936 Reunion

It is said there are three ages of woman: Youth, Middle Age, and "You Haven't Changed." But change is the name of the game. Consider: Graduates of the Class of 1936 were before the pill and the population explosion, which inexplicably, went hand in hand.

We were before television, before penicillin, polio shots, antibiotics, and Frisbees. Before frozen food, nylon, dacron, xerox, Kinsey. We were before radar, fluorescent lights, credit cards, and ballpoint pens. For us, timesharing meant togetherness, not computers; a chip meant a piece of wood, hardware was hardware, and software wasn't even a word.

We were before pantyhose and drip-dry clothes. Before ice makers and dishwashers, clothes dryers, freezers, and electric blankets. Before Hawaii and Alaska became states and before men wore long hair and earrings and women wore tuxedos.

We were before Leonard Bernstein, yogurt, Ann Landers, plastics, hair dryers, 40-hour weeks, and the minimum wage. We got married first, and then lived together. How quaint can you be?

In our time, closets were for clothes, not for coming out of, and a book about two young women living together in Europe could be called "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Oak Hills Sixth Ward Newsletter

Oak Hills Sixth Ward

Clarence Dixon Taylor

2130 Temple View Drive 377-4742

Clarence was born on "Sandy Alley" in the Provo Third Ward, May 11, 1909, the 6th of 8 children of Maria Dixon and Arthur N. Taylor. He attended the OLD Timpanogos grade school; the OLD Central Jr. High School, and the OLD Provo High School. Clarence outlasted them all. He went on to graduate from B.Y.U.

"Uncle Bud" was one of the founders of Oak Hills. He and his brothers, Henry Dixon and Lynn Dixon Taylor came to the hill when the area around the Uncle Bud park was just a rock pile. Henry and Lynn had hiked up to the hill on a morning in early 1929 and immediately said, "This is it; this is where would like to live." They saw Ephraim A. Liechty planting a peach tree and asked about acquiring the property that had not been cultivated. Eventually they purchased three lots for \$675. At that time Henry was earning \$100 a month. Later they were able to purchase additional lots and they started to build homes. Brother Clarence joined the project and in later years managed the development. Their sister, Ruth Kartchner, was another early pioneer on the Hill.



When Ray Beckham moved to Oak Hills, he contacted Clarence, Uncle Bud as we knew him, about an idea: if the neighbors cleared an empty field, installed a sprinkling system and planted grass, took turns cutting the grass, etc. could they have use of the park for five years? Bud agreed, and said that if they kept it in good trim, it could be available for another five years. It was a wonderful neighborhood affinity project, and Bud eventually deeded the valuable property without cost to the Oak Hills Neighborhood Association, and the appreciative neighbors called it "Uncle Bud's Park."

The Taylors had long known about the rapidly rising property values. They *never* considered profit, but released property at modest prices to build a good neighborhood. Property was also set aside for what is now our Sixth Ward. Bud has watched the Taylor Hill grow from the pioneering of Swiss families Muhlsteins and Liechtys days, families who horse climbed the hill with sleds in winter of the first beginnings.

Back in his high school days, Bud was known as the Provo High graduate with a "face that could stop a clock." An 8-day clock stopped in a contest with the hand pointing to his name. The prize was a 17-jewel Bulova watch.

In high school he played on both the football and basket ball teams. In 1930 he was called on a mission to South Africa, the birthplace of his grandfather Dixon. There, he found and visited relatives that had been unknown. Before his mission, he worked with brothers and sister in the operation of Provonna Beach Lake Resort at the mouth of Provo river. After his mission, he worked at Dixon Taylor Russel, a home furnishings store, for 34 years. From 1964 he was involved in the finances of the BYU Bookstore for ten years until compulsory retirement at age 65.

Clarence enlisted in World War II on January 9, 1942, and was one of the survivors of the brutal "Battle of the Bulge." He later was part of the occupation force in Germany.

In 1946 he joined his brothers when he built a home on The Hill. It was only the third modern house in the Oak Hills area. At that time, they were members of the Pleasant View Ward on Canyon Road. In 1948 the Oak Hills Ward was created, in 1977 the Oak Hills Stake was created.

Bud is responsible for the beautiful roses we see as we drive up the hill in the summer.

The highlight for Bud in recent years was to return to South Africa with his nephew in 1993, and again in 1996. This Bud's heart has flowered in the growth of Oak Hills and South Africa.

My Family Heritage

Thomas Taylor

My Great Grandfather

Thomas Taylor, according to his son George, was a good natured man, always looking on the bright side of life. By his wit and humor, he was called the clown of the village. He was a pumpmaker by trade. Thomas Taylor was born May 21, 1792 at Birmingham, England. His parents were Richard Taylor and Margaret Broughall.

He married Anne Hill, of Birmingham, England, the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Tedd Hill.

Thomas Taylor and Anne Hill were the parents of the following three children, all born at Birmingham, England:

	Born	Died
William Taylor	May 26, 1835	In infancy
George Taylor	Mar. 25, 1838	Sept. 4, 1926
Mary Taylor	Mar. 3, 1840	Apr. 10, 1901

Anne Hill Taylor

My Great Grandmother

Anne Hill Taylor was born June 13, 1813 at Birmingham, England. She was the daughter of Joseph Hill and Sarah Tedd.

Anne Hill and Thomas Taylor were married prior to 1835, for their first son, William Taylor, was born at Birmingham, England, on May 26, 1835. He died before reaching maturity.

Although Anne was an invalid and suffered greatly most of her life, she was an excellent seamstress and contributed much to the support of the family.

The second son, George, was born March 25, 1838 at Birmingham, England. He was an ambitious

and obedient son, who started working at the age of eight. Of his first wages of a shilling, he gave it to his mother, except two pennies, which he kept for his own use. He joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and together with his wife, Eliza Nicholls Taylor and three children, migrated to Utah in 1863. He died September 4, 1926.

Anne Hill Taylor's daughter, Mary, was born in Birmingham, England, on March 3, 1840. She married John James Hickman and had four children, two boys and two girls. She died on April 10, 1901.

George and Eliza Taylor Family Group Sheet

HUSBAND		George TAYLOR (Business Man)		1838		George TAYLOR		1838	
Born		25 Mar 1838		Place		Birmingham, Warwick, England		Eliza NICHOLLS	
Chr.				Place		Birmingham, Warwick, England		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET	
Mar		5 July 1857		Place		Edgbaston, Birmingham, Warwick, England		TAYLOR FAMILY ORGANIZATION	
Died		4 Sep 1926		Place		Provo, Utah, Utah		George T. TAYLOR	
Bur.		Sep 1926		Place		Provo, Utah, Utah		1402 N. 1400 W.	
HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR									
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES 2) 5 Mar 1864, Henrietta SAWYER, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) July 1906, Emily PATFORD (PALMYERED).									
WIFE Eliza NICHOLLS									
Born		29 Apr 1838		Place		Portsmouth, Southampton, England		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
Chr.				Place		Provo, Utah, Utah		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
Died		27 June 1922		Place		Provo, Utah, Utah		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
Bur.		23 June 1922		Place		Provo, Utah, Utah		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
WIFE'S FATHER Thomas (Ashford) NICHOLLS									
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS									
SEX of each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth									
CHILDREN									
1 Harriett Clarissa TAYLOR									
2 Mary Anna Emma TAYLOR									
3 Parley George TAYLOR									
4 George Thomas TAYLOR									
5 William TAYLOR									
6 Thomas Nicholls TAYLOR									
7 Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR									
8 Walter George TAYLOR									
9 Ashted TAYLOR									
10									
11									
SOURCES OF INFORMATION									
Child #1, I.G.I. 3 entries:									
#2, " 2 entries:									
#3, " 3 entries:									
OTHER MARRIAGES									
Child #9, 2) Katherine Gray KUPP									
3) Mary Verena Hone PEAY									
NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS									
Provo 3rd Ward records burned.									

First wife, Eliza Nicholls Taylor.

George and Henrietta Taylor Family Group Sheet

HUSBAND				George TAYLOR 1838			
Born 25 Mar 1838				Place Birmingham, Warwick, England			
Chr.				Wife Henrietta SAWYER			
Mar 5 Mar 1864				Place Salt Lake City, Utah			
Died 4 Sep 1926				Place Provo, Utah, Utah			
Bur. Sep 1926				Place " " "			
HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR				HUSBAND'S MOTHER Ann HILL			
OTHER WIVES 1) 5 July 1857, Eliza NICHOLIS, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) July 1906, Emily PAFFORD (PALYMERED).							
WIFE							
2) Henrietta SAWYER							
Born 20 Apr 1846				Place Isle of Jersey, Hants, England			
Chr.				Place Provo, Utah, Utah			
Died 2 Mar 1922				Place " " "			
Bur. 7 Mar 1922				Place " " "			
WIFE'S FATHER Joseph SAWYER				WIFE'S MOTHER Henrietta TRANHAM			
HUSBANDS				WIVES			
CHILDREN				OTHER MARRIAGES			
SEX	NAME	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	STATE OR COUNTRY	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	YEAR
1	Joseph TAYLOR	10 June 1865	Provo	Utah	14 Dec 1887	20 Oct 1867	
2	Henrietta TAYLOR	6 Oct 1867	"	"	George Affleck KERR	1 June 1941	
3	Mary Ann (Polly) TAYLOR	14 Feb 1870	"	"	William Daniel ROBERTS	3 June 1950	
4	John Frankman TAYLOR	12 Aug 1872	"	"	Sarah Edna PULSIPHER	23 Apr 1960	
5	Ella TAYLOR	4 Oct 1875	"	"	John Walter WESTPHAL	3 Aug 1957	
6	Amy TAYLOR	1 Jan 1878	"	"		June 1881	
7							
8							
9							
10							
11							

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

LDS Church Records: T.I.B. Child #2.
Family Records: Genevieve R. Dunn: Mary A. Schaer, Book of Pioneer History.

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

George Taylor Sr., 1838–1926

My Grandfather

by Clarence D. Taylor, December 29, 1978

John Goodall, Registrar in the sub-district of Duddeston and Nechelle, in the County of Warwick, England, recorded that a boy by the name of GEORGE was born on March 25, 1838, at Windsor Street in the Parish of Aston, to Thomas Taylor and Anne Taylor, formerly Hill.

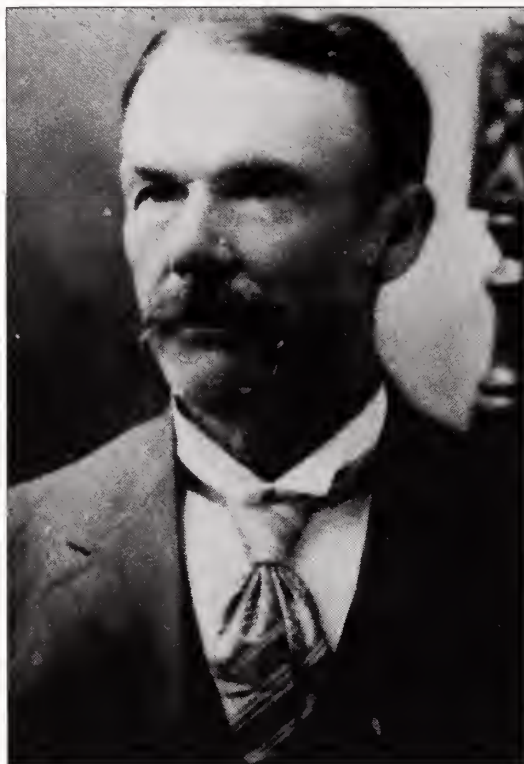
George had one older brother, William, and a younger sister, Mary, who later married John James Hickman. His mother was an invalid, but being a good seamstress was able to do some dressmaking,

Thomas Taylor, George's father, was a good natured man—always looking on the bright side of things. He was the merry-maker of the town, often being called "The clown of the Village." George's birth certificate lists the father's profession as a "well sinker," but on George's marriage certificate it lists the father's profession as "pump maker."

As was the case with most English lads of that time, George was taught early in life to work. At the early age of eight he went in search of work, and when asked what he could do, his answer was, "I can learn if I may try." This determination, coming so early in his life, was the keynote of his successful life. He was finally given a job as errand boy, and at the age of eight years was a wage earner. At the age of ten it fell his lot to serve an apprenticeship as a scales maker, but his active and energetic nature would not permit him to simply be a factory toiler.

George's formal education was limited to only one week's duration, for he had a desire to work rather than remain in school. His desire for accumulating knowledge was a driving force and a characteristic part of his whole life. Of his weekly wage of one shilling, from his first job, he gave it all to his mother with the exception of one penny. This was saved until he had enough to buy himself a dictionary, an arithmetic, and a spelling book. While on his

errands, he puzzled out the advertising signs on the buildings and in the windows, and thus learned to read. In his spare time he acquired some knowledge of the art of music. Later in life, he became a professional photographer by reading magazines, books, and through his own experimentation.



George Taylor, ca. 1873.

While still in his teens, he and some of his youthful companions were attracted to the Latter-day Saint church where they were taught the gospel by the Utah Elders. On March 3, 1855, just before his seventeenth birthday, he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Joseph Howard and became a very active member of the local branch. He and his companions organized an orchestra and put on several entertainments for the benefit of the Branch and missionaries. It was while in the Ashted Branch Choir of Birmingham, England that he met his future

wife, Eliza Nicholls.

Although George and Eliza were both only nineteen years of age and both were members of the LDS Church, they were married on July 5, 1857 at the Edgbaston Parish Church in the County of Warwick, England by I. Spooner, Vicar of the Church of England. The two special witnesses were Edwin Dedicant and A. Rogers.

George Taylor was a very high-minded, ambitious boy of nineteen and he chose a good, unselfish girl who loved him and worked with him. Both were desirous of joining the Saints in Zion, where they could better live their religion. So Eliza volunteered to continue her work and thus help to save enough money to make the long journey to Utah.

On June 23, 1858, a baby girl was born to this struggling couple. She was given the name of Harriet Clarissa and a blessing by Sam Western on July 11, 1858. Eliza continued to work in the button factory and the infant baby was cared for during the day by Eliza's sister, Emma.



Eliza Nicholls, ca. 1873.

A little sister to “Hattie” was born on May 13, 1860 and named after the nursemaid of the two children, Mary Ann Emma. Eliza continued her tireless working and saving for that “home in Zion.”

On August 4, 1862, Parley G. was born. Eliza still worked and Aunt Emma continued to care for the children.

After six years of skimping, saving, and struggling, George and Eliza could wait no longer. They had saved just enough money now to pay for the ocean voyage. In talking over their emmigration plans, George would often remark to his wife, “If only we can get there by the skin of our teeth, I will sure be happy.”

They literally succeeded in making it to Utah by only “the skin of their teeth.” For, as they passed over London Bridge, on their way to the docks, they had only a tuppence (four cents) cash to make their long journey. What they lacked in cash was made up in courage and unlimited faith.

On June 4, 1863, George Taylor, his wife Eliza, and their three children, Harriet Clarissa, age five, Mary Ann Emma, age three, and Parley G., age ten months, left London, England on the sailing vessel “Amazon” for a seven-week voyage to America. George was ill during most of the voyage and it was most welcomed when they landed at Castle Gardens, New York, the third week of July 1863.

On their arrival in New York City, they were fortunate enough to meet an old-time friend, Joseph

Harris, who loaned them the money to continue their journey westward.

Their transportation from New York City to St. Joseph was like they ship cattle to market. Straw was scattered on the floor of the box car to serve as their bed at night. As they neared St. Joseph, little Mary Ann Emma, the frailest of the three children, died, and when the train stopped at the station, an undertaker was waiting and immediately took the body of the little girl. Although George and James Poulton went in search of the undertaker, he was never located and none of the family or friends knew where she was buried.

From St. Joseph to Florence, the transportation was to be by boat on the Missouri River. George again, became very sick, as was the little boy, Parley G. The child died three days out from St. Joseph. His little body was taken off the boat at Florence where he was buried.

George, now feeling better, joined Captain Wooley’s party for their trek westward. To defray the cost of transporation for their trip westward, George drove a wagon and yoke of three oxen. The party left Florence the fore part of August 1863 and after two months traveling, arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1863.

George left his wife and child in care of friends in Salt Lake and proceeded to Provo to establish a home. Since there was no demand for a scale maker in this frontier town, he was forced to accept any kind of job that became available. One of his many jobs was that of a hod carrier for the brick masons on the Provo Tabernacle.

After a month’s time, he was able to secure a one-room log house, with no doors, windows, or wood floors. Brother Abraham Halliday of Provo, on his trip from Salt Lake, brought George’s wife and daughter to their new home in Provo.

George and Eliza had barely made it to Utah “by the skin of their teeth,” and had to endure many trying hardships, sickness, death, and agonizing trials. Their faith in God and their testimony of the truthfullness of the Gospel had sustained them in their hour of need.

Their long time dream of owning their own home materialized when George traded his soldier outfit, including a gun and sword, to Thomas Clark in exchange for a two-room, adobe house, which had been used as a sheep pen by its former owner. Like most of the early pioneer houses, it had a dirt roof, a dirt floor, and the windows had to be covered with a blanket to keep out the storms. The dirt roof had to be continuously repaired to stop the leaks.

George had accepted the principle and practice of polygamy, as advocated by the leaders of the LDS Church at that time. So on March 5, 1864, George took his wife Eliza and Henrietta Sawyer, a beautiful, good girl of eighteen, to the Salt Lake Endowment House, where he was married and sealed to his wife and married and sealed to Henrietta Sawyer as a plural wife.

In this little two-room, adobe house, located on 8th Street between C and D Streets, Provo (now 1st North between 6th and 7th West), four of Eliza's children were born and three of Henrietta's children were born.

These two wonderful, choice women, who equally shared their home, the responsibilities of the household, and their husband, were able to live in peace and harmony and support each other in rearing their individual children.

The frequent harassments by the Indians in stealing food and the driving off the pioneer's cattle, necessitated the maintaining of a Militia. George joined the Territorial Militia and drilled on the bench lands now known as University Hill. He was a member of the Militia at the time of the Black Hawk War of 1866.

One of the odd jobs George employed in making a living for his families in 1866 was that of a furniture salesman for the Cluff Bros. The Cluff Bros. were pioneer, hand-made furniture makers in Provo. They permitted and encouraged George to sell their hand-made furniture on a commission basis. He proved to be such a good salesman that he decided he would open up his own furniture store.

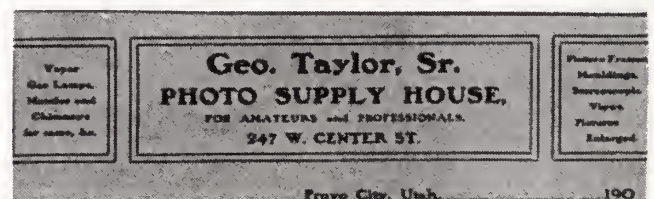
He rented a small, frame building at about 250 West Center and hung out his sign, "G. Taylor FURNITURE." He stocked his store with all the hand-made furniture the Cluff Bros. would let him have. He then borrowed a wagon and team of horses and went to Salt Lake to H. Dinwoody Furniture Co. to buy what furniture they would let him have to put in stock in his new store. Not having ready cash to pay for his merchandise, he had to borrow the money at 24% interest per annum. To the Cluff Bros. goes the credit for the encouragement and stimulus for George Taylor going into the furniture business and the beginning of his successful business career.

Before going into the furniture business, however, he decided to make use of some of the knowledge he had gained from books in the art of photography. In 1864 he purchased a photographic camera and began his career as a photographer. At that time he knew nothing about the business and read all he



Henrietta Sawyer, ca. 1873.

could find about photography in magazines. He then experimented by making pictures of his own family. He made and mixed his own chemicals, experimenting in the cellar of the house, oftentimes working all night as one mixture after another proved ineffective, until he finally would come upon a formula which was fairly successful. From here he would continue to work and test until he obtained the result he desired. This experience led him to devote a section of his furniture store to a photographic gallery, taking photos, finishing, tinting, as well as dealing in a stock of photographic supplies. His gallery became the first photo supply house south of Salt Lake City. In the beginning he used the old tintype negatives. He took the picture of the person and developed the negative, which was then given to the purchaser. No prints.



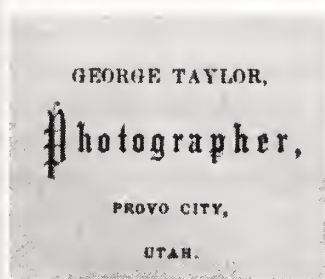
George Taylor's letterhead.

The next year he began to use the chloride plates, and for some time he had to prepare the plates himself; smearing the chloride over the glass just before making the exposure. He became adept at both the wet and the dry plate method. He always



Early photo of Salt Lake Tabernacle. Printed from glass plate negative of George Taylor.

insisted on the use of what he termed the "water finishing method" where the prints, after going through the chemical treatment, would be washed for many hours. As a result, many of the pictures he made in the 60's and early 70's are still clear and distinct and show very little, if any, fading out.



George Taylor's labels placed on the back of his photographs.

About 1870, he sent his daughter Hattie, to the studio of C. R. Savage in Salt Lake City to learn re-touching and the latest ideas or methods of printing. She was the first re-toucher south of Salt Lake City. He quit the commercial side of photography about 1885, but continued making pictures as a hobby until the 1920's.

As George's furniture store prospered and grew, he followed the example of the Cluff Bros. and employed the services of Thomas Mitchell, a cabinet maker, to make milk safes, cupboards, and lounges. Andrew Sward, a life-long employee of George Taylor and Taylor Bros., finished, painted, varnished, and grained the furniture. He also made the mattresses from excelsior. Andrew Sward was a most versatile man. He could take pictures, develop, print and touch them up. He could handle any and all transactions in the store. He was even a ventriloquist and could throw his voice, which caused much dismay and merriment with his customers and friends. While serving as nightwatchman, in his later years, he fell down the elevator shaft and broke both of his legs.

The love of music acquired in England, now became a part of George's life in this new land. He became a member of one of the first bands and orchestras in Provo and played for all dances, theatres, and church entertainments. This interest in music prompted him to add a music department to his furniture business. His business now carried the name, George Taylor Furniture and Music Store. The chief musical instrument handled at first was the parlor organ.

By 1869, George had qualified as a desirable and permanent resident of the United States with a desire to become a full-fledged citizen, with all its rights, title, interest and responsibilities. His application for

citizenship had been accepted and his United States Naturalization papers were granted to him on June 15, 1869. He could now vote and even hold a public office.

With a household consisting of a husband, two wives, and six children, larger living quarters were a must. In the spring of 1873, Eliza moved her family to living quarters above the store in the building owned by Peter Stubbs. Henrietta and her family occupied living quarters in the rear of the store building.

It was in this upstairs home that Walter G. Taylor was born to Eliza on September 25, 1873. Eliza and family lived in this upstairs apartment until the spring of 1875 when George found them a small, one-room log house on the corner of Seventh West and Center Street. Here Ashted, the last baby of Eliza, was born September 12, 1875.

Henrietta's third baby girl, named Ella, was born in the apartment at the rear of the store on October 4, 1875.

George still owned the adobe, two-roomed building on First North which had remained unoccupied for some time. By November of 1875, he had remodeled it and Eliza and her family moved into it.

While Henrietta was still living in the apartment at the rear of the store, she gave birth to her last child, a baby girl named Amy. When Amy was two and one-half years of age, she was drowned in the Mill Race, an open stream flowing south on Second West. George was working in his garden, located on the corner of Center Street and Second West. Amy must have seen her father and was on her way to him. In crossing the narrow bridge over the stream, she fell in and was drowned. Her body was found a short distance down the stream where she was lodged among some branches. The mother and family were grief stricken. George took a picture of little Amy which became a great consolation to the family.

A few years later, George built a home for Henrietta on the lot east of his garden, where she lived the remainder of her life.

As to George's reputation for honesty and fair trading, his son, Walter G. attests: "As a lad, one of my early responsibilities was to take father's horse and wagon and go to the Railroad Depot and pick up the furniture, organs, carpets, and other freight items brought in by the railroad from the eastern factories, and which were to be

sold in father's store. As has always been the policy of the railroad companies, no freight was to be released until the freight charges had been paid in full. At times, when father did not have the cash to give me, I would go to the freight agent and tell him I was George Taylor's son, and that he had sent me to pick up the freight but would be unable to pay him until the next day (or at some definite date). The freight agent never turned me away, but would tell me that if George Taylor had promised to pay on a definite time, that is when the freight would be paid. I would then haul the merchandise back to the store."

George accepted the old adage, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." He always managed to have something for his boys to do. He had just purchased a piece of ground near the top of the Provo Bench dugway, which had never been cultivated and was covered with sagebrush. This particular day, Walter G. was instructed to take the team of horses and go out and pull all the sage brush out of the ground, ready for burning. One of the neighbors, seeing the boy spending so much time and effort in clearing the land, came over and suggested that he smarten up and take the plow and plow under the sage brush, thereby disposing of the sagebrush and plowing the ground ready for planting in one operation. This appealed to Walter G., so he plowed up the land and reported back to his surprised father in short time. He told his father he had found a quicker and better way of preparing the land for planting. His father then asked him what he had been instructed to do, and if he had followed instructions. To this question Walter G. answered negatively. Then his father proceeded to give him a lesson in obedience. One he never forgot. The next day, George took the boy and went out to the plowed and cleared land, taking with them sufficient seed to plant the area. They planted the area that had the sagebrush cleared off the



First National Bank of Provo.



George Taylor Furniture.

ground the same as where the sagebrush was plowed under. Then his father said, "Now we will wait and see what happens." That fall when the wheat was harvested, the cleared land produced more than three times the wheat than the land with the plowed under sagebrush.

Assuming an interest in civic affairs, George was appointed to serve on the committee of the Utah County Board of Trade to give a report at the next State meeting on, "Home-made Furniture." He also served as a Director in the Commercial Club, which was organized in 1901 to aid, encourage, protect, and advance all business interests in Provo and Utah County.

In 1882, a charter was issued for a bank in Provo to be called The First National Bank of Provo. This bank did a good job for a few years until the panic of 1893, when they were forced to close their doors. George had purchased stock in the new bank and had been elected to its board of directors. He had also become a director in the Utah County Savings Bank and at one time served as its president. The Savings Bank was an affiliate of the First National Bank, but it continued to function, even after the First National closed its door.

With the closing of the First National Bank in 1893, George became chairman of the committee to gather pledges for its re-opening. The depositors failed to support the acceptance of time certificates, so the bank went into government receivership. The bank paid its depositors the full amount of their deposits, mainly due to the duplicate liability of the stockholders. The First National Bank of Provo was then taken over by the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank.

The following was copied from a notation George had written with pencil in his own handwriting on the inside cover of a First National Bank booklet:

"GEO. TAYLOR, SR. was a stockholder in First Nat'l Bank of Provo from its organization in 1882. Have been connected in Provo Commercial and Savings ever since. Occupying same position (as a director) until Jany. 1924, then because I would not consent to unnecessary extravagance in

Bank Building and other doings, I was kicked out after 42 years service. I blame this to J. F. Farrer and C. E. Loose.

First National Bank, Provo City, Utah organized 1882. Was chairman of Executive Committee.
s/ GEORGE TAYLOR, SR."

OFFICE OF	
Presidency Utah State of Zion	
Provo City, Utah, July 6, 1893	
Messrs Geo. Taylor & J. C. Graham, Committee	
Gentlemen:	
<p>In reply to your communication of the 5th inst. will say that it will be impossible, at the present for the Brigham Young Association to meet the payment of the Four Thousand Dollars note you name. I am, however, making what effort I can to borrow the money to meet this note, and have a hope of securing it that under the present financial distress the outlook is very gloomy.</p> <p>Trusting that circumstances will be such as to enable the bank to resume business at an early date.</p> <p>I am,</p> <p>Very Respectfully, A. O. Smoot</p>	
Notation on back of above letter	
<p>In Reference to B. Y. Academy note for \$2000.00 owing 1st National and Utah Co. Savings Bank Provo.</p> <p>Later I raised \$6000 borrowed from Wells Fargo S. Lake to enable them to pay their notes by going security with President Willford Woodruff, signing a note for the same.</p> <p>GEO. TAYLOR Sr.</p>	
<p>In Reference to B. Y. Academy note for \$2000.00 owing 1st National and Utah Co. Savings Bank Provo.</p> <p>Later I raised \$6000 borrowed from Wells Fargo S. Lake to enable them to pay their notes by going security with President Willford Woodruff, signing a note for the same.</p> <p>GEO. TAYLOR Sr.</p>	

Letter written by Abraham O. Smoot to George Taylor, 1893.

The twenty-five foot frontage property next door east of the furniture store was owned by W. O. Beesley. The twenty-foot frontage property east of the Beesley property was owned by George, but the title was recorded in the name of Emily Pafford. When George's son Thomas N. and Julius Jensen wanted to expand their jewelry business, Beesley was willing to sell them his twenty-five foot frontage property. Tom went to his father to talk over the proposed purchase. George felt this property being next to his furniture store was more valuable to him than anyone else, so he agreed to sell Taylor and Jensen Jewelers his twenty-foot property, where a beautiful new jewelry store building was built, and the upstairs area became the home for Tom and his wife. George then bought the twenty-five foot frontage property from Beesley. In 1889, when George's son John T. was seventeen years of age and his daughter "Polly" was nineteen years of age, he set them up in business in this Beesley property.

With their father's help and with plenty of hard work, John T. and "Polly" developed a most attractive and successful retail grocery store, specializing in fresh produce with attractive displays in the front of the building, but carrying a staple and fancy line of groceries, fruits, fish, imported and domestic produce and sundries. This business was called Taylor & Co. As George's part of the company, he brought in a stock of photographic supplies, including Sned's dry plates, elknogen, nitrogen of silver, chloride of gold, pyrogolk acid, hyposulphite soda, and sulphite soda.

In 1882, the Edmunds Law, a federal law which made polygamy a felony and subject to imprisonment; forced George to go on the "underground." Which means he had to stay clear of being apprehended by any of the federal officers. "The Feds" was the nickname these officers were known by.

For five years, George had been able to keep out of the reach of the "feds" by living with the Poulton family and other friends in Provo and Utah County. On one occasion he was hanging a picture in his store when a "fed," posing as a salesman, sneaked up behind him. To avoid being caught, George had to out run his pursuer, going clear to the river bridge at the top of Fifth West before he could shake him.

In about 1886, after having evaded the "feds" for five years, he was finally arrested by an agent named Norell. This agent had represented himself as a traveling salesman taking orders for merchandise to re-sell in the George Taylor Furniture and Music Store. At the trial, there was no complaining witness, so George was set free without a sentence or fine.

Previous to his going on the "underground," George had transferred title to his business and property to his oldest son George Taylor, Jr. He did this to avoid his property being confiscated by the Federal Government in case he was arrested for being married to two wives.

In November 1886, George Taylor made a separation agreement with his second wife, Henrietta, and made a division of his property. Each wife was given the home she and her family were living in. To Eliza he gave five acres of land between 7th and 8th West on 4th North, and a lot on the corner of 7th West and 5th North. To Henrietta he gave the five acres of farming land in the southwest part of the city called the "Fort Fields." He then moved into one of the rooms of his sister's son's home, George Hickman, at about 245 West Center Street (just across the street from his business), a small, frame house he was renting.

There had been some conversation relative to the sale of George's furniture and music business between George Taylor and Henry Southworth. Henry Southworth owned and operated a general merchandise store on the corner of Fifth West and First North, in the "old Round House." Mr. Southworth had offered to pay \$10,000 for his merchandise, fixtures, and building. George was seriously thinking about the sale and also contemplating a trip to England with the proceeds.

When problems arise in families or between individuals, there are always two or more viewpoints involved. In the disposition of George Taylor's furniture business, we do not have his viewpoint. But knowing of his forthright, straight-laced honesty and considering his principle of "his word being as good as his bond," there may be some justification in his first refusal of selling his business to his wife Eliza and her sons because of his prior commitment



Octagon House or the "Round House." Built by H. S. Southworth in about 1862-1866. Corner of Fifth West and First North.

to sell the business to H. Southworth.

We do have the written account of this transaction in the journal of his son Thomas N. Taylor:

"Things went on smoothly until the persecution of our people for the practice of polygamy after 1882. Father, who had two families, decided to go away to England to escape the penalty of the law which was six months in the Utah Penitentiary and \$300 fine. He had a friend, Albert Singleton, whose first wife had no children. She made the trip with father. There was a decided change came over him on that trip. Before leaving he deeded the store and real estate to my brother George, Jr. and put the business in the name of Taylor Brothers. He deeded a home and five acres of land to Mother, a home and five acres of land to my Aunt."

"On father's return from England, he was restless and wanted to sell the business. There was some letters come into my possession he had written to Mrs. Singleton (who, by the way, had procured a divorce from her husband and taken her maiden name Pafford). These letters indicated that he intended selling the business and going away with this woman. She had received about all Singleton had. Mother knew something was wrong and there grew up a coldness between her and father. Now the first real sorrow of my life comes in. As a lad, father had been good to me. I stuck to him in the store, and in return he gave me almost everything a boy could ask—a pony, a goat and wagon, a velocipede, a bicycle, pigeons. He had J. M. Mitchell make me a pigeon house and Mr. Sward paint it. He gave me rabbits, a pistol. He was good to me."

"When this trouble came between him and mother, I must take a stand. I did with my mother. I had assumed management of the business. Father wanted it returned. I made him this proposition that he give mother five thousand dollars (\$5,000) which I figured she could loan at 8% and have an income of \$400 a year. I would return him the business. He refused. Said he would have his own settlement with mother and it was none of my business. During our talks, and we had many of them, some very unpleasant things were said. I told him he could not and



Taylor Brothers Company.

should not send my mother to the wash tub for a living, that she was entitled to one-half the business, and that I had put in my full time there and received very little for it and what we had done entitled her to this amount. I considered the business worth \$10,000. The rangle went on. I wanted to get away from it all."

"Father insisted on me turning over the business. I refused until he settled with mother. Finally after dreary months of agony, father went to the home (he and mother had ceased to live together) and offered to sell her the business for \$11,000, building and business just as it stood. Things were looking better. We were doing about \$1,000 per month then which was a good furniture business for those days. Mother at first would not listen to him. He said he would give her one-half (1/2) and sell her the other one-half (1/2) for the \$11,000. She told him he had offered it all for \$10,000 and felt it very unjust to ask her \$11,000 for the one-half. She said she would give him no answer until she talked it over with me. After going over the situation with mother, I advised her to buy him out."

This stand taken for the protection of his mother's financial interest against his father, alienated father and son to the point of being disallowed any proceeds in the will of George Taylor, Sr. other than being given the gold watch and chain which the son had previously given to the father.

The transaction for sale of the furniture business was completed, which included the land, buildings, and merchandise, for \$11,000. The new purchasers were: Eliza N. Taylor, George Taylor Jr., Thomas N. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, and John D. Dixon, doing

business as Taylor Bros. Co. Terms of settlement, which were underwritten by the First National Bank of Provo were: George was to receive \$3,000 cash at the signing of the agreement. Four bank-guaranteed notes of \$2,000 each were given, bearing interest at 10% per annum. One note was to be paid off every three months, and all were to be paid within one year. All notes were paid promptly as agreed.

Taylor Brothers Company was then incorporated under the State laws of Utah in 1890 with "Grandma" Eliza Nicholls Taylor as President, George Taylor, Jr. as vice-president, John DeGrey Dixon as secretary and treasurer, Arthur N. Taylor as a director, and Thomas N. Taylor as director and manager.

With his retirement from the furniture and photographic business, George then devoted his energy and time to buying and selling real estate, handling securities, and as a director in the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank where he closely followed their financial success.

George Taylor was a man of his word and expected the same from everyone else, even his own children. Sometimes the lessons he tried to impress on his sons were quite severe and hard to accept, but it carried home the point and was not easily forgotten.

During one of the hard winters of heavy snow and freezing cold weather, George, Jr. had run short of feed for his horses. His ready cash was depleted. He went to his father for a loan to buy some feed. A short term loan for four months was made, with the current rate of interest and with a specific date for payment in full. Shortly after making the loan, George, Jr. received payment of a debt owed him. He took the money to his father to liquidate his note. His father would not accept the money at that time. It was not yet due. 12:00 o'clock (noon) on June 12th was the payment date. That is when he wanted it paid and not before nor a minute after.

While Tom was still working for his father and just getting started in the jewelry business with Julius Jensen in 1885, they needed a show case and a little more merchandise costing \$112, or \$56 each. Tom went to his father for a loan. It was necessary for Tom to put up his mare and colt (valued at \$125) as collateral on the note. When the note became due, he asked his father for an extension of time for payment, as he had put the money into new merchandise for the business. His father refused, saying he knew when he borrowed the money when it was due to be paid back. His father, George, took the mare and the colt in default of payment of the note.

Punctuality was one of his cardinal rules.

An example of how principle was passed from father to son is clearly demonstrated in this humorous episode:

A rival suitor of one of the fair lassies of the Provo Third Ward offered Walter G. a quarter if he would throw a bouquet of flowers onto the lap of his girl friend while she was attending church service. That quarter looked like a silver mine, and the time and work to earn it was so short and easy. Walter G. agreed to do the job. Unobserved, he inched up to the bench she was sitting on and quickly threw the flowers. The girl screamed with surprise, disturbing the whole congregation. A humiliated George grabbed his son by the collar and took him out of the building where he was chastised severely and asked why he had done such a thing. A repentant boy told his father that he didn't know she would scream out. He was only trying to help this man show a favor to his girl. He was being paid for it, and besides he had made an agreement and he was bound to keep his word.

George's marriage to Sarah M. Blair, a Sunday School teacher at the time he was Superintendent of the Sunday School in the Third Ward, was of short duration of only about a month, with its mutual dissolution on March 13, 1890.

The records show a civil divorce, instituted by George Taylor, was granted him from Eliza N. Taylor on September 6, 1901, although they had been separated for several years. It was not contested by Eliza.

On their trip to England, George Taylor and Emily Pafford Singleton were married in the New York City Hall on July 19, 1906. Emily died of cancer on January 11, 1914 at Provo, Utah. On her huge, granite monument in the Provo City Cemetery, George had a photo of Emily permanently attached with the epitaph, "You Will Miss Me When I Am Gone."

In 1920, after the high waters of the Provo River and Utah Lake had washed out the dike and flooded the farming land of the Skipper Bay Drainage District, which had been spearheaded by Arthur N. Taylor, some of his former co-workers in Taylor Bros. Co. came to him expressing their desire to organize a corporation and buy the Barton Furniture Co., located on Academy Avenue, or the Bates Furniture Co. on East Center Street.

In talking this proposition over with his father George, Arthur was advised against the buying of an existing company and having to pay dearly for the goodwill of the existing company and in buying the old stock and fixtures. "Why don't you organize your



Emily Pafford.

own company, build your own building, and stock it with new, clean, up-to-date stock and fixtures?" the father asked. Arthur answered that he had just lost \$_____ on the Lake Project and didn't have that kind of money, and he was sure the other boys could not finance it.

George told his son, Arthur, that he would not loan him the money, but he was a director of the Provo Commercial Bank and he would see that the money to finance a new furniture business was made available to him. He then went to the president of the bank and told him to let his son, Arthur, borrow the amount he needed to start a new business and to help him finance the construction of a new building. That was the beginning of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. underwritten by George Taylor, Sr.

Phoebe Carter Christensen became George's fifth wife on October 26, 1915. She survived him at his death on September 4, 1926 at his home at 195 West Center Street, Provo, Utah. Funeral services were held in the Provo Third Ward chapel on Monday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. Interment was in the Provo City Cemetery.

George Taylor was the father of the following children:

By his first wife, Eliza Nicholls Taylor:



Phoebe Carter.

	Born	Died
Harriet Clarissa T. McClellan	23 June 1858	29 May 1958
Mary Ann Emma Taylor	13 May 1860	July 1863
Parley G. Taylor	4 Aug 1862	July 1863
George Thomas Taylor	31 Aug 1864	15 Dec 1941
William Taylor	2 July 1866	2 Sept 1867
Thomas Nicholls Taylor	28 July 1868	24 Oct 1950
Arthur Nicholls Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sept 1935
Walter G. Taylor	25 Sept 1873	18 Mar 1959
Ashted Taylor	12 Sept 1875	15 Sept 1967

By his second wife, Henrietta Sawyer Taylor:

	Born	Died
Joseph Taylor	10 June 1865	20 Oct 1867
Henrietta Taylor Kerr	6 Oct 1867	1 Jun 1941
Mary Ann (Polly) T. Roberts	14 Feb 1870	3 Jun 1950
John Tranham Taylor	12 Aug 1872	23 Apr 1960
Ella Taylor Westphall	4 Oct 1875	3 Aug 1959
Amy Taylor	1 Jan 1878	1 Jun 1880

After all expenses for probating the will of George Taylor were made, the court records show there was \$32,865 distributed to the heirs of George Taylor, Sr., deceased.

Although embittered in his later years towards the Church and his outward action and speech showed much contempt towards it, George Taylor's inward soul retained his love and esteem and high regards for both the Church and his divorced wife, Eliza, as evidenced in the two LDS Temple Certificates (recommends) found among his most valuable possessions in his "strong" box after his death.



Back row left to right: Ashted, George Jr., Thomas, Walter, and Arthur. Front row: Eliza and Harriet, ca. 1890.

The contents of these recommends reads:

CERTIFICATE

Provo City June 12, 1887

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This certifies that GEORGE TAYLOR has renewed his covenants and is a member of the Third Ward, in the Provo City Utah Stake, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in full fellowship, and as such we recommend him to the House of the Lord.

s/ Myron Tanner

Bishop

s/ A. O. Smoot

President of Stake

The second recommend reads the same as above, except it is made in the name of ELISA TAYLOR.

In the life of George Taylor, Sr., a lesson can be gleaned from his inability to separate and distinguish the human frailties of man from the teachings and practices of the Church.

Some close friends who were members of the Church, holding prominent and responsible offices in the Priesthood, and in the eyes of George, did not conduct themselves in an honourable, Christian, ev-

eryday behavior, especially in certain business transactions. Such activities resulted in George becoming bitter and inactive in the Church. Rumors even had it that he was excommunicated.

While Arthur D. Taylor, a grandson of George, was Bishop of the Provo Third Ward, he wrote a letter inquiring of the membership standing of his grandfather. The following reply was received:

October 20, 1947

Bishop Arthur D. Taylor
Dixon Taylor Russell Co.
Provo, Utah

Dear Bishop Taylor:

Your letter of October 17 regarding your grandfather, George Taylor, has been received.

We can find no record of any action ever having been taken against Brother George Taylor and apparently you cannot find any. Under these circumstances it would seem that we must assume that none was taken and that he retained his membership until the time of his death. No man loses his membership by mere inactivity, but he does deprive himself of the blessing which comes from activity.



George Taylor House, 195 West Center, Provo. Taken from 2nd West. Printed from his glass plate negative. Note R.R. tracks and mill race.

Faithfully yours,

s/ GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

s / J. REUBEN CLARK, JR

s / DAVID O. MC KAY

First Presidency

Copy of Will of George Taylor Sr.

I, GEORGE TAYLOR, SR. , of Provo, Utah County, State of Utah, being eighty-seven years of age March 25, 1925, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby revoke all wills and codicils and any testamentary paper at any time heretofore made by me.

First—I hereby direct the payment of all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon as practicable after my decease.

Second—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my wife, Phoebe Taylor, as her sole interest in my estate, one-third of all my real property that I may be possessed or seized of at the time of my death.

Third—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my nephew, James J. Hickman, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Fourth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my niece, Annie Hickman, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Fifth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to the children of George Hickman, my sister's oldest son, to-wit: George Hickman, Ada Hickman Gardner,

and Albert Hickman, each the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Sixth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to Leo Taylor, Jack Pafford, and Harry Pafford, each the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Seventh—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my daughters, Harriet Taylor McClellan, Nettie Taylor Kerr, Polly Taylor Roberts, and Ella Taylor Westphall, each the sum of Four Thousand Dollars (\$4, 000).

Eighth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my son Thomas N. Taylor, my Elgin watch and chain.

Ninth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my sons George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor, each the sum of Five Dollars (\$5.00), and in connection with this last bequest I desire to say that I have heretofore made other provisions for my said sons named in this paragraph, which to my mind is just and fair, and so that my mind and intent in connection with what I may have done for said sons may be made clear I desire to say that neither they nor any one of them is indebted to me in any sum whatsoever at this time.

Tenth—I hereby give, devise, and bequeth to my sons, George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor all the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, real, personal or mixed, wheresoever the same may be located, said sons so named to share in the same share and share alike.

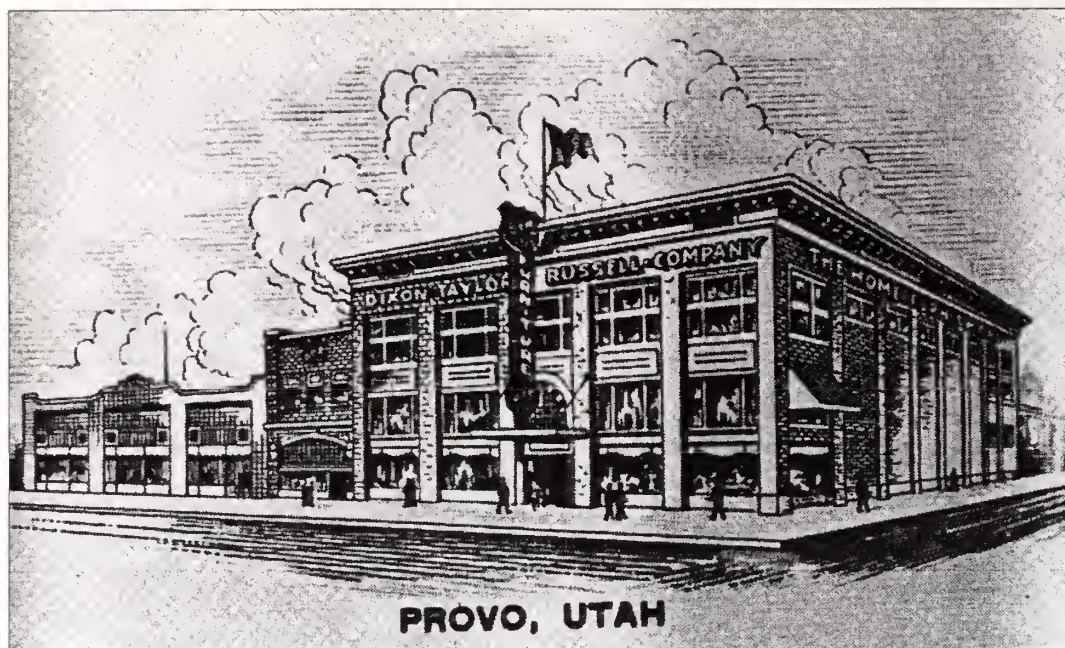
Eleventh—I desire that my coffin be made of plain pine boards by a Provo carpenter, with no varnish or paint, with six plain Japanned handles.

It is my wish and I so order that there be no flowers at my funeral and no automobiles carting me around to meeting houses for show.

It is my wish and I so order that there be no remarks at my funeral, but that I be borne silently away to my last resting place.

It is my wish and I so order that the epitaph to be placed on my plain headboard be worded as follows: "He earned his rest."

Twelfth—I hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint my sons, George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted



Dixon Taylor Russell Company.

Taylor, as executors of this my last will and testament, and it is my desire that they be permitted to act without bond.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, the said George Taylor, Sr., have hereunto set my hand this 24th day of December, A.D. 1925.

(Signed) GEORGE TAYLOR, SR.

Additional information pertaining to provisions in the will of GEORGE TAYLOR, Sr.

Third Provision—James J. Hickman was a local school teacher who was sponsored by his Uncle to



George Taylor home and garden.

leave England and come to Utah and live in his home and work in his furniture store. At the time he received his \$500, he was teaching school in Garfield, Utah. He was paid by check #55.

Fourth Provision—Annie Hickman had returned to England with her parents in 1901. Her \$500 check (money order) was sent to: Mrs. Annie

H. Thompson, Birmingham, England on Sept 26, 1929.

Fifth Provision—The balance of \$500 each was paid to the children of George Henry Hickman on July 10, 1929:

George "H" Hickman, check #54
Ada Hickman Gardner, check #53
Albert H. Hickman, check #52

Sixth Provision—Jack and Harry Pafford were brothers of Emily Pafford Taylor, George Taylor's fourth wife. After an exhaustive search, information on the Paffords was found in England. Harry Pafford had died. His son Harry John Pafford was his executor to whom a \$500 money order was sent. Jack Pafford was living in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England and was paid his legacy of \$500. Both payments were made in 1938.

Leo Taylor, the only grandchild to be remembered, had his right hand cut off in a corn silage chopper accident while still a young man in school. This handicap was recognized by his grandfather in giving him \$500.

Seventh Provision—Each of the daughters received the balance of their \$4000 on July 10, 1929:

Harriet, check #50
Nettie, check #49
Polly, check # 48
Ella, check #47

Eighth Provision—The Elgin watch and chain here is the same one Thomas gave his father when he was in the jewelry store business. The father never forgave his son for the stand he took in protecting the interests of his mother in the furniture store transaction. This is the only provision for Thomas in the will.

Ninth and Tenth Provisions—This definitely states that none of the sons were indebted to their father in any sum, and that the five sons mentioned would share in the remainder of his estate, share and share alike, which they did.

Eleventh Provision—His many friends and family disregarded his order of no flowers at his funeral. There was a viewing at his home and a brief LDS service was held in the Third Ward Chapel. Burial was in the Provo Cemetery on the plot where he had erected a large 7 foot granite monument for Emily Pafford Taylor.

He had taken a photo of Emily and had it laminated onto the granite stone. The following was inscribed on the north side of this monument:

Emily Pafford Taylor

January 11, 1914

“You will miss me when I am gone”

On the south side of this granite monument the family inscribed the following:

George Taylor, Sr.
March 25, 1838
September 4, 1926

“He earned his rest”

“Only workers wear the laurels,
On the mountain of fame
While the idler lingers always
At the foot without a name.
And the vastness of the mountains,
Makes oblivion darker still
O, the dreamers have the wishes,
While the workers have the will.”

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

“I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.”

“I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.”

“I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.”

“I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man’s word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.”

—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Old Provo Meeting House, new Tabernacle.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor

My Grandmother

by Clarence D. Taylor, September 1979

Eliza Nicholls Taylor's father, Thomas Ashford Nicholls, was a pensioner from the British Army at the time of his death at age 51. His wife's death certificate shows he was a gun furniture polisher, which required him to move periodically from one garrison to another, never being able to stay in one place long enough to own a home.

Harriet Ball Nicholls, Eliza's mother, had been married to John Patterson and had one daughter, Carolyn Patterson. Eliza's half sister was born in 1829 and died at the age of eighteen years. John Patterson died in 1831 and soon after, Harriet Ball Patterson married Thomas Ashford Nicholls.

On February 17, 1833, Thomas Ashford Nicholls was stationed in Dublin, Ireland, for it was here that Eliza's oldest sister, Mary Ann Emma, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls.

We next find the Nicholls family at the garrison in Birmingham, England, where Elizabeth Nicholls was born on October 20, 1834. The first son, Frederick Nicholls, was born on May 3, 1836. Both of these children died before reaching maturity.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor, my Grandmother, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls in Portsmouth, South Hampton, England on April 29, 1838.

Harriet Nicholls, the younger sister of Eliza, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls and Thomas Ashford Nicholls, at Dover, England on May 14, 1840. Another younger sister, Phoebe, and a younger brother, Thomas, were born in 1842 and 1843 and died as children.

At Chatham, England, Harriet Ball Nicholls gave birth to a son, William Nicholls, on Nov. 11, 1845.

Harriet's youngest child, John Nicholls, was born in 1847, probably in Birmingham, where he died as a child.

Eliza was a beautiful, lovely, and ambitious

child. At the age of five and six, she went to school and learned the alphabet. But it was not until she came to Utah that she learned to read and write by copying the writing in the Church publications.



Eliza Nicholls, ca. 1873.

By the time Eliza was eight years of age, her family had moved back to Birmingham. Her father had now been pensioned from the Service.

Eliza, wanting to help with the finances of the family, persuaded her father to permit her to work at the local button factory, promising to go to night school to keep up with her education. By the time she was fifteen years of age, just before her father died, she had been advanced in the factory to where she was in full charge of the covering of silk, satin, velvet, and cloth buttons. For this work she was receiving a grown woman's wages.

Eliza's father, Thomas Ashford Nicholls, died at Birmingham, England on July 17, 1854. Her mother, Harriet Ball Nicholls, died just seven months later on February 12, 1855 at Birmingham, England.

The early training to work and having a good paying job, now became a blessing to the Nicholls family. Mary Ann Emma stayed home and took care of the house and the younger brother William. Eliza and Harriet worked and contributed their wages for the support of the orphaned family.

Eliza's father and mother were very strict, religious people, being members of the Church of England, where they regularly attended Sunday School and Church Services.

One Sunday morning as Eliza was on her way to Sunday School, she met her girl friend, Mary Rabould, who was going in the opposite direction. Eliza asked her where she was going. Mary answered that she was on her way to a new church by the name of Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Did she want to go with her?"

Mary was a trusted friend, coming from a very respectable family, so Eliza joined her.

The next Sunday, Mary called for Eliza to go to the "Mormon" Church. Eliza asked her father's permission to go with Mary. The father said, "Brigham Young is the head of that church, and he has ninety wives, hasn't he?"

Mary promptly replied, "Mr. Nicholls, it takes a good man to keep one wife, let alone two. And he couldn't have them if he wasn't worthy of them."

"Well, Thomas," her mother said gently, "If they don't do her any good, they won't do her any harm, anyway. So let her go."

About a year later, Thomas moved his family to another section of the city and Eliza had to discontinue her attendance to the meetings.

Shortly after the death of Eliza's father, one of her girl friends came to see her. Annie Baldwin was a girl who had been born and raised in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She took Eliza to her branch of the church and encouraged her to attend regularly.

Annie Baldwin and Eliza became very dear friends. It was she who accompanied this seventeen year old convert to the pool on Villa Street, Birmingham, England on October 15, 1855, where she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Abraham Awn.

In the Ashted Branch of the Mormon Church in Birmingham, England, a young, handsome, nineteen year old convert, who sang in the choir and played bass fiddle in the branch orchestra, attracted the attention of nineteen year old Eliza. Although George Taylor and Eliza Nicholls were both members of the L.D.S. Church, their bans were published in the Edgbaston Parish Church of England by the Vicar, I. Spooner, who married them on July 5, 1857. Edwin Dedicant and A. Rogers were the witnesses.

George Taylor was a very high minded, ambitious boy and he chose a good, unselfish girl, who loved him and worked with him, as his wife. Both were desirous of going to Zion, where they could better live their religion among people of their own beliefs. So, Eliza volunteered to continue her work in the button factory and thus help to save enough money for their long journey to Utah.

June 23, 1858, the couple was blessed with a bright, blue eyed, girl with golden hair who was given the name of Harriet Clarissa. With a future home in Zion ever present in the mind of Eliza, she continued to work at the button factory after the birth of her child. Her sister Emma took care of the baby while she was at work. Very close to the button factory was a Catholic Church. Emma would bring Eliza's baby periodically through the day, and Eliza

would rest on the steps and nurse her infant daughter.

A second baby for Aunt Emma to take care of was born to Eliza on May 13, 1860. Eliza continued to work in the button factory, determined to build their "transportation to Zion fund," although the date was temporarily extended. This second baby was named Mary Ann Emma, after her second mother.

Little Parley G. Taylor was born to Eliza on August 4, 1862. Now with three babies to take care of, Aunt Emma remained steadfast in supporting Eliza and George in their desire to migrate to Zion.

As the increased cost for raising the growing family developed, so also the determination to get to Zion increased, even if it were by the "skin of their teeth." Eliza and George continued to scrimp and save and pray and work, and with Aunt Emma's loyal support, they now had just about enough money to pay for their transportation.

Eliza and George had now spent six years of their married life in accumulating barely enough money for their long journey to Utah. George had often promised Eliza, "If only we can get there by the skin of our teeth, we will be happy."

They could wait no longer, so on June 4, 1863, George and Eliza and their three children, Harriet Clarissa, Mary Ann Emma, and Parley G., with their passage ticket paid, four pence reserve, but with an abundance of faith, left London, England on the sailing vessel "Amazon."

For the next seven weeks they tossed and rolled on the wide Atlantic Ocean and finally docked at Castle Gardens, New York. It was a weak and exhausted woman, as Eliza walked down the gangplank that evening. Her only nourishment that day had been a cup of gruel. She was so weak that she had her husband throw down a quilt on the ground so she could lie down and regain sufficient strength to continue on.

Their prayers had been answered. They had arrived safely in America. Now an old time friend, Joseph Harris, an uncle of Bishop Ralph Poulton who with others was on his way to Zion, came to their aid by loaning them enough money to continue their journey to Utah.

Passage in "steerage" on the sailing vessel had been clean and airy and comfortable, compared to the railroad box cars they were herded into for their transportation from New York to St. Joseph, Missouri. Straw was scattered on the floor of these partially open box cars and the smoke and dust blew in. These quarters were crowded, uncomfortable, and soon became filthy dirty.

Little Mary Ann Emma, being very frail, could not stand the hard trip in these box cars and died the latter part of July 1863. The Railroad had called an undertaker to meet the train at St. Joseph and remove the little body. When George and James Poulton went in search of the undertaker, they could not find him. No one ever knew where the little body of Mary Ann Emma was buried.

From St. Joseph, Missouri, Eliza, George, and party traveled by boat up the Missouri River to Florence, Nebraska, where a company was to be formed for their long trek across the plains to Utah. On the boat, George and little Parley G. became very ill. Three days after leaving St. Joseph, little Parley G. died the latter part of July 1863 while on the boat. He was buried in Florence, Nebraska.

With the loss of two of her three children, and now with her husband deathly ill, Eliza poured forth her heart in silent prayer, "Father, Thy will be done, not mine. But, Please God, spare my husband to go with me into the Valley."

Eliza's faith and prayers were again answered. Her husband, George, fully recovered. At Florence they joined Captain Wooley's Company which began their journey West the first part of August 1863. George drove three yoke of oxen. The original family of five was now reduced to only three: George, Eliza, and little golden haired, Hattie.

The people along the way were destitute of clothing, so Eliza sold her dead children's clothes to buy food for her remaining child. Hattie related

that a band of Indians saw her bright, curly, red hair and wanted to trade for her. Her mother refused but became worried for fear that they might return and steal her, so she cut off Hattie's hair. For a long time thereafter, Hattie wore a sun bonnet until her hair grew back.

On October 4, 1863, the Taylor family realized their dream of mingling with the Saints in the Valley of the Mountains when they arrived in Salt Lake City with thankfulness for their safe arrival and with faith, hope, and plans for their future.

A short time after their arrival in Salt Lake City, Eliza and her husband were walking down the street when a familiar looking lady came running out of the house, calling them by name.

It was Mary Rabould (now Mrs. William Wood), who had first taken Eliza to a Mormon Church service. How happy Eliza was to now have such a dear friend in this new land. Mary insisted that she and little Hattie come and stay with her. Since George had gone to Provo looking for work and a place to live, they accepted the invitation and stayed with her for a month.

In the early part of November 1863, George Taylor sent for his wife and child to come to Provo. He had found a one-room log house for her to live in. Brother Abraham Halliday had come to Salt Lake on business and was returning to Provo. He gave Eliza and Hattie an invitation to accompany him back to Provo, which they readily accepted.

George and Eliza's dream of life in Utah was not as rosy as they had thought it would be. They found Zion very different from what they had anticipated. Both found it hard to get used to the new ways and laws of the people. They were born of refined, old English stock and were more or less of a pious nature. Here in this new country, the settlers were rough and roudy. The country was new and wild and these things troubled them. Eliza took things for granted and began homemaking. Her trust and faith in God were so strong that she could accept all changes graciously. Her husband, on the contrary, found it hard to accustom himself to the new life.

One night Eliza pondered over the one principle of the Gospel that was most trying. Having taken her trouble to the Lord in her past life, she did not forget Him now in her hour of doubt. So, she now prayed earnestly that she might know if polygamy was true. She prayed with heart and soul, for in this knowledge much depended.

The door opened and a beautiful personage came in. He did not wear a hat or coat. His shirt was spotless white. His hair was combed high upon his



Front l to r: Tom, George, Henrietta, Polly. Back l to r: Eliza Nicholls, Harriett Clarrisa, Henrietta Sawyer, ca. 1870.

forehead. His eyes were clear and bright and they made her feel at ease in his presence. He sat down on one of the two stools which graced her humble home and said, "Sister, you want to know if polygamy is true. I say to you, verily it is true. But trials and troubles are numerous, and there will be more damned than saved."

This was her salvation, for she knew that she had talked with Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and that he had come in answer to her prayer. In her thankfulness, she prayed, "O Lord! Help me to do unto others as I would be done by." So the Lord gave her strength and she made this prayer her life motto. She had received a wonderful testimony of the truth.

One of the first visitors to enter her home was Aunt Hannah Clark, whom most of the early pioneers remember for her many acts of kindness. Aunt Hannah came as a ministering angel of mercy when Eliza, after her hard trip, lay ill in a strange, new country. She made a cup of tea (a luxury in those days) and did many things to cheer and comfort her. This marked the birth of a friendship which will last for time and eternity.

Eliza's husband had a soldier's outfit with its various belongings which he traded for a two-room house. There was one large room and a small bedroom. The house was built of adobe and had a dirt floor. To this home Eliza moved in March 1864. It was here that her husband brought his second wife, Henrietta Sawyer. She was a good girl. She and Eliza shared equally in a household of peace and happiness.

On August 31, 1864, Eliza gave birth to a little boy, who was named after his father, George.

Eliza's fifth child, a little boy, was born August 2, 1866. William Taylor died after a week's illness on September 2, 1867.

Thomas Nicholls Taylor, his first name taken from his grandfather's, was born on July 28, 1868.

On November 2, 1870, Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born to Eliza. He was the fourth child born to Eliza in America and the last child she gave birth to in this little two-room, adobe house with its dirt roof.

Eliza's home was typical of many of the early pioneer houses. The dirt roof had to be repaired after each hard rain. Sometimes large holes would appear and the children would lie in bed and try to count the stars. When it rained very hard, the mother would put the children under the bed. She would then busy herself getting pots and pans to put on the beds to catch the rain and thus keep the bedding as dry as possible. Many mornings, after it had

been raining all night, Eliza would cheerfully thank the Lord for the bright warm sunshine which made it possible for her to dry the bedding for the next night.

During the stormy season, the mud would run down the white-washed walls. Eliza would then re-whitewash the house in order to make it clean and home-like. A woman of her nature could live only in a clean home. Thus the brave little woman endured her poverty and thanked the Lord for all that he had given her.

In the spring of 1873, Eliza moved up town into two rooms over her husband's furniture store. It was here on September 25, 1873, that Walter G. Taylor was born. Here she lived until the early spring of 1875. She then moved into a one-room, log house located on the corner of Seventh West and West Center Street. While living here she gave birth to her last baby, Ashted Taylor. He was born September 12, 1875. His first name was taken from the name of the Church Branch in Birmingham, England, where she and her husband, George first met.

While living in this little log house on West Center, Eliza's husband re-built the little home on First North which had been vacant for some time. In November of 1875, Eliza again moved into the little adobe house which had sheltered her when she brought four of her children into the world.

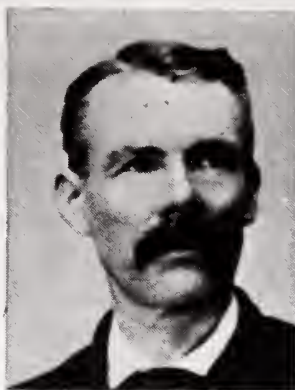
When Ashted was four years old and her children had outgrown babyhood, Eliza accepted the call as a teacher in the Third Ward Relief Society. The Provo Third Ward Primary President, Rebecca Doolen, selected her for Second Counselor in 1884. The following year, 1885, Annie K. Smoot, President of the Utah Stake Primary selected her as First Counselor. This office she held for over ten years. For the next few years she was holding down two church jobs. In 1887, Eliza was called to act as First Counselor to Sister Lemira Collins, the President of the Young Ladies Mutual Association of the Provo Third Ward. In the spring of 1890 she was set apart as president of the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ward by Bishop Myron Tanner. This position she held for twenty-three years. When the Third Ward was divided, she became President of the new Pioneer Ward Relief Society.

In the Spring of 1890, Eliza took her son, Arthur, on a trip back to her childhood home. In the four months they were gone, they visited Eastern United States, England, and France. It was a very pleasant trip, but she was glad to return to her adopted country.

On a later visit she made to Europe to see her



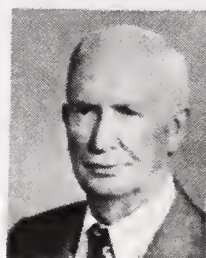
Eliza



George Taylor



Henrietta

Hattie
1George T.
4Henrietta
7Joseph
5Amy
15Thomas N.
8Arthur N.
10John T.
11Polly
9Walter G.
12Ashted
13William
6Parley G.
3Ella
14M.A. Emma
2

family in Birmingham, England, her sister tried to persuade her to remain and live in England. She proudly straightened up and said, "I'd rather be a lamp post in Zion than the Mayor of London."

In the 1890's, Eliza and Sister Collins used to attend nearly all of the young people's parties. On one occasion she was asked why she enjoyed these affairs so much. She laughingly answered, "Well, you see, I am interested in the young sparks and their love affairs." If questioned, no doubt she could tell some of them as much about their romances as they knew themselves.

At one time a party of young people wished to make a trip to Strawberry Valley, Grandma was asked to chaperone them. The roads in some places were very dangerous and the girls insisted on walking. Her son, Arthur, was driving the team and Grandma Taylor was sitting by his side. The girls begged her to get down and walk, as the wagon appeared to be tipping several times. She answered them with her cheerful smile and said, "No, I go where my son goes. He can watch and I can pray." And who knows but what her faith alone saved that young party?

On another occasion she was on a trip with her son, Tom, and family. They were camping in South Fork Canyon on the banks of the river. A terrible storm came up in the night. As the tent was on the banks of the creek, there was danger of it being washed away. The stream was rapidly rising. It seemed that any minute they would be carried with the rushing, roaring waters. Maud began to prepare to run to the mountains. The lightning served as her light in sorting the children's clothes. Just as she was ready to start, Grandma Taylor, who was sleeping with her two little granddaughters, raised up from her bed and said, "Girls, what is the matter? Didn't you say your prayers? Where is your faith? Get back into bed and cover up your heads." The storm finally abated and peace was restored.

Grandma Taylor was never afraid of anything. After she was fifty years of age she learned to drive. Many will remember seeing her dashing down the street with her horse named Browney hitched to a little yellow buggy. Those who rode with her would hold their breath. She would only laugh and say as the horse plunged on, "I am praying all the time and the Lord will help me."

On one occasion she was driving a strange horse. Sister Collins was with her in the buggy. The horse became frightened and started to run. The ladies were thrown out and Grandma Taylor's arm was broken. When gently chided by her sons, she willingly

confessed that for once in her life her faith had been weak. She had forgotten to pray.

Grandma Taylor had a dear friend, Grandma Dixon; they were neighbors and each had a family of boys and only one daughter. They were very happy when Grandma Dixon's one daughter, Maria (Rye), married Grandma Taylor's son, Arthur. In Wildwood, Provo Canyon, several of the Dixon boys and the Taylor boys built cabins. Arthur and his wife built a nice bedroom on the back of their cabin known as the Grandma's room. In the summer these sweet little Grandmothers would go up together and stay. In the day they sat out on the front porch, in wicker rockers, and visited as they rocked. In the late afternoon, as it would begin to cool off, their grandchildren living in the camp and any other children who wished to go, would gather on the porch and when the Grandmothers were ready, all would go for a walk down the road, around the bend, and to the shore of the river. There Grandma Taylor had her special rock to sit upon and Grandma Dixon had hers. After a few minutes rest, back to camp all would go.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor was known far and wide for her beautiful, unselfish life—always doing good and administering to the poor and needy, caring for the sick, as well as the dead, when the occasion arose. Her life has been one long act of devotion—devotion to God, devotion to her children, devotion to her friends, to the poor, the rich, and to all humanity.

Although Grandma Taylor had her full share of trials, troubles, hardships, heartbreaks, and disappointments, she openly expressed her thankfulness to her Heavenly Father for blessing her with a large, obedient, and respected family, who loved her and gave her all the luxury and comforts and attention she desired. She was a queen among friends and family and loved by everyone who knew her.

Eliza's granddaughter, Delenna T. Taylor, summed up some of the many wonderful qualities of her:

Faith in God.

Willingness to work.

A tolerance and understanding of people.

Cleanliness and order.

A sense of humor.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor was tried, tested, and remained faithful to the end. She passed away at her daughter's home, June 27, 1922, at the age of 84 years.

Eliza Taylor's Seventy-eighth Birthday

The following poem was written by Mrs. Mayme W. Bird of the Provo Third Ward in honor of Grandma Taylor's seventy-eighth birthday, 1916:

Grandma Taylor

She left her home, and all most dear
To come to Zion without fear.
The trip was hard, her poor heart bled,
For her poor children, alas! were dead
And buried in unknown graves,
In the land and in the waves.

She bore the trial without complaint;
"God's will be done," now said this Saint.
And on she came, her children left,
Though her heart was sad for her bereft;
She had a kind word for those she met
And still those kind words she has always kept.

Now here in Utah her trials did not end,
But she bore them so bravely and so intend
To make others happy.
As years passed by, her wisdom increased
And trials and sorrows were released.
Her family she raised—a credit, too,
With marks of progression through and through.
Now Grandma's life will blend
Into others and be their friend.

'Tis Grandma Taylor for each and all;
For counsel and advise, just give her a call;
She'll be ready for you with a word of good cheer,
And if you take it you need have no fear.

May her life be as long as she desires,
Roses strewn in her path, not briers.
Her birthday today we celebrate;
She so noble and so great—
Now let us follow Grandma's plan,
And always do the best we can.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor's Patriarchal Blessing

Patriarchal Blessing given under the hands of George Halliday, Patriarch in the Utah Stake of Zion, upon the head of Eliza N. Taylor, daughter

of Thomas A. Nicholls and Harriet Ball. Born the 29th day of April A. D. 1838. Given the 24th day of August A. D. 1894 at American Fork, Utah.

Dear Sister, I place my hands upon your head and give unto you a Patriarchal Blessing, for you are of the seed of Israel and of the lineage of Ephraim, and thru obedience to the gospel you have a right to the blessings of that tribe.

God, your Heavenly Father, has reserved you in Heaven, and sent you here on earth through honorable parents and blessed you with a kind and loving heart. His spirit has been your guide through life, often in your lonely moments in your habitation, Angels have been near you, and although you did not see them you have felt their influence.

The light of the Lord shall give thee wisdom and as thou hast all ready been blest of the Lord by revelation to teach thy sisters and their children, so shall it increase upon thee and thou shall never be barren and unfruitful in the knowledge of God.

Thou art a blessed woman and all that know thee love thee, the righteous shall always honor thee and thousands of children shall grow up to maturity and remember the council thou hast given them. God thy Father loves thee because of thy integrity in the house of the Lord. Thy name shall be recorded as one of the saviours upon Mount Zion.

Holy men and Prophets shall bless thee. In His house thy temporal wants shall be supplied. Thou shall never suffer hunger, but the Lord will remember thee for thy liberality and will deal liberally with thee. In all thy afflictions God shall give thee comfort. In all thy duties He shall give thee strength, both of body and mind.

Thou shall be preserved to a good old age and as a mother in Israel thy councils shall be sought after, for thy experience shall give thee wisdom. Thy patience and love shall give thee power and many shall hear thy voice and bless thee.

Remember this blessing when thou art bowed down in thy feelings. Read it and it shall comfort thee.

In the morning of the resurrection, with the faithful, thou shall come forth and go on to thy exaltation to eternal increase and enjoy eternal life. Thou shall behold thy Saviour and rejoice in his presence.

For all these blessings I seal upon thee in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, AMEN.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor

My Father

Biography by Clarence Taylor

Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born in Provo, Utah on November 2, 1870, the son of George and Eliza Nicholls Taylor, pioneers of Provo who left Birmingham, England on June 4, 1863 and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 6, 1863.

The home of his birth was anything but a mansion, for the house had originally been a little adobe sheep pen of one of the old settlers, located on First North between Sixth and Seventh West. In fair weather, the family fared very well, but when it stormed, the roof would leak, and the wind would blow rain and snow through the windows, for there was no glass to keep the storms out. It was necessary for his mother to hang a quilt over the window, and if at night when the quilt was being used on the bed, she had to hang up some of her wearing apparel in order to keep out the storms. It was often necessary for the children to sleep under their mother's bed to keep from getting wet. In clear weather, Arthur could lie in bed and look up through the roof and see the stars overhead.

Thus as a boy he shared the vicissitudes and hardships of pioneer life and learned the homely lessons of honest toil and integrity. Yet, with this poverty and trials, he recalled his childhood days as the happiest days of his life. He was of a very quiet and retiring nature, never one to show off up in front of the crowd, but always assuming more than his share of responsibility, and never resting until the task at hand was completed. He was very methodical and orderly in everything he did. First of all, his plans had to be worked with thoroughness and detail, in his mind, or on paper; then the plan had to be attacked with all the vim, vitality and energy he could muster. "Plan Your Work, Then Work Your Plan." This to him would spell success.

In his early youth, it was his responsibility to take the cows out along the foothills where they

could graze. They did not own a pasture, so it was up to someone to herd the cattle wherever grass could be found.

In order to obtain money to buy ready made clothes, shoes, and spending money, it was necessary to do any odd job that came along. Many days were spent in the fields gathering ground cherries and gleaning wheat, to be converted into cash. Sometimes the boys would help the old basket weaver peel the bark off the willows which were used in making baskets. This was a tedious and tiring job, for the bark had to be peeled off with their teeth.

At the age of ten years he received employment from Samuel Liddiard, the early pioneer contractor and builder, to carry drinking water to the workmen. For the next seven years he continued in his em-

ploy, driving teams and doing odd jobs.

His ambition and initiative, characteristic of his early life and carried on throughout his life, is portrayed in the following incident:

Samuel Liddiard had the contract for building one of the school houses in Lehi and the Provo Brick Yard was supplying the brick. This necessitated hauling the brick from Provo to Lehi, a distance of eighteen miles. The regular brickyard teamsters were making one trip every other day.

At this time, Arthur was driving a very light team, composed of an old race horse and a family driving horse. On his first trip to Lehi, he found the loose sand on the Lindon Hill was almost too much for his light team, so he borrowed a saddle horse from his brother Ashted and hooked it up as the third member of his span. In appearance, it was anything but a well matched and suitable team of horses for the heavy work of hauling brick. But it had its advantages over the fine, extra heavy draft horses of the other teamsters.

Each evening, Arthur would get one of his brothers to help him load 1,500 bricks onto his



Arthur Nicholls Taylor, ca. 1900.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor Family Group Sheet

HUSBAND				Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR (Merchant)				Born 2 Nov 1870				Place Provo, Utah, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Wife				Maria Louisa DIXON				Born 9 May 1894				Place Salt Lake City, S-Lk, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Child				George T. TAYLOR				Born 10 Sep 1935				Place Provo, Utah, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Child				Lloyd N. TAYLOR				Born 15 Sep 1935				Place City Cemetery, Provo, Ut, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Husband's Father				George TAYLOR SR.				Born 17 Feb 1947				Place Salt Lake City, S-Lk, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Husband's Mother				Elizabeth NICHOLLS				Born 21 Feb 1947				Place City Cemetery, Provo, Ut, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Husband's Other Wives								Born 22 June 1900				Place Provo, Utah, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Wife				Maria Louisa DIXON				Born 5 Jan 1872				Place Provo, Utah, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
Child				George T. TAYLOR				Born 10 Sep 1935				Place Salt Lake City, S-Lk, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
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Husband's Other Wives								Born 22 June 1900				Place Provo, Utah, Utah				Husband's Name & Address of Person Submitting Sheet			
CHILDREN				WHEN BORN				WHERE BORN				DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE				WHEN DIED			
1. Arthur Dixon				4 Oct 1895				Provo				29 Jun 1921				20 July 1979			
2. Lynn Dixon				6 May 1898				"				17 Aug 1927				2 July 1967			
3. Elton Leroy				22 June 1900				"				31 Mar 1926				"			
4. Henry Dixon				22 Nov 1903				"				26 Dec 1929				"			
5. Alice Louise				18 Nov 1906				"				14 Aug 1935				"			
6. Clarence Dixon				11 May 1909				"				George M Roy NELSON				"			
7. Orson Kenneth				3 Nov 1913				"				27 Jun 1940				31 Oct 1940			
8. Ruth Elaine				20 Mar 1917				"				Ethelyn PETERSON				"			
9. Fred Dixon				"				"				8 Jun 1942				"			
10. Fred Dixon				"				"				Fred Dixon KATCHEMER				"			
11. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
12. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
13. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
14. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
15. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
16. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
17. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
18. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
19. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
20. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
21. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
22. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
23. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
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30. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
31. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
32. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
33. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
34. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
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37. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
38. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
39. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
40. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
41. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
42. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
43. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
44. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
45. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
46. Fred Dixon				"				"				"				"			
47. Fred Dixon																			

wagon before it became dark. Then he would drive the wagon home where he would unhook, feed, and take care of his horses and get prepared to leave for Lehi at daybreak the next morning.

Soon after daybreak, he would be on his way. After unloading at Lehi, he would then trot his horses a good portion of the way back to Provo, arriving at the brickyard in time to load his wagon with 1,500 bricks before it became dark. This routine was followed each day. They were long and tiring days, but he was able to make a trip every day. Since he was being paid by the load, he was able to make twice the money the other teamsters made, who made only one trip every other day.

It was while working for Samuel Liddiard that he initiated the movement to buy, trade, and barter for the necessary materials and labor to build his mother a new, larger, and more convenient house. This house was built next door west of the old house and just east of their good neighbors, the Collins. With the help of his brothers, a comfortable five-room house was completed and furnished for their mother.

From the time he began working and receiving wages, and as long as he was at home, he voluntarily followed the old English custom of turning over his wages each week to his mother. All he kept for himself was enough for his clothes and sufficient pin money to occasionally go to a dance.

He was very fond of dancing and became one of the best waltzers in the community. While on a picnic at the Old Provo Resort, on the shore of Utah Lake, he was persuaded to enter one of the dance contests. He was not only judged winner of the prize waltz, but gave a demonstration of balance and smoothness by waltzing around the floor with a glass of water on top of his head.

In 1887 he left the employ of Samuel Liddiard and went to work with his father in Provo's first furniture store. The George Taylor Furniture Co. was established a year earlier in 1886.

In 1889 he was overcome with a severe illness which he was unable to get rid of that summer and winter. In the spring of 1890, not having fully recovered, he went with his mother on a trip to Europe. It was hoped the change would put him back in good health. During the next four months they visited Eastern United States, England and France, including the following large cities: Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York, Glasgow, Scotland; Liverpool, Birmingham, London, England; and Paris, France. A most delightful four months was spent and he returned home in the best

of health, as had been promised in the blessing given by President David John, before he had left on the trip.

Before going on the trip to Europe with his mother, he became an apprentice to Soren Nielsen, as a watchmaker. At this time, the east section of Taylor Bros. store was rented by Mr. Nielsen for his watch repair shop and jewelry store.

In the winter of 1891 he entered the Brigham Young Academy and graduated from the Commercial School in 1893. He was the only member of his father's children to graduate from college.

While still in school, his brothers purchased the furniture business from his father. He bought some stock in the business and worked in the store during the summer of 1892.

Martin & Dirde, operators of one of the local livery stables, were also mining and contracting men, who had gone to Montana on a contracting job. They employed James F. McClellan in the livery stable, so when they needed additional help in Montana they sent for J. F. McClellan and his wife, Hattie Taylor McClellan.

Early in the spring of 1893, after the school term, business in the newly reorganized Taylor Brothers Company was very poor, not sufficient to support all employees, so Arthur took the job obtained for him by his brother-in-law, J. F. McClellan, in the quartz stamp mill at Martina, Montana.

All the money he earned, above actual living expenses, was sent home each pay day. It has been said, from good authority, that if it had not been for that money coming into the new business that summer, it could never have survived financially. It was not very much, but sufficient to keep the store going. In the fall of 1893 he returned to his home in Provo, Utah.

On May 9, 1894, he took Maria Louise Dixon, the only daughter of Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, to the Salt Lake Temple where they were married by President John R. Winder.

Their first home was located on First North between Second and Third West, directly north of the rear of Taylor Brothers Store. A short time later they moved into the old Dixon home on the corner of Third West and Second North, where their first child, Arthur Dixon was born October 4, 1895.

Shortly after his marriage, Arthur was called to be President of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Provo Third Ward, a position he held for seven years, up until he was called to go on a mission to Great Britain.

Soon after he was appointed President of the Y. M. M. I. A., he realized the boys of the ward



Arthur N. Taylor, ca. 1923.

were not coming out to their meetings, but were spending their time at other places of amusement.

To encourage the boys to come out to Mutual, a complete set of gymnastic equipment was located in a used store in Salt Lake City. Arthur and William P. Silver took the Taylor Bros. Co. mules and wagon and drove to Salt Lake where they purchased this equipment for \$300. It was brought to Provo and temporarily stored in the basement of the Third Ward church house.

The upstairs of the Horton Building, located just west of the H. G. Blumenthal building, on West Center Street and Fifth West, was rented. The upstairs partitions were removed making one large gymnasium room. It was here the "Mutual League" held their first meetings. Enthusiasm for Mutual work was increased, as well as skill and proficiency as gymnasts.

Later, many of these young men pooled their resources together and formed the Young Men's Investment Co. for the purpose of buying this Horton Building, as well as the vacant property on the corner. The organization was set up with Arthur N. Taylor as president and William P. Clayton as assistant. Stock certificates were issued to the members.

During 1896, a two-room house was built on the south half of Grandma Dixon's lot, on Fifth West between Second and Third North Streets. It was in this two-room home that their second son, Lynn Dixon, was born on May 6, 1898.

Later as the family increased, more rooms were added to accommodate the growing family. In order to construct and furnish this first addition to the house, it was necessary to borrow a little money. This loan had been made with one of the local brethren, at an interest rate of 12% per annum. When it became known that Arthur was going on a mission, the lender of this money became quite concerned and desired the loan be paid up in full, at once.

Arthur then turned to Uncle Jesse Knight and explained his financial situation, and also his desire to fulfill a mission. Uncle Jesse Knight then told him that he was paying a higher rate of interest than he should, and he would be pleased to make him the loan at 6% interest and furthermore, he would not have to pay anything until after his return from the mission field. This one act of kindness, when it meant so much in the life of Arthur, has endeared the Knight family close to his heart, and was never forgotten.

On June 22, 1900, their third son Elton LeRoy was born.

On October 20, 1900, Arthur departed for the British Mission. In order for him to go into the mission field, it was necessary that his wife and three children rent their newly enlarged home and move in with Grandma Dixon and her family, next door. Arthur's mother asked for the privilege and the blessings of supporting him in the mission field. He was later appointed President of the Birmingham Conference, the city where Grandma Eliza Taylor and her husband had accepted the gospel.

Toward the close of his mission, his wife came to England to meet him and to travel back home with him after his release. For seven months they were both doing missionary work in the British Mission, returning home in February 1903.

Their fourth son, Henry Dixon, was born at Provo, Utah on November 22, 1903.

Upon his return from the mission field, Arthur was called into the Utah Stake Sunday School Superintendency to labor with L. E. Eggertsen and W. S. Rawlings. He was later sustained as Superintendent, serving in this capacity for a number of years. He was set apart as a member of the Utah Stake High Council on August 31, 1906 and served continuously in this position for the next twenty-five years.

For a good many years, a group of the young folks from Provo had spent many happy times hunting, fishing, riding, and vacationing in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Some had even contemplated building themselves permanent summer cabins in the South Fork area.

There had been only three or four homesteads taken up in this area, and a group of these young men could see the great possibility of buying up two of these homesteads, one from Oscar Mann and the other from _____, thus opening up a large area for the grazing of cattle. The water rights were on the homesteader's land, and a vast area of government grazing land adjoined.

In the latter part of 1903, John, LeRoy, Ernest, Charles Dixon and Arthur N., Thomas N., and Ashted Taylor and others organized the South Fork Cattle Co. A beautiful young herd of balle-faced cattle was purchased and Charles O. Dixon was appointed as manager of the company.

To supplement this summer range in the South Fork, eighty acres of land were purchased west of Spanish Fork, where enough hay could be raised in the summer to feed the cattle through the long, hard winters.

W. W. Ercanbrack and Thomas Lewis offered the company a very good proposition for the purchase of their holdings, which was accepted by the company, thus ending the existence of the South Fork Cattle Co.

In the year 1907, the Riverside Hog and Chicken Farm had its beginning when Arthur and Ashted bought 35 acres of land from Raymond and E. D. Partridge, and two acres from a Mr. Robinson, located on the north bank of the Provo River, about half way between the railroad bridge and the main wagon bridge at the top of Fifth West. This land was all river bottomland and some was covered with a heavy growth of trees and tall grass. Other parts were nothing more than rock piles.

The first year on this farm they planted several acres of potatoes, some beans, and 10, 000 cabbage plants. They also commenced to fence the property as well as to dig ditches and throw up dikes on the river bank.

Each evening after working at the store, Arthur, Ashted, and their boys would go over to the farm and work until dark. On Saturdays, the boys always had a job on the farm waiting for them.

A farm is never complete without a house and someone to look after it, for both Ashted and Arthur were working full time at their jobs at Taylor Bros. Store. It was decided that if they could get a house built on the property, Lizzie and Peter Strebel, elderly parents of Ashted's wife, could move in and take care of the farm. Peter, an inexperienced carpenter and rock mason, volunteered to put in the foundation. The finished foundation was substantially built, but not true to being square. After Ernest Dixon laid

up the brick, some corners hung over the edge of the foundation, others the foundation projected beyond the brick. The house was finally finished and Peter and Lizzie Strebel moved into the new, one-room house on the farm.

Before the house was completed, Charles Westrope, a former resident of the mid-west, was raising pigs very successfully and making big money on a farm south of Provo. So naturally there was only one thing for Arthur to do—go into the pig business.

Arthur interested Ashted in the great possibilities of this project, but Ashted favored starting on a small scale and increasing the brood each year. This would provide them with the necessary experience to qualify them as hog raisers, for neither of them knew anything about raising pigs, except what they had read in books, and that was not very much.

Arthur's philosophy of going into this venture in a big way, which would provide volume as well as keep down operating expenses, finally won out. Twenty sow weaners were purchased from Charles Westrope at that time. A little later they purchased a Poland China boar hog at Omaha and had it shipped in with the hog purchased by Charles Westrope. The \$30 paid for this ten-week-old hog seemed a lot of money to Ashted, but Arthur thought it was alright, for in the long run it was money well invested. The better the stock one had to sell, the higher the price you sold the offspring.

Up until this time, the pigs had been kept in the rear of the old Taylor home on First North. They were now getting to the stage where they needed more room and more attention—especially in the spring when they would start farrowing. It was then decided that Ashted would quit his job at the store and move out on the farm and take care of the farming and raising of the pigs. Up to this time, the heavy work had all been done by hired help.

On Washington's birthday of that winter, Arthur and a group of the employees from the store spent the day on the farm helping to build the farrowing pens. Sixteen pens were completed that day, after which they all enjoyed a big feed in the new farm house. The lumber for these pens had been obtained from the old poplar trees in the rear of Taylor Bros. store building. They had been cut down and hauled over to the saw mill located on the corner of Second West and Second North where they were sawed into boards.

Soon the farrowing season commenced. Luckily only a few of the sows at a time. Ashted didn't know how to take care of them so Doc. Loveless came over to help, but was of no practical assistance, except to

pronounce one sow dead that he had been working with. Finally by following the instructions of Mrs. Mitchell, an authority in the neighborhood on hogs, Ashted finished the farrowing season with a decided increase in the hog population of the farm, as well as a skill in hog raising that you cannot get from a book.

As the new hog population became weaners, the prospects of getting into the profits column rapidly disappeared. The going market price for weaners was only \$5 each, insufficient to bring much of a profit. Arthur then decided to feed the pigs and fatten them up and sell them over the block.

Hog feed was purchased and slops gathered from the residents in town to feed the pigs. For several weeks they were doing fine. They were growing and putting on some weight. Then one morning when they were called to come get their feed, no hogs appeared. So after breakfast, Ashted went out to see what was wrong with them. He found nineteen of them dead.

From this sad experience it was concluded they were not hog raisers, and until they learned more about them they had better raise just a few on an experimental basis.

As Arthur looked over this Riverside property, with two small spring creeks converging and forming one large creek, he realized the great possibility of an ideal trout farm. He could visualize a shallow rearing pond in the west creek for the pin heads and larger and deeper ponds further down the creek for the larger fish.

This dream soon materialized with the appearance of Scott Stewart on the property with his surveying instruments. Arthur had employed him to make a survey and determine the number of rearing ponds that could be constructed, as well as know exactly the fall of the ground, which would be a factor in providing the depth of the end pond for the big, marketable trout.

The completed survey assured the owners of five or six ideal trout rearing ponds. The location for the dams and the elevations were determined. The cement dams, with their proper screens, were constructed under the direction of Ernest Dixon. The ponds were banked and cleaned and water turned in ready for the fish.

Upon investigation, the newly-hatched pinheads could be purchased 50¢ cheaper per thousand by buying them in one hundred thousand lots. On April 21, 1909, Ashted went to the Mountain Trout Co. at Midvale, Utah, where he purchased 100,000 pinhead trout for \$280. Thirty thousand of these

were sold to Hy Smith. The seventy thousand balance were placed in the newly constructed ponds at Riverside.

For a while everything was going along smoothly, the pinheads were ravenously eating the ground beef hearts and corn meal, which was their chief diet. But as the snow began to melt up in the tops of the mountains, the river and the creeks began to rise and fill to capacity. Some neighbors, like Gaffer Stagg, became excited over the possibility of the river flooding over again, so they dug channels from the various creeks to the river, as well as level the dikes and breakwaters that had been constructed along the river banks. The two creeks on the Riverside Farm became filled to overflowing and ran over the pond banks and dams. Most of the fish were washed out into the river, never more to be seen by the owners.

It was on February 11, 1908 that a large incubator for the hatching of baby chicks was purchased from A. J. Southwick and set up in operation. During the incubation period of twenty-one days, the temperature in the incubator had to be maintained and each day the eggs, on long sliding trays, had to be pulled out and the eggs turned over. After the little, fluffy chicks were taken from the incubator, they were transferred to brooders for a few weeks until they were acclimated and had grown sufficiently to be transferred to the regular coops.

One large coop had been constructed on the Riverside Farm where Peter Strebel was caring for the growing chicks. By the forepart of April he was gathering a few eggs and selling them.

Later Arthur built a chicken coop at the rear of his house on 5th West, where it was close for the family to help take care of the chickens. Later when the family moved out on the Hillcrest Farm, chicks from the big incubator, in the east room of the basement in the house on 5th West, were transferred to the small fireless brooders on the farm. As the chicks grew in size and appetite they were put in the coops provided for the chickens.

To Ashted Taylor, there was no one on earth who measured up to his brother Arthur N. Taylor. He has mentioned many times that "Arth" or "Boss," as he called him, was the only Dad he really knew. As a lad if he ever needed a dime or a quarter, it was his brother Arthur he approached, and was never turned down if the request was justifiable. The answer was always, "Are you sure that is enough, for you can have more if you need it."

Before George, Walter or Ashted ever made any kind of a major decision, they always talked it over with their brother Arthur. They did not always take

his advice, and when they didn't they were most generally sorry they hadn't. His foresight and judgment were very keen and far reaching. His solutions were simple, direct, and clean cut.

On the 18th day of November 1906, there was a great day of rejoicing in the Arthur N. Taylor household. The fifth child born to Maria and Arthur was their first girl, receiving the name Alice Louise. Now the four boys could look forward to the time when they would have a sister to do the dishes and other household duties, which so often had become their duty.

In order to keep his growing family of boys busy with some worthwhile project and off the street, a few cows and horses to take care of were permanent fixtures in the Taylor domain.

Each morning before daybreak, the boys would be awakened by their father with the salutation, "Arise and Shine." Even on the coldest of winter mornings they would roll out of their warm bed, pull on their cold clothes, and go out into the freezing weather to chop up the frozen carrots, which were mixed with hay for cow feed. After the cows were milked, one of them had to take the cows to the pasture, while the others would separate the milk and cream, and do other chores. This all had to be taken care of and completed before going to school.

In the afternoon, directly after school, instead of going out and playing with the other school kids, it was necessary to report home and prepare for the evening chores, including getting the cows from the pasture; feeding, milking, taking care of the horses, the chickens and pigs; or getting in the coal and chopping the kindling wood.

At first, the six or eight cows were kept in the big, red, brick barn in the rear of the home on 5th West. The cows were driven each day to the pasture at Riverside Farm. As the dairy grew, it was necessary to find larger quarters, so the cows were moved out to the fruit farm at "Hillcrest." This farm was located about a mile north and a mile west of Provo on the brow of the hill overlooking Utah Lake. Here a large silo was built for the purpose of storing chopped corn or silage fodder. Additional Holstein and Jersey cows were added to the herd, making a total of from fifteen to twenty cows being milked each day.

At first, the whole milk was separated and the cream churned into butter by Arthur's wife. A large 30-gallon barrel churn, together with a butter working machine, was purchased. This was a great help in handling and working with such a large quantity of cream.

All of the butter was sold locally to steady

customers, who declared it was the best butter that could be obtained in Provo. Eventually the butter business became so large, it was impossible for Maria D. to take care of her growing family as well as this butter business, so the cream was sold in bulk to various wholesalers in Provo and Salt Lake City.

Soon after Arthur returned from the mission field, one night each week was set aside for a "Home Evening." This particular evening was not reserved exclusively for members of the immediate family, but was open to any of the neighbors or friends, especially those English converts, who were living near by.

Usually a part of the evening was spent in studying some religious subject, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation, entertainment by the various members, or in playing games. There were always fresh, crisp apples and usually roasted peanuts and raisins for refreshments. On special occasions, there were doughnuts and cider or some other delicious refreshment.

This hospitality and bond of friendship has been of lasting duration and a highlight in the lives of all who participated.

Just a few of the many who participated in these "Home Evenings" were: A. E. Eves and family, Arthur Salt and wife, Elsie Ross, Lily Owens, Lizzie Clarkson, Janet Poole, Mary Russell, Ann Russell, and many others.

Arthur N. Taylor's interest in civic problems and the educational welfare of the youth of the community was shown by the service he contributed while a member of the Provo City Schools.

On December 2, 1908, Arthur N. Taylor was elected, by the taxpayers of his district, to become a member of the Board of Education of the Provo City Schools. He served as a Board Member for the next fifteen years, during which time the new Central School and the new High School buildings were erected and many other improvements and innovations made. During this time he served as President of the Board for three different periods of time.

Fellow Board Members serving with him were such men as: A. O. Smoot, J. W. Farrer, Lester Mangum, Ole Olsen, Evan Wride, J. W. McAdam, R. Eugene Jones.

School Superintendents working with the Board of Education were: L. E. Eggertsen and H. Aldous Dixon.

The pressure and lack of time brought about by organization of the new home furnishings store, Dixon Taylor Russell Co., required that he resign from the School Board on July 10, 1923, at which time Mrs. Margaret P. Maw, whom he had defeated

in the last election, was appointed to fill his unexpired term.

A. O. Smoot, a very close friend, stated that Arthur N. Taylor was a man of integrity. His three most outstanding characteristics in his life were his faith, his stability, and his ability.

May 11, 1909, their sixth child, a boy, was born and named Clarence Dixon Taylor.

In that year, Arthur N. Taylor, T. N. Taylor, John F. Bennett, John D. Dixon, and William R. Wallace organized the Taylor Investment Company, a corporation for the purpose of acquiring and managing real estate.

On the east and adjoining the new Farmers & Merchants Bank building, this corporation constructed a two-story brick building. The upstairs was converted into offices and the downstairs was rented to J. C. Penney Company.

When the Provo Building & Loan Society was first organized, Arthur subscribed to a good block of stock; some of it was put in his children's names with the idea in mind that when it matured it could be used to finance them in the mission field. It was understood and expected that each boy would go on a mission and they all anticipated this opportunity to represent their Church as an Ambassador of Truth.

In 1913, just a few hours after his own birth date, his wife presented him with another son, whom they named Orson Kenneth Taylor, born November 3, 1913.

The eighth and last child, Ruth Elaine Taylor, was born March 20, 1917, at 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah.

From 1887, when he quit the employ of Samuel Liddiard and started working with his father in the George Taylor Furniture Store, he had worked off and on after school and on Saturdays and sometimes during the summer vacations, until the fall of 1893, when he started working full time for Taylor Brothers Company. He remained with Taylor Brothers Company until the latter part of 1920 when he sold his interest in the company. His health had not been the best and he wanted to get out in the open air. For many years he had held the position of vice-president and assistant manager. It has often been stated by some of his friends, that the company was run from the little office in the rear, behind the elevator shaft. Especially during the time when the manager (Thomas N. Taylor) was campaigning for the Governorship of the State, or to become Mayor of Provo City, or on a trip to Europe, or in his Church work; the responsibility and work of managing the company was skillfully shouldered by Arthur, without

fan fare or publicity.

So it was to be expected that after the dike on Utah Lake washed out and the farmlands flooded, that he turned back to the work that he knew best and was best qualified—that of the furniture business.

Upon the advice and backing of his father, he and the following associates organized a new business: Albert F. Dixon, Sidney W. Russell, J. William Howe, Jr., Orson Bird, William D. Norman, and Hans O. G. Miller. The name of Dixon Taylor Russell Company was chosen, which represented the names of the vice-president, president, and secretary and treasurer, respectively. George Taylor's advice of organizing a new business and erecting a new building was followed, rather than buying out an already established and going business.

Arthur traded his Taylor Investment Company stock and other consideration to his brother T. N. Taylor for the vacant corner lot, which was across the road south from the bank building. During the summer of 1921, a brick building 100 feet by 68 ½ feet was erected.

Joseph Nelson, the architect, designed this brick building with three floors and two balconies, which was really a credit to Arthur N. Taylor, its owner.

On October 6, 1921, the newly organized Dixon Taylor Russell Company opened its doors to the general public. During the summer, Arthur and the other buyers of the company, had made their purchases on the eastern market and when the doors were opened to the public, the attractive new building was stocked with all new and the latest and most up-to-date home furnishings.

The policy of marking each piece of merchandise with its selling price, which was the cash price and the lowest price, was well received by the public.

This one price policy for merchandise was something new for this area and displayed the integrity and honesty of the company in its desire to treat all customers the same, be he rich or be he poor.

During the next eight years, branch stores were established at Springville, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Nephi, American Fork, Price, Heber, and Helper. During the depression of 1930-33 the stores at Nephi, Heber, and Helper were closed.

The worries and responsibility of keeping the business open, what with the banks folding up and closing their doors, and other financial organizations demanding payments due them, customers being unable to pay their bills, practically no sales being made, and the prospects of the business being shut down, with all the employees having no work and

no means of supporting their families, was just too much for one man's shoulders to carry. His health began to fail and he was never able to completely regain it. He, with the loyal support of his associates, was able to pull the company through the financial crisis of this period and the business continued to grow and prosper.

One of his guiding philosophies of life and which exalted him in the eyes of his associates and friends—"I would rather suffer a wrong than do a wrong," can be traced throughout the pattern of his life.

From the time they became brothers-in-law, Arthur N. Taylor and Jabez W. Dangerfield took a keen interest in the investment field. Neither had much ready cash, for Jabez was building a job printing business and Arthur was building up a furniture business. Occasionally when they could scrape a little cash together, (and without letting their wives know), they would study the mining stock market and invest their little cash in some of the stocks. Sometimes they hit it lucky, as was in the case of Tintic Standard, but other times they took their losses. From this experience crystalized the philosophy with Arthur N. that a little profit was better than none at all. So in his later transactions he was willing to sell out with a reasonable profit and let some other person stand to make a little profit or sustain the loss. There were many of his friends at this time who were holding their stocks until they hit the highest peak before selling, which usually resulted in waiting too long before selling; the peak had been reached and the bottom of prices had dropped out.

The Wildwood cabin was built from the earnings of Iron Blossom mining stocks.

As Dixon Taylor Russell Co. kept growing and needed additional storage space, the partnership of Dangerfield and Taylor came into existence. The 55 feet of ground lying west of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co. and east of the new building occupied by the DTR Co., was purchased or traded with Farmers & Merchants Bank stock, from John D. Dixon.

A full basement and the street floor were erected on this property. The basement was used for warehousing stock of DTR Co. The ground floor was divided into three separate store sections and rented to small businesses such as: White Sewing Machine Co.; Mrs. Jones, the milliner; a barber shop and pool hall; real estate office; appliance store; optometrist office and others.

The DTR Co. kept expanding and one by one, took over the two and one-half street level divisions

of this new building.

Prior to the building of this new structure, the partners had tried to get E. A. Menlove, a photographer, to trade them his little studio, which lay between the Dixon lot and the Arthur N. Taylor building to the west. They even offered to build him a new studio adjoining the Consolidated Wagon & Machine building, and trade him straight across. He rejected all offers and propositions. Later Mr. Menlove became financially hard pressed and Dangerfield & Taylor purchased his two-story building, which now connected all three buildings.

Even after the many years as partners, J. W. Dangerfield made this remark about his partner, A. N. Taylor: "Arthur N. Taylor was the best friend I had." The same could be said of J. W. Dangerfield by A. N. Taylor.

Although of different political affiliations, this did not hinder their congeniality, nor warp their keen business judgement. They recognized each other's viewpoint and respected and admired each other's character.

The fertility of the land along the shores of Utah Lake, coupled with the fact that the irrigation of the growing crops was unnecessary, sold Arthur N. on the idea of buying farming land along the north bank, near the mouth Provo River, on Utah Lake. The first forty-acre tract was purchased from George Cook, where sugar beets and wild hay were raised. Later twenty acres were purchased from L. L. Bunnell and twenty acres from George I. Clark, five acres from Charles Madsen, and the Hamilton sixty acres from J. F. McClellan.

All of this land was in the Skipper Bay area, and much of the ground was covered by the raising of the lake water in the early spring of the year. As a means of putting this flooded ground into useful and productive cultivation, the Skipper Bay Drainage District was formed with Arthur N. Taylor as its president and chief moving power; for the purpose of constructing a dirt dike along the lake front. This dike was to run from the high ground on the north to the high ground on the banks of the Provo River—a distance of better than a mile in length. This dike was about six feet high and ten to twelve feet wide on top. On the inside was a large drainage canal to catch the seeping water which was pumped back into the lake.

By constructing this dike and various drainage canals, acres of land could be protected and be permanently cultivated. The dike was constructed by W. O. Greer and Company in the winter of 1920. Unfortunately, the spring of 1921 was one of the

wettest springs in many years and the river was swollen beyond its capacity with flood waters.

The dike front, facing the lake and the river, withstood the flood waters very well, but the shallow river channel, near the Island and wagon ford, overflowed its banks, allowing the river to cut its course down through the fields in behind the dike. The dike had not been built to fight the waters from the rear, so the majority of the dike was swept away overnight.

When Frank Eastmond bought an interest in the Geneva Resort on the shore of Utah Lake, he sold his lease of the Provo City-owned Grove, near the mouth of Provo River, to J. F. McClellan and A. N. Taylor. "Uncle Jim" had been in partnership with Frank, in the capacity of renting the row boats, to fishermen, duck hunters, and people going bathing in Utah Lake.

Under this new partnership, Uncle Jim would handle the boats and act as caretaker of the property. The store was to be run by Henry, and Elton was to supervise the forty bathhouses that had been erected on top of the dike at the intersection of the river and the lake. During the rush hours, Donald Dixon and Clarence were to leave the farm work and help where needed. That winter and spring, the ice and high water destroyed the dike and bathhouses. Remnants of the bathhouses were scattered all over the Skipper Bay District.

For the next few years, the resort business was practically nonexistent, save for the renting of row boats to the fishermen.

A bridge was placed across the river, near the City Grove, and a lunch room and store were erected in the grove of trees on the lake front. At times, the mosquitos became so vicious that it was impossible to picnic or enjoy the cool lake breezes unless some protection was afforded. So this lunch room was screened. It had a shingle roof and sand floor and tables and benches for the picnickers. Ashted Taylor and his family moved down to the lake front to operate the store and lunch room. Uncle Jim McClellan still handled the renting of boats from the City Grove.

Later the cabins from the City Grove were purchased and moved down on the lake front and the boats were rented from the new location. About sixty bathhouses were erected on the sandy shore of Utah Lake, but were built on skids so they could be shifted away from the flood waters of the lake.

Still later, the lunch room was extended to the south, and a new maple dance floor was constructed and a large record playing phonograph was installed

to furnish music for dancing and the picnickers.

A modern refrigeration system for keeping foods and ice cream was installed together with soda water coolers, root beer dispenser, a modern soda water fountain, and display counters.

Arthur N. financed and supervised the project. Uncle Jim McClellan handled the boats and was caretaker during the off season. Henry acted as manager. Alice ran the store and did the cooking and washing. Clarence took care of the bathing houses and Kenneth helped wherever necessary. All other members of the family were on hand during the holidays and other busy days.

A large investment had been put into this resort venture, but like so many other projects, its only result was the providing of jobs for the boys and girls when not in school.

Missions, graduations from school, and going into other business, forced the resort to be leased, and it was only a couple of years until the Provona Beach Resort passed out of existence and was dismantled and the land sold.

Whenever a holiday came along, to Arthur N. that was a full day's time to be spent working on one of his special projects. To his boys this was not a holiday, but a special work day, for they were always invited and were expected to be present and participate. On one Washington's birthday, it was the building of hog pens at the Riverside Farm. On the 4th of July and the 24th of July, it meant being present at Provona Beach, to provide extra help in accommodating the bathers, the picnickers, the dancers, or sightseers. On one Labor Day it was the pulling and burning of weeds and especially cockle burrs along the beach on the lake front, or the grubbing of willows along the river bank. On Labor Day, during the fruit season, there were peaches, pears, apples, and other fruit to pick and pack and ship.

On Christmas and New Year's days, after all the chores were finished, the day belonged to the boys. Usually Father would arrange to take his own boys, together with their boy friends, down to the lake to ice skate. He was a very good ice skater and enjoyed this recreation in the open air very much.

Early in the spring of 1930, one hundred ten head of sheep were purchased at \$11 per head and placed on the lake farm. Here there was plenty of vegetation for their grazing in the summer and in the fall there were sugar beet tops and the alfalfa fields to winter on. A new sheep shed was built on the bend of the river, together with lambing pens.

The majority of this lake farm had been fenced with a net wire fence, making it an ideal set up for

the running of sheep. That summer a "buck" pasture was built on the lake front, just north of the two summer cottages, and three rams were purchased from a Mr. Hansen of Lake Shore, Utah, for \$40 each.

The damp, rockless soil caused a hoof rot to develop in the sheep, necessitating taking them to higher range land during the summer of 1931. When they were brought back that fall, the herd was divided with the Ewell boys and A. N. Taylor's herd was sold.

For his eight children, Arthur N. Taylor never did intend to leave them a fabulous fortune of monetary wealth, but he did leave them a respected NAME, and exemplary life, and a philosophy which was an underlying power in his life's work:

1. To teach and direct his children how to work.
2. To send and support (the boys) in the mission field.
3. To provide them with a good education.

With these tools and experiences, he felt they should be capable of supporting themselves and a family, to be of value in rendering service to the community, to be in a position to push forward the work of the Lord, and to be exemplary churchmen.

How well he carried out his philosophy can best be judged by a few of the many things he did for his children:

1. During his whole lifetime he not only made jobs available, but actually paid out money to provide and maintain projects which would provide his children with work. Not only was the work provided, but he led out in showing them how to work with his own hands and mind. His motto was, "Come, let us work," and not, "You go work."
2. He set the missionary example by spending twenty-eight months in the British Mission. His wife, Maria D. Taylor, spent seven months in the same mission field.
 - a. Arthur D., the eldest son, spent four years in the Australian Mission.
 - b. Lynn D. spent twenty-six months in the Northwestern States Mission.
 - c. Elton L. spent twenty-eight months in the Eastern States Mission.
 - d. Henry D. spent twenty-six months in

the Eastern States Mission. Both Elton and Henry were in the mission field for eight months at the same time.

- e. Clarence D. spent twenty-eight months in the South African Mission and four months in traveling home.
- f. O. Kenneth served twenty-five months in the British Mission.

3. All eight children graduated from High School.

Arthur D. entered into business after his return from the mission field.

Lynn D. graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree and also attended the School of Interior Decoration of New York.

Elton L. attended BYU and the USAC for three years.

Henry D. graduated from BYU with a B.S. degree, attended the New York School of Retailing, and received his Master's degree in retailing.

Alice L. graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree.

Clarence D. graduated from BYU with a B.S. degree.

O. Kenneth. graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree and attended the School of Interior Decoration of New York.

Ruth E. graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree.

Judge Maurice Harding has made the statement that of all the families he knows, none have turned out as well as the Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor family.

Other community activities Arthur N. engaged in, besides that of being on the Provo Board of Education, included a charter member of the Provo Chamber of Commerce, which carried on the work of the old Commercial Club, of which he was a member. In 1924 he became President of the Provo Chamber of Commerce, and was also a director and officer for many years.

Arthur N. Taylor was alert to the fact that new industries were necessary for this locality, so in the 1920's when feelers were sent out regarding establishing a steel industry in this area, he became one of the leading figures in raising the necessary money to buy a tract of land between Provo and Springville. This land was turned over to the Columbia Steel Company to build a steel mill.

This tract of land between Provo and Springville was a very desirable location for the erection of

a steel industry, for it was at the railroad junction point where the iron ore from the extensive iron deposits around Cedar City converge with the unlimited coal deposits from Carbon County, in Southeastern Utah. The Columbia Steel Co. built one blast furnace here at Ironton, which was the forerunner of the giant Geneva Steel Mills which were built at Geneva in 1945. Arthur N. acted as a director of the Provo-Springville Holding Company from the date of its organization to the date of his death.

Although actual construction of the Deer Creek Water Conservation project had not commenced during his lifetime, he was a staunch advocate of its desirability and a firm backer in obtaining this government project. He realized the value of water for the development and growth of this area and did all in his power to put it before the proper government officials, who finally approved and built this reclamation project.

One of his last projects was the acquiring of about eleven acres of land on the south bench of Rock Canyon. Lynn and Henry had built their houses at the mouth of Rock Canyon on the south bench, where a magnificent view of the whole Utah Valley was obtained.

The property at the base of the hill was being used as a dumping ground for rubbish and trash and was really becoming an eye sore to visitors and residents. In order to correct this situation, Arthur N. purchased eleven acres of land from the receiver of the defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co. which covered the location of their old slaughter house. With the aid of the county, a fence was erected on each side of the road, thus blocking off access to the property used for a dump ground. The land adjoining to the south was leased from Provo City, and the whole area was turned into a horse pasture. It was not many years until the vegetation grew tall enough to hide the old rusting tin cans and junk and started to look half-way respectable again.

On days that Arthur did not go for his horseback ride, or after his evening horseback ride, he fenced off about an acre of land on top of the hill, where he planted several hundred grape vines.

As his health began to fail, one of his greatest sources of satisfaction was to sit or lie on a cot on the south and west side of Lynn's house and look down and admire the beauty and growth and activity of this Utah Valley where he had spent his entire life, fortune, and effort in making a beauty spot for his posterity and fellowmen to live, to work, and to enjoy.

His philosophy of life, "The making of two

blades of grass grow where only one grew before," is reflected in his life's work and accomplishments.

He died at his home in Provo, Utah, on September 10, 1935.

—February 1955

Major Life Events

Age	
1870	November 2, Arthur Nicholls Taylor born
10 1880	Worked for Samuel Liddiard, Building Contractor
17 1887	Started working for father in furniture store
19 1889	Contracted a severe illness
20 1890	Spring, health trip to Europe with his mother Taylor Bros. Co. incorporated, bought stock
21 1891	Commenced school at B.Y. Academy November 15, ordained an Elder
22 1892	Summer work in Taylor Bros. Co. December 16, ordained a Seventy
23 1893	Graduated from B.Y. Academy, Commerce Dept. Depression Worked in ore mill, Martina, Montana
24 1894	May 9, married Maria Louise Dixon
25 1895	October 4, Arthur Dixon Taylor born President of Provo Third Ward YMMIA Obtained gymnastic equipment for gym President of Young Men's Investment Co.
26 1896	Built two-room house—256 North 5th West

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| <p>28 1898 May 6, Lynn Dixon Taylor born</p> <p>30 1900 June 22, Elton LeRoy Taylor born</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Left for British Mission, October 20</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">November 9, arrived at Liverpool, England</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Appointed to labor in Birmingham District</p> <p>31 1901 April 14, Aunt Mary Taylor Hickman, only sister of his father, died at Birmingham, England</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">October 31, appointed Conference President of Birmingham District</p> <p>1902 August 21, his wife, Maria arrived in Liverpool at 2:15 p.m.</p> <p>33 1903 February 19, released from mission, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, Massachusetts</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">November 22, fourth son, Henry Dixon Taylor born</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Appointed counselor in Utah Stake Sunday School Presidency</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Later sustained as Superintendent of Utah Stake Sunday School</p> <p>36 1906 June, charter member of Wildwood Resort</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">August 31, ordained a High Priest by L. Holbrook</p> <p>37 1907 October 24, set apart as member of Utah Stake High Council by David John, served for next 25 years</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">November 18, Alice Louise Taylor born</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Wildwood lot #1 assigned by drawing from a hat</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">With brother, Ashted, started the Riverside Hog farm and chicken ranch</p> | <p>38 1908 December 2, elected to Provo Board of Education, served for next fifteen years</p> <p>39 1909 Riverside Fish Farm planted with 100,000 pin head trout</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Milk and butter business operating from 256 North 5th West</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Fruit farm and dairy at Hillcrest, Provo Bench</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">May 11, fifth son, Clarence D. Taylor born</p> <p>43 1913 November 3, sixth son, Orson Kenneth Taylor born</p> <p>47 1917 March 20, eighth child and second daughter, Ruth Elaine Taylor born</p> <p>49 1919 Rented George Madsen lake farm</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Purchased George Cook 40-acre lake farm</p> <p>50 1920 Sold stock in Taylor Bros. Co. to brother Tom</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">As president of Skipper Bay Drainage District, built a dike on shore of Utah Lake</p> <p>51 1921 Dike washed out</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Built a 4-story building for use by DTR Co. Home Furnishings "The One Price House"</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">November 1, organizer of Dixon Taylor Russell Co.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Dangerfield & Taylor, partnership with J. W. Dangerfield</p> <p>53 1923 President of Provo Chamber of Commerce to 1924</p> <p>54 1924 February 1, opened first Dixon Taylor Russell branch store at Springville</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">May 24, second DTR branch store opened at Nephi</p> |
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- August 15, third DTR branch store opened at Payson
- 56 1926 February 23, fourth DTR branch store opened at Pleasant Grove
- March 17, fifth DTR branch store opened at Spanish Fork
- Provona Beach lunch room built at mouth of Provo River and Utah Lake
- 57 1927 March 15, sixth DTR branch store opened at Heber
- September 10, seventh DTR branch store opened at American Fork
- 59 1929 July 3, eighth DTR branch store opened in Price
- 60 1930 June 14, ninth DTR branch store opened in Helper
- The tenth DTR branch store was opened in Orem
- 1930 to
- 64 1934 Depression years
- December 12, due to poor health, left for Mesa, Arizona to spend the winter and recuperate
- 65 1935 In early April returned to Provo
- September 10, died at his home, 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah
- Baptized by Myron Tanner about 1878.
- Confirmed by David Holdaway about 1878.
- The Provo Third Ward records had been destroyed in the fire which destroyed part of the Ward Clerk's house.
- Re-baptized and confirmed by T. N. Taylor on May 5, 1894.
- Married Maria Louise Dixon in the Salt Lake Temple on May 9, 1894 by John R. Winder.
- Children: Arthur D., Lynn, Elton, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Kenneth, and Ruth.
- Attended the Provo City schools and graduated from the BYU Business College in 1891.
- As a boy he shared the vicissitudes and hardships of pioneer life and learned the homely lessons of honest toil and integrity.
- Became a director of the newly organized Taylor Brothers Company in 1890, where he was associated for the next 30 years.
- In 1921, he with other co-workers in Taylor Bros. Co, organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., a home furnishings store.
- Served a mission in Birmingham, England, from October 1900 to February 1903.
- Served in Utah Stake Sunday School and was a Utah Stake High Councilor for more than twenty-five years.
- Took an active interest in farming, reclamation, education, industry.
- He owned a dairy, a fruit farm, a chicken ranch, a hog farm, and a pleasure resort (Provona Beach). Organizer of Skipper Bay Drainage District and Wildwood Resort in Provo Canyon.
- Was a prime mover in getting Columbia Steel Co. to locate in Utah County.
- Served on the Provo Board of Education for fifteen years.
- He died September 10, 1935 at Provo, Utah.

Summary of the Life of Arthur Nicholls Taylor

Born at Provo, Utah on November 2, 1870, the son of Eliza Nicholls and George Taylor.

Henry Aldous Dixon, 1835-1884

My Grandfather

Compiled by Clarence D. Taylor, January 1951

Henry Aldous Dixon was born on the 14th day of March, 1835 at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. He was the son of John Henry Dixon, who was born May 28, 1786 at West Ham, Essex County, near Tendon, England. His mother was Judith Boardman Dixon, who was born December 16, 1796 at Newberry, Lancaster, England. Both of these parents were among the early settlers of the Albany District in South Africa. They emigrated in 1820 from England.

Henry A. had one full sister, Anne Judith Dixon Hartman, who was eight years his elder and very fond of her younger brother, even after he had accepted the very unpopular religion of the Mormons and migrated to America.

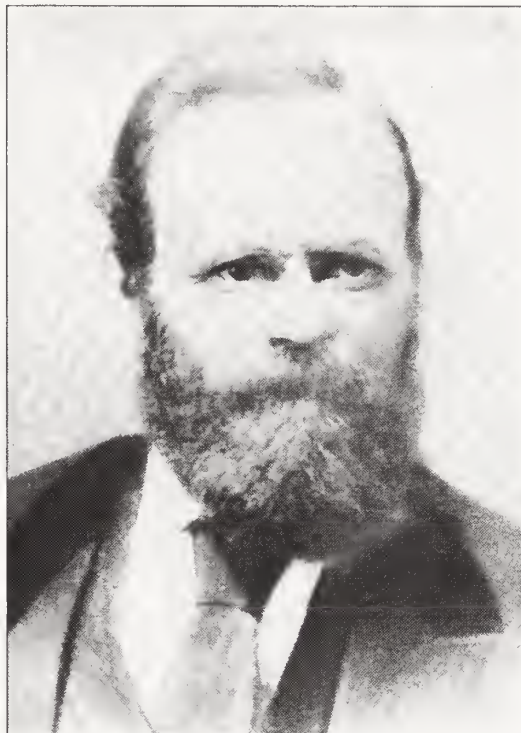
Mormonism and 14,000 miles was insufficient to destroy this affection of brother and sister. She would have joined the new Church in later years had it not been for her husband's objection.

There were also four half sisters and one half brother, all older than he and pretty well matured by the time he reached school age.

In his infancy and younger days, much of his care was entrusted to native servants. One of the boy servants who had been in the Dixon home for a long time, and to whom Henry A. had become very much attached, finally left his employment in the Dixon household and went back to his native way of life. Instead of making a wooden or grass kraal (hut) to live in, he set up housekeeping in a cave, not far from the Dixon home. Henry A. thought so much of this native servant that he saved his pennies and bought bread and cakes and took them out to the old servant in the cave. Through the contact with this old servant and many of the other natives in the neighborhood, he was able to get a first-hand knowledge of their living conditions, their way of

life, habits, dress, and customs.

He was a true lover of nature, spending much of his time on the open veldt watching the trees, admiring the flowers and foliage, and studying the habits of the many and varied birds and animals.



There was one little bird which was of particular interest to him. It was called the "honey bird." When the natives would see this little bird flying about them, twittering and using other means to attract their attention, they would obtain a bucket or container, together with some kind of weapon, and then follow the little bird. Sometimes the bird would lead them to an old hollow tree full of honey, where they would fill their containers. Other times they would lead to a dangerous snake or animal, which the birds were frightened of and wanted the natives to kill.

Whenever the natives found honey, they always left the tree trunk so the little birds could get into the honey, or they hung up a cake of the honey in the nearby tree or bush for the bird to feast on. That is why they were called "honey birds."

At the age of fourteen years he entered an Agency Office as a collector and copying clerk. He became an excellent penman, and not only with his right hand, but equally as proficient with his left hand. In his diary, the only way one could tell which hand he was writing with was by the slant of his words. When one hand became tired of writing, he could shift his pen to the other hand and continue his writing.

One of his chief delights in his later years was to draw all kinds of pictures of animals, birds, natives, trees, houses and most everything, on the nail of his thumb. The children from all over the neighborhood would sit by the hour and watch him draw these thumbnail sketches and listen to his fascinating stories of Africa. Two of these stories, as told to his daughters Maria and Sarah, when they were little

Henry Aldous and Sarah Dixon Family Group Sheet

[illegible]

FAMILY
GROUP
RECORD

First wife Sarah DeGrey Dixon.

Henry Aldous and Mary Dixon Family Group Sheet

HUSBAND		Henry Aldous DIXON (Business Executive)		1835	
Wife		Mary Ann SMITH		1852	
Place		Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa			
Chr.		14 Mar 1835			
Marr.		13 Apr 1869		Salt Lake City, S-Lk, Utah	
Died		4 May 1884		Provo, Utah, Utah	
Bur.		6 May 1884		City Cemetery, Provo, Utah, Utah	
HUSBAND'S		John Henry DIXON		WIFE'S	
CHILDREN		(1) Sarah DeGREY		MOTHER	
OTHER WIVES				JUDITH BORDMAN	
WIFE (2) Mary Ann SMITH Born 3 Oct 1852 Place Hulls, Yorkshire, England Chr. Died 27 June 1907 Place Provo, Utah, Utah Bur. City Cemetery, Provo, Utah, Utah WIFE'S MOTHER Mary Ann BROWN					
CHILDREN (1) Alice Smith DIXON 29 Apr 1869 Salt Lake City S-Lk Utah 5 Dec 1910 9 Dec 1918 (2) Sarah Ann DIXON 7 Dec 1871 " " " 7 Oct 1897 26 Dec 1950 (3) William Aldous DIXON 21 Apr 1873 " " " 15 Dec 1904 22 June 1937 (4) Robert Smith DIXON 10 Nov 1874 " " " 18 Dec 1874 (5) Albert Frederick DIXON 31 Mar 1876 " " " 19 Aug 1903 30 Jan 1917 (6) Perley Smith DIXON 9 June 1878 " " " 19 Aug 1903 1887 (7) Harriet Amelia DIXON 24 May 1882 " " " 26 Oct 1938 (8)					
TEMPLE ORDNANCE DATA BAPTIZED (DATE) ENDOWED (DATE) SEALING (DATE) CHILDREN TO FATHER 14 Mar 1856 18 Apr 1860 13 Apr 1860 12 Feb 1868 13 Apr 1869 1878 5 Dec 1900 BIC 1 Jan 1879 26 Oct 1938 BIC July 1881 7 June 1954 BIC child child BIC 14 June 1884 6 Aug 1902 BIC May 1890 26 Oct 1938 BIC					
SOURCE OF INFORMATION Family Group Sheet by Loretta W. Dixon, Linton, Utah Book "My Folks The Dixons" Compiled by Clarence D. Taylor					
OTHER MARRIAGES					

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Second wife Mary Smith Dixon.

girls went as follows:

The natives frequently captured boa constrictors in the following way. A small goat would be tethered to a tree in the jungle where the big snakes were known to be. As soon as the boa attacked and swallowed the goat, he would go into a torpid stupor.

The natives would then approach him with a long pole and lay it alongside the snake, lashing his body to it. They could then hoist it to their shoulders and carry it to a cage for keeping until they could sell it to the whites.

The early settlers had a hard time keeping their crops from being stolen by the thousands of monkeys which inhabited the trees around the clearings.

They frequently captured them in the following manner:

A squash would be hollowed out and filled with grain. A small opening would be made in the sides of the squash just large enough for a monkey to see through and which he could thrust his paws.

The monkey would reach into the squash and get a fist full of grain. Being a greedy creature he would not release the grain, even when approached by the settlers, and could not withdraw his paw while clenched around the booty.

After Henry left the Agency, he served for some time in a retail and wholesale store. Afterwards he worked for a few years at black smithing and wagon making.

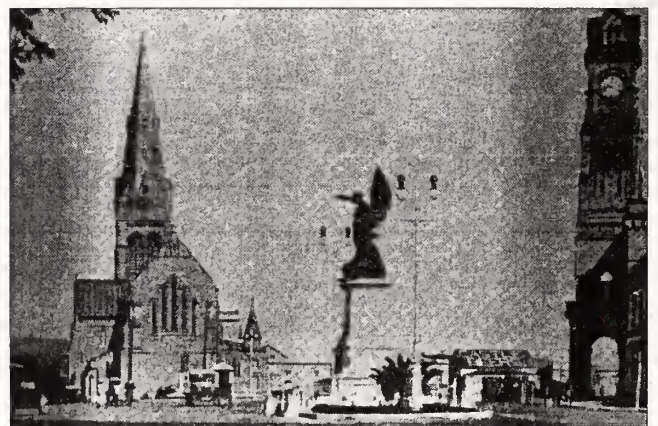
Incidents in the travels and observations of Henry A. Dixon as a young man in South Africa were recorded by him as follows:

"When about 15 years of age, I went as a volunteer under Sir George Cathcar of (Balackla) (notoriety). He having fallen in that memorable battle whilst leading the charge, was Governor of the Cape. We followed the enemy into Kerlies Country, beyond the confines of British Territory. It was a motley group of about 7,000 men and English Regular Soldiers, volunteer Dutch Boers, friendly Kaffirs, Hottentots and Fingoes. In my travels we came across several Bushman caves with rude paintings and drawings of antelope, and etc. Accompanying this expedition was a rough crowd of sailor lads mounted, who presented a spectacle, being rightly named "awkward squad." I was subjected to many temptations to drink, swear, and etc. In consequence of my aversion to such practices I was at times forced to sleep out of the tent. Ten thousand head of cattle was captured. My share of the prize money amounted to several pounds sterling. I deposited it in a Savings Bank, which came in very opportune in defraying expenses of my emigration to England.

"Features of the country are rugged, flat and bushy. Has several rivers, none navigable to any great extent, being obstructed by sand bars at the mouth. Chief products—wool, hides, skins and wine. The principal sea ports—Table and Algoa Bays. Iron bound coast. In the interior great quantities of game, elephant, lions, and etc. It has many birds of beautiful plumage but poor songsters. It abounds with flowers of every hue. Climate—temperate in most parts, others very hot. Heavy winds and storms prevalent, considerable damage done to shipping at times. Experiences severe droughts in the interior. Farmers sustain great losses in sheep. Sometimes one man will loose several thousand. Rivers dry up in the summer.

"The native Kaffirs are a noble, black race. The men, generally, are tall and well formed, almost in a state of nudity, a bunch of tails of skins of animals hiding their nakedness. Some have not even this appendage. The average height of the women are about the same as Europeans. Their color is dark brown, nearly black, thick lips, beautiful white teeth, wooly hair, noses rather flat. The married men's head, in many instances, is shaved. On the top alone remains a little hair, covered with a polish bark resembling patent leather on the top of the head formed into a circle or crown. The women when married have the head shorn, on the top alone remains a bunch of hair the size of the palm of the hand, dyed red with paint or clay. At times the Zulu's hair is formed into various shapes with grease resembling half moons.

The natives wear skins around the loins reaching to nearly the knee. The young women (unmarried) wear their hair and strings of beads of various colours around their necks. They have a piece of cloth or skin around the loins about a foot broad, tho when at home amongst their relatives at their kraal they dispense with all coverings. At times when at work on plantations, they have only a slight covering of beads a few inches in breadth. When a Kaffir



Grahamstown, South Africa, birthplace of Henry A. Dixon.

enters a town he is compelled to wear a covering.

"Notwithstanding the exposure of their persons, they are a virtuous people. I believe death to be the penalty for adultery.

"The natives are polygamists and have to purchase their wives, sometimes giving as many as 20 head of cattle for each wife to the girl's father. When a man has two or three wives, he is independent and never has to work, only for his pleasure. He can then spend his time eating, sleeping, hunting, and etc. The women cultivate the land, build the huts in the form of a beehive covered with straw; they plant the mealies or Indian corn, fetch the wood, and in general support the husband. The boys herd the cattle.

"The men generally amuse themselves sitting in the hut conversing and smoking. They get a horn, bore a hole near the wide end, insert a reed in this attached to a pipe bowl of wood. The pipe is filled with daga or tobacco, the horn with water. A live coal is placed on the daga or wild hemp. The Kaffir takes a draw of smoke from the mouth of the horn, retains it in his mouth and hands the pipe to another. He then takes small sticks or reeds and runs the spittle in bubbles onto the floor then spreads them with his fingers, to represent a wall, a man, or an ox, or kraal, or cattle, or war parties, and etc. A very ingenious though beastly game.

"In snuffing, in which they often indulge, they take a dry aloe leaf, burn it then take the ashes and coal and mix with thin dry leaves of tobacco, rub them on a stone until pulverized, then place it in a little calabash or gourd, ornamented with bead or burnt places. They then take small bone spoons about one-half inch wide, and take a sniff, do not speak but hand it to the next. After a few minutes of silence the tears begin to flow, he wipes them off with his finger, gives a grunt of satisfaction, and then talks. They frequently dance and drink Jualaa, Indian corn fermented, which makes them intoxicated when drunk to excess. It resembles milk in color and sour beer in taste. They also drink a great quantity of thick milk which mixed with their bread is not to be despised. The bread is made by boiling and beating or pounding corn till as thin as pancake. When they have a dance, which is often naked, one takes the lead in singing, the rest will keep time. Their singing often consists of praising his kraal, his girl, his chief, and etc. The rest follow, all standing in a row, they jump a few feet from the ground altogether and quite stiff, not a bend in their bodies. At other times they will sit and distort their bodies by throwing the head in different positions, one taking the lead in singing, the rest following; one making a noise like a

man sawing wood, the others grunting and singing. They appear wild and have the appearance of devils more than that of human beings. Their noise is almost deafening.

"The Kaffirs number 156,000. In the Natal Colony they are called Zulus. Outside, a still greater number of Macateese, Basutus, and etc. In the Cape Colony we have the Hottentots, a drunken, degraded, dissipated people. They are a tawny or yellow color having high cheek bones, very flat noses, thick lips, more of the ape species. They are generally small, especially the women. They are a very immoral people, given to drink. They are mostly in service to the whites, although some are well-to-do and respectable. Ofttimes they are squatters on Dutch farms and very brutal.

"The Malays number about 10,000 in Cape Town. A more civilized people, very dressy with filthy habits, are Mohammedans. Several are very wealthy.

"Fingoes and Kaffirs in Cape Colony are similar in many respect to the Zulu. Kaffir as above described.

"The native weapons of defense are a knob kerry or club about two feet long, the head about two inches in diameter. Assegai spears are about a foot long attached to a very thin handle which is thrown with great dexterity.

"Most of the Dutch inhabitants are termed Boers or farmers. The majority being such, they lack energy, many are dilatory, having been used to slave labor which was abolished in 1835. In consequence of which they have a great dislike for the English. The chief aim of many would be to have a nicely painted wagon, twelve head and sometimes sixteen oxen in a span to match, a good horse and gun and to have coffee available at all hours of the day and night.

"I will here relate an incident that transpired. A man named Harry Noble having wandered in the woods, could not find his way out. Whilst in this situation, thinking to attract attention he called out, 'lost, lost.' An old owl nearby answered, 'whoooo.' Thinking it a reply he shouted, 'Harry Noble.' 'Whooo,' again echoed back from the owl. 'Harry Noble,' shouted poor Harry.

"I will relate a few incidents relative to this campaign into Kerlies Country:

"Whenever the military came to a large Kraal or wherever there were a number of huts, those acquainted with the customs of the Kaffirs in caching their corn and millet, would walk through the kraal sticking the ramrods of their guns into the manure

until they struck a rock. Upon removing the rock they would find a large hole, narrow at the top, about two feet hollowed out to several feet at the bottom. This would be filled with corn.

"I once saw a group of Kaffirs, quarreling about an ox. Whilst the two head men were disputing about it, some of the small fry shot it. Immediately a guard surrounded it whilst it was being skinned, and etc. So impatient were some of them that before they had fully completed their butchering, one severed the hind quarters, another shouldered it followed by half dozen men as guard, armed with assegais. As soon as the gaul can be got, it is cut out, the one obtaining it has frequently to run, swallowing it as he is followed by quite a number, all anxious to procure it, as they consider it makes them strong and brave, especially if it is a lion or leopard's gaul. On one occasion we had scarcely camped when two young men quarreled. There was a dual being fought, everything being arranged, pistols loaded by seconds, all being ready, they fired. Each was besmeared with blood, and were considerably scared thinking he had shot his fellow. After a few moments, excitement had subsided; it was discovered that neither was hurt, as the pistols had been charged with clotted blood.

"During the war many anecdotes were related. Two of the principal merchants of Grahamstown, who belonged to a Yeomanry Corps of Volunteers, whose appearance for show, fancy trappings and equipages outvied all others, took a short tour out of town. Came to the verge of the bush or jungle one evening, saw something sparkling brightly. They put spurs to their horses. The one declared he heard a whistle, the other declared there a great many of the enemy, for he had seen their eyes. It proved to be nothing less than fire flies or lightening bugs.

"A Hottentot on guard one night, heard something and challenged it. No response. When he had called several times in English, Dutch, and Kaffir, he fired. He heard a peculiar grunt. Next morning he discovered he had killed an old sow."

Henry A. Dixon grew up in a religious environment. He was taught and strictly adhered to the practices and beliefs of the Church of England. His Mother, Judith Boardman was the daughter of the Rev. William Boardman, the first Colonial Minister of the Church of England and also headmaster of the Grammar School at Bathurst. It was this source that he received the background for his undying testimony of the Gospel and his abundance of faith which characterized his entire life. He was nineteen years of age when he heard the first Mormon missionaries preaching. These first Mormon missionaries

to South Africa were: Leonard I. Smith, Jesse Haven, and William Walker. He listened to their message and was convinced of its truthfulness and divinity, but was denied the privilege of joining because of the minority of his age. His father forbade him accepting the Mormon religion on penalty of being cut off without a shilling of inheritance. Being a man of honor, Henry promised his father he would not be baptized before he was twenty-one years of age.

The day he became twenty-one years of age (March 14, 1856), he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by John Elliston, a local member who held the office of a priest, at Uitenhage, Cape Province. Three days later he left his home, upon the request of his father, and sought employment which would provide him with the necessary funds to migrate to Utah. In consequence of his affiliation with the true Church of Christ, he had to give up his comfortable and happy home, leaving his sorrowing and heartbroken mother and sister, and his determined and stubborn father. He was confirmed a member of the Church and ordained a teacher by E. W. Kershaw of Uitenhage in 1856. In this same year he was ordained an Elder in Port Elizabeth.

On November 1, 1856 he set sail for London, England in the brig "Unity" owned by two Latter-day Saints, who afterwards emigrated to Utah. They arrived in London on January 12, 1857. From Liverpool, England in company with 816 others, Henry took passage on the ship "George Washington." After twenty-three days passage on the Atlantic Ocean, they landed at Boston, Massachusetts in March 1857.

Being short of money to continue his journey westward, he accepted the offer of an elderly couple by the name of Walker to drive and take care of their ox team and wagon. In return they were to provide the equipment and necessities for the whole trip. This offer made it possible for him to immediately leave for Zion, rather than having to stay in the East and work until sufficient money had been accumulated to finance the trip West.

He became a member of Captain Martin's company. In this same company was a Widow DeGrey and her four daughters, emigrants from Dudley, England. During the trip he occasionally saw a pretty little girl of twelve years of age running along the side of the DeGrey wagon. Although his attention was attracted to her, little did he realize then she would be his future wife.

After traveling 1,300 miles by ox team, on September 12, 1857, the little band of pioneers arrived

at Great Salt Lake City.

Just three days after his arrival in the Great Salt Lake Valley, September 15, 1857, President Brigham Young issued a proclamation regarding the Johnston Army invasion. Immediately following the publication of this proclamation, the Territorial Militia were ordered to report to Echo Canyon and maintain it by force of arms if necessary. On September 27, 1857, Henry A. Dixon started on this expedition to Echo Canyon to repel the U.S. Army. Some ten weeks later, after the snow had piled so high that the movement of troops through the canyon passes was impossible, he returned to the comforts and hospitality of Great Salt Lake City.

It was the purpose of these militia men to construct such fortifications and breastworks as they might be able to make at the "narrows" in Echo Canyon, and also on the heights along the whole length of the mountain gorge. If the U.S. Army had moved through that canyon, they would have received a shower of rocks, boulders, and bullets, the like they had never before experienced.

After his return from the Echo Canyon Expedition in December, although previously baptized and confirmed in South Africa, he was re-baptized and re-confirmed by Elder Leonard I. Smith on December 12, 1857.

This same month (December 1857), he was appointed to go on a mission to the Rio Virgin and Santa Clara Settlements. The Settlement of Washington was founded with the sole purpose of raising cotton. Here it was that the first cotton in Utah was raised. As a whole, the experiment was not very successful. Bad seed brought from Texas that was several years old, unskilled irrigation, and general dissatisfaction with the country were the biggest reasons for the cotton failure.

The year 1860 found Henry A. Dixon back again in Salt Lake City working with a pick and shovel out in the Sugarhouse area. Brigham Young, in passing one day, noticed him at work and stopped to chat with him. At the conclusion of their visit, President Young told him to lay down his pick and shovel and come down to his office. It was here that Brigham Young asked him to go on a mission to England and his native land, Africa.

On August 6, 1861, after having served about a year at Southampton and the Reading Conference in the British Mission, Henry received a letter of appointment to the South African Mission.

September 7, 1861, President William Fotheringham, John Talbot, Martin Zyderlaan, and Henry A. Dixon boarded the sailing vessel "Barque Sydney,"

a vessel of 340 tons bound for Capetown, South Africa. Most of the way, sailing was pleasant. In going across the equator, the weather became very warm and uncomfortable. Near the end of their destination, they encountered heavy and rough seas. On the 10th of December, after having sailed for twenty-four hours, they came out on the leeward side of where they had been the previous day, no progress having been made. In three days they had only made fifteen miles.

Arriving in sight of land and within a dozen miles of their destination, a heavy gale suddenly came up and blew them out forty miles from where they were the previous day. The sailors became so fatigued and tired in their battle with the elements that the four missionaries aided them by bailing water and other odd jobs. Provisions and water ran low. This made it necessary to go on short rations—mainly, one bisquit per meal and two quarts of water each day per person.

While the ship was rolling and tossing, much of the time on its side, one of the Elders, who was very ill, was told to get up for the vessel was sure to be swamped in the heavy storm. This news did not seem to bother him, for he just turned over and said that he had been set apart to go to Africa to preach the Gospel. A little storm was not going to interfere with his carrying out his mission. Through the perspiration of the sailors and the constant prayers of the Elders, the little vessel finally succeeded in making the harbor of Table Bay on December 15, 1861.

In the January 7th, 1862 issue of *Cape Argus* appeared the following account of the arrival of the four Mormon Elders:

Arrival of Mormon Preachers for the Cape

"Four preachers have just arrived in this Colony from Utah, with a view of promulgating Mormon doctrines, and winning converts to the Mormon Faith. Two of the preachers are natives of Grahams Town, who have been dwellers in Utah, and who have returned to convert the colonial born. Their names are: John Talbot and Henry Dixon. A Hollander named Martin Zyderlaan, also from the Lake, is to preach in Dutch, and convert the Dutch population. Wm. Fotheringham, a Scotchman born, but now like the other three, a Mormon preacher and a citizen of the United States, and direct from Utah, is we understand the leader. He assures us that the stories promulgated here, said to be by persons who have been disappointed after going over, are utterly untrue. He says all who have gone over are happy

and prosperous, as is the State of Utah generally.

"He represents the soil as less fertile than some of the United States, but he says it yields in abundance, and hemmed in as the Mormon People are by the hills, they live in peace and prosperity, and no one can molest them from without, of the truth of the Prophets revelation we adduce the following. (A revelation and prophecy by the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator Joseph Smith, given Dec. 25, 1832, D&C 87.)

"This pamphlet published in 1851, entitled the Pearl of Great Price, by Joseph Smith, First Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of L. D. Saints and is said to be verified by the war now raging in America. Utah, Mr. Fotheringham states, stands by the Union and will be prepared to pay its quota towards carrying on the war.

"Utah situated 1032 miles from the frontier boundry, will be taxed willingly for the war and will stand by the Constitution to the last." (Copies from the *Cape Argus*, Jan. 7, 1862. Published by W. R. Murry. Copied by nearly all the papers in the Colony.)

Elder Henry A. Dixon stayed at Capetown, Mowbray and vicinity until January 12, 1862. Since his parents sent him passage money, he sailed for Port Elizabeth, arriving there on January 16th. One of the members of the Church, Brother Glensay, loaned him the use of his horse to ride up to Uitenhage where his father and mother were pleased to see him and he was most pleased to see them.

The greatest part of his mission was spent in and around his place of birth, Grahamstown; he also spent time at Uitenhage, King Williams Town, Port Elizabeth, Beaufort, Adelaide, East London, Queenstown, Burghers Dorp, and most all of the Eastern Province, including in and around Durban, Natal Province.

He traveled without "purse or scrip," something his father could never understand. Even though his father did not agree with his affiliations and activities in the new Church, he occasionally furnished him with clothes and a little money to buy the necessities of life.

For days at a time, his diet consisted of syrup, made by adding boiling water to sugar, poured over bread.

On his return to the place of his birth, GrahamsTown, he was shunned by many of his former school mates and some of his relatives and friends. This indeed made him very sad and blue, for to him the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was the greatest thing in all the world, even

greater than life itself.

Most of his relatives and friends were glad to welcome him back home and treated him well by offering him entertainment and listening to his message. It was the members of the Church who consistently provided the missionaries with food, clothing, and a place to sleep. Some missionaries received such gifts as money, saddles, horses, and many other items from the members.

It seems that Henry A. Dixon had a definite mission to perform in this life. Many times his life was spared in order that he could accomplish this work.

At Port Elizabeth, on Friday, January 9, 1863, the following incident was recorded in Henry A. Dixon's diary:

"This morning myself and Brother Atwood took Brothers Talbot and Stickle's horses to bathe. I rode Brother Stickle's horse, a very large one, out into the breakers. A very heavy breaker covered us. The horse came nearly falling over. I let go the reins and swam. I did not apprehend any great danger. After struggling a few minutes I found I did not make much headway. Several breakers came in quick succession over me. I felt my strength failing me. I prayed the Lord to preserve me. I tried to find ground but did not succeed, two or three times. I began to drown, a great quantity of water having entered my body. I felt resigned that it was the Lord's will that I should die. I called to Brother Atwood, held up my hand to draw his attention, as there was such a current. He made an attempt, rode in but was quickly washed off his horse. Had to return. It was root hog or die. He thought I was gone. He knelt down and prayed. I struggled, found ground. Brother Atwood took me by the hand. A breaker knocked us down. He led me out. Death depicted in my countenance. I felt so weak I could not move my limbs for him to dress me. He administered to me twice. Brought up a considerable amount of water and bile. He laid me down and went and got a cart and brought me to Brother Slaughter's. Was very weak and had a severe headache attended with a fever. Was administered to by President Fotheringham and Brother Atwood. Got some better."

Many times during his mission, he was threatened with being mobbed. On one occasion while preaching on the street, a mob gathered to disturb him. One man, owner of the hotel, threw a monkey on his head, but it did not even scratch him. The crowd began to shove and push, throwing loose objects at him and even batting him over the head with sticks. Finally one gentleman, realizing the situation,

took him by the hand and led him into his garden. The mob took after them, but were stopped at the gate of the garden by another gentleman.

Judge Noon has related many stories and incidents that happened to the early missionaries when he was living at Ispingo, near Durban, Natal.

On one occasion, Henry A. was holding a street meeting. The crowd started to ask questions. They not receiving their answer in the great confusion which followed, became angry. Soon they were calling Henry all sorts of vile names, and it soon developed into an unmanageable mob. Judge Noon and his brother, realizing the dangerous situation Henry A. was in, then rode through the crowd on their horses and picked him up bodily and carried him away to their plantation.

In the latter part of 1864, after having endured many hardships, Henry A. Dixon completed his mission in South Africa and after bidding his Mother and Father and many friends goodbye, he returned to his adopted country and Church Headquarters, Salt Lake City, Utah.

After his return to Salt Lake City from his African mission, Henry A. used to make friendly visits to the home of Widow DeGrey and her family, who were then living in the Eleventh Ward. The older girls had all married and moved from their mother's home, leaving Sarah and her mother alone in the little, humble log home. Sarah, now a girl of twenty, attracted his attention and they were married January 21, 1865.

In the Spring of 1865 he was called to go to Sanpete County during the Indian troubles with Black Hawk. He was in Captain Charles Crow's Company (Major Andrew Burt's Command), Utah Militia Infantry, Black Hawk War.

Henry A., being a man of ability and industry, secured a good position as tithing clerk in the Tithing Office at Salt Lake City. The young married couple then built a neat little log house on the same lot near the house of Mother DeGrey. Here mother and daughter could enjoy the close companionship of each other, yet maintain their own homes. The Dixon home was a happy one and on November 14, 1865 their first child, Henry Alfred Dixon, was born. This happiness was soon marred on July 1, 1867 when Alfred died and was buried in Salt Lake City. Just sixteen days later, happiness again entered the home with the birth of John DeGrey Dixon on July 16, 1867.

As tithing clerk, it was Henry's responsibility to find accommodations and work for all the newly arrived emigrants. In the Gillispie Company, which

arrived in Salt Lake City on September of 1868, a smiling, black-eyed girl named Mary Smith arrived and desired work to sustain herself as well as the good people who had brought her from England. Henry was very much attracted by her fine appearance and her womanly ways, even though she was only seventeen. For months he kept watch of her and finally succeeded in claiming her as his second wife. They were married April 13, 1869.

For seven years he worked in the Tithing Offices and proved himself as an honest, upright, ambitious, and conscientious man. In 1870, the Woolen Mills at Provo was established, and President Brigham Young selected Henry A. Dixon to go to Provo as bookkeeper, where he remained for the next nine years.

On June 1, 1869, a company known as the Timpanogos Manufacturing Company was formed to build and operate a woolen mill. The mill site was bought from Hon. John Taylor and ground for the first building was broken on the 28th of May 1870. The erection of the building was under the management of President A. O. Smoot. Bishop Andrew H. Scott assisted President Smoot in the construction. The buildings were erected at a cost of \$155,000. Workmen were recruited from all over the territory and most of them received stock in the company for their labors. Most of the materials furnished were paid for by stock in the company.

President Brigham Young advanced \$70,000 in cash to purchase the machinery in the East. Mr. F. X. Loughery of Philadelphia was engaged to install the machinery and get the mill in operation.

In 1872, the Timpanogos Manufacturing Company was incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,000,000 in 10, 000 shares of one hundred dollars per share.

Officers and Directors were:

President	Brigham Young
Vice-president	A. O. Smoot
Vice-president	Myron Tanner
Secretary	Henry A. Dixon
Treasurer	L. John Nuttall
Directors	William Bringham
	Orvil Simmons
	Joseph S. Tanner
	Andrew H. Scott

In October 1872, the cards and mules were started and yarn was spun and marketed. It was not until June 1873 that cloth was manufactured.

Myron Tanner was the first superintendent of

the Provo Co-operative Woolen Mills, as it was then known. In 1874, James Dunn became superintendent and under his supervision it became a first class operation and achieved reasonable success. Reed Smoot was appointed superintendent with the resignation of James Dunn.

The rock building was built in the northwest corner of block 87, Plat A, Provo City Survey. The main building was 145 x 65 feet, a four-story rock structure with a half mansard roof covered with tin roofing and a thirty foot tower.

The upper floor was used for sorting the wool and preparing it for the cards. On the floor below were eight sets of cards and one hand mule of 240 spindles, two reels, and two spoolers. On the next floor below was the spinning room containing four self-acting mules with 720 spindles each.

The ground floor of this main rock building contained nineteen broad looms and thirty-eight narrow looms, two wrappers and dressers, one shawl finger, one quilting frame, one bearnes, and a machine for a double and twist stocking yarn of sixty-two spindles.

The finishing house was built of adobe just south of the rock building. It was a two-and-one-half story building, 70 x 30 feet. On the first floor were three washers, three filters, two large screw presses, two gigs, one cloth measurer, and one hand picker.

The factory was run by water power. The water came down the Mill Race into two Leffel turbine wheels, one thirty-six inches and the other a forty-four inch wheel. The factory had a rotary pump.

Immediately south of the main rock building was a two-and-one-half story adobe building, 33 x 134 feet. The upper room was used for the receiving and sorting of the wool and the lower floor for the office and sales room, carpenter shop, and drying room. Just east of this building was a one-story frame building, 30 x 60 feet, used for a dye house and scouring room.

The factory employed an average of one hundred twenty-four to one hundred fifty operatives. Many came from England and Scotland.

In 1871, Henry A. Dixon moved his two wives and their families from Salt Lake City to a newly constructed adobe house on the corner of Third West and Second North, just one block from his work at the factory.

During the time he was bookkeeper at the Woolen Mills he acted as Utah County Treasurer.

In May 1874, his 88-year-old father died in South Africa. Henry received his portion of his father's estate. This he wisely invested in the purchase



Sarah DeGrey Dixon,
1844-1926



Mary Smith Dixon,
1852-1907

of two farms. One was the brickyard farm located on the present site of the Provo Brick & Tile Co. property. The other was located about a mile further north in Carterville. From these farms he was able to grow all the vegetables and fruits the families needed. The farms also proved pasture land for the cows and horses.

Although in poor health at the time, on October 9, 1879, he left his family of two wives with their five children each, in answer to his second call to a foreign mission. This time it was to Great Britain. It was a great sacrifice to be called upon to make, for not only himself, but his wives and children, who would now have to support themselves. This beautifully portrays the abundance of faith and courage our pioneer ancestors possessed.

He took passage on the steamship "Arizona" of the Guion Lines. While on the way, the ship encountered an iceberg which damaged the ship and endangered the lives of the passengers. The ship finally reached the port of St. Johns, Newfoundland. It stayed there one week until the passengers transferred to the ship "Nevada." Notes from his journal record the following:

Aboard the S.S. "Arizona"
Friday, November 7, 1879

"About 8:45 p.m. engines stopped and we felt a sudden shock, we were about having our evening prayers. Before we could do so we rushed on deck thinking we had struck a vessel, when lo and behold we had struck an immense iceberg. We were going at the rate of 16 knots an hour. The force was so great as to completely stove in our bulkhead or bow, leaving about 20 tons of ice on the forecastle bulkhead. It broke both anchors. One chain was tested to hold 12 tons. A shocking site to behold. A very large hole in her just above the water edge. Four thousand gal-

lons of water in the bulkhead. Two or three sailors were buried in the ice in the forecabin. Some time before they could be got out. One hurt very badly.

"It was a clear night, the icebergs looked similar to a bluish white cloud looming up about 50 feet. An awful grand sight.

"The boats were ordered to be loosed from the davits, ready if needed. Considerable excitement on board. A Presbyterian minister with satchel in hand was ready to look to No. 1. Some women were terribly excited.

"We were from 240 to 250 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. Steaming eight or nine knots an hour, notwithstanding her situation.

"The "Arizona" steamship of the Guion Line is built in seven compartments. All luggage was removed aft to lighten her. I called the boys together during the excitement and prayed the Lord to enable us to avert the calamity that it might be no worse. We exercised our Priesthood, prayed for a calm and that we might live, also all onboard get to our destination, also the vessel.

"We went below to our cabins, prayed frequently according to the order of the Priesthood for a calm sea and no wind, as this is apparently our salvation temporarily.

"During the night I went on deck and while alone rebuked the winds and waves. We have a calm sea. Prayers answered. Also prayed for a vessel to come to our rescue if necessary and wisdom to be

given the Captain. Prince of Power and Air to have no control at this time. Committed ourselves to God.

"In talking to some of the passengers, I promised no lives should be lost or ship either, in the name of the Lord.

St. John's, Newfoundland
Sunday November 9, 1879

"Having remained in sight of harbor all night, arrived about 11:00 p.m. This morning at 8:00 o'clock, pilot came aboard and took us into port. Very rocky coast, only one entrance to bay and that very narrow. Rocks on either side. Inside, a nice, comfortable harbor. Completely land blocked. Must have been 150 vessels of all sizes at anchor. People flocked down to the wharf by the thousands.

"Several boats filled with small boys; saw more boys than since I left home, all healthy and strong. I suppose them to belong to fishing smack or schooners. The population appears to contain a great many Irish people, contains about 49,000 of the Island's 96,000. The streets very crooked in steps as it were along the hillside.

The damage done vessel was greater than I anticipated. The break extended below the water mark, the whole length of the keel."

After a very rough voyage, the "Nevada" arrived in Liverpool in November 1879. After laboring in



Left to right: Back row: Parley S., William A., Sarah, Ernest D., Charles O., Walter D., and LeRoy. Middle row: Alice, Mary Smith, Sarah DeGrey, John D., and Arthur D. Front row: Albert F., Harriet, Maria, and Arnold. Picture on wall: Henry A. Dixon, ca. 1895.

the Liverpool Conference for about a year, Henry was released to return home on account of ill health.

Reaching Salt Lake City in November 1880, he obtained work as assistant bookkeeper for the H. Dinwoody Furniture Co. for one year, then he resigned to take the position of shipping clerk in Z.C.M.I.

He still had his home in Provo where one of his families was living. The other family had moved to Salt Lake to be with him. So when the Z.C.M.I. built their new wholesale house in Provo, he submitted his application for the position as manager. His application was readily accepted and he was installed as the first manager of the Provo Branch of Z.C.M.I. He was then united with his two families and everything went along smoothly and he began to prosper.

This peaceful happiness and prosperity was not to last long. On April 28, 1884, Henry Aldous Dixon was stricken with pneumonia and just one week later, May 4, 1884 he passed on to his reward.

The whole community mourned the passing of this good man in his 49th year. He had friends without number. It is said, "To know Henry A. Dixon was to love him." Little children loved him for his kindness and the consideration he always gave them.

Mrs. Samuel Jepperson has said that she heard President Brigham Young speak in the old Provo Tabernacle and say this of Henry A. Dixon: "Of all the men I know and trust, Henry A. Dixon is the one man I could trust with all my wealth and with all the wealth of the land, knowing full well that it would all be accounted for, in detail, when I desired."

Henry A. Dixon's Ordination as Elder

In the front of Henry A. Dixon's journal #3, commencing 5th of August 1861, is a short autobiography of his life. This page was torn in several places, one of which was his ordination date.

"Henry Aldous Dixon was born on the 14th of March 1835 at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. Baptized 14th March 1856, by Priest John Elliston (page torn). Confirmed and ordained a teacher by E. W. Kershaw at Uitenhage _____ 1856. Ordained a (page torn) by Elder _____ in Port

Elizabeth 1856. Emigrated to America via England November 1, 1856." _____

"_____ drove an ox team through to Great Salt Lake City 1300 miles, arrived there Sept. 12, 1857. Started on an expedition to meet the U.S. Army. Absent 10 weeks, all but two days. Arrived in the City in December, was rebaptized and confirmed by Elder L. I. Smith, baptized December 12, 1857. Ordained a Seventy in the 41st Quorum by Elder Jon Van Cott 24th."

The page is torn on his second ordination, but it is assumed that it was to the office of an Elder, just prior to his departure to England, for upon his arrival in Salt Lake he was rebaptized and ordained a Seventy on December 24th 1857.

The first three Elders to South Africa, William H. Walker, Leonard I. Smith, and Jesse Haven, had all left South Africa the year before Henry A. Dixon's departure.

Probably Elder Edward Slaughter, a local member, ordained Henry A. Dixon an Elder in 1856 at Port Elizabeth. On December 25, 1855, Elder Jesse Haven left South Africa. Then local Elder Edward Slaughter was left in charge of the Latter-day Saints in Port Elizabeth and local Elder Richard Provis in the Cape Conference.

Henry Aldous Dixon Family

	Birth	Death
Henry Aldous Dixon	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
*Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
1 Henry Alfred Dixon	14 Nov 1865	1 July 1867
2 John DeGrey Dixon	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
3 Arthur DeGrey Dixon	5 Oct 1869	5 Jun 1911
4 Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield*	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
5 Sarah Ann Dixon McConachie*	7 Dec 1871	26 Dec 1950
6 Maria Louise Dixon Taylor	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
7 William Aldous Dixon*	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
8 Ernest DeGrey Dixon	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
9 Robert Smith Dixon*	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874
10 Charles Owen Dixon	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
11 Albert Frederick Dixon*	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
12 Walter DeGrey Dixon	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1922
13 Parley Smith Dixon*	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
14 LeRoy Dixon	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
15 Harriet Amelia Dixon West*	24 May 1882	23 Apr 1931
16 Arnold Dixon	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960

Sarah DeGrey Dixon

My Grandmother

by Maria Dixon Taylor, ca. 1923

Sarah DeGrey was born in the town of Dudley, England, February 4, 1844. She was the youngest child of John and Maria DeGrey. She had four sisters and one brother. Her father was a tailor by trade, and it kept him very busy to make a living.

Dudley was a coal camp, surrounded by green rolling hillsides. Upon one of these could be seen the Dudley Castle, of which the people were very proud.

The DeGrey children spent many happy hours near the walls of this structure, which many years previous had been the home of an Earl. The family hadn't joined any church but were of a very honest and moral character. Their home was a most happy home. When Sarah was about eight years of age, this part of England was aroused by the news that there were missionaries from Utah preaching a very strange religion.

One afternoon a cousin who was a dress-maker of Maria DeGrey called at her home and made known to her that a meeting would be held in Dudley by these peculiar people. Maria, out of curiosity, attended and to her surprise was much impressed by the teachings she heard. Later these missionaries visited her home. John Hall, who was President of the Conference, made frequent calls to the DeGrey home. The result was that he had the privilege of baptizing the family. Persecution was apparent on all sides, so President Hall chose night as the proper time to perform this ordinance.

One moonlight evening in a pond nearby, Brother Hall carried Sarah in his arms down into the water and baptized her in the presence of members of the family. As soon as the DeGreys joined the Church, the desire came to go to the land of Zion, but they didn't have the money. The father had died, which made it even harder for them; but Widow DeGrey had much faith and being a devoted mother,

got along as well as could be expected. John Hall very kindly assisted in selling the household goods, etc. and received enough money to pay the passage to America for the mother and four daughters: Kezia, Charlotte, Maria, and Sarah.



Sarah DeGrey Dixon.

In the meantime, John Hall, age 30, by permission of the Church, had married Selena, the oldest of the DeGrey girls. They remained in England, as did the brother, Alfred. The rest took the train for Liverpool where they set sail on the ship "Well Fleet" bound for Boston.

It was in the month of June 1856 when they sailed. The weather was beautiful, the sea being so calm that none of them experienced sea sickness. They were able to enjoy their meals, which consisted of salt bacon, beef, sea biscuits, etc. Sometimes the waiters would give them lumps of brown sugar, which they would dip in vinegar, making a very tasty

luxury. Water was not good. The water barrels were filled at England. Before they got across the ocean, the water smelled bad. Still, it was all they had, and they had to use it. It was very interesting to be on this large sailing vessel. The children spent much time on deck where they could watch the sailors climb the masts and govern the ship and see the funny porpoise jumping up and down in the water. They also saw whales in the distance spurting water. The sailors sometimes would take a swim in the sea, it being so calm. Thus they really enjoyed the trip across the great Atlantic, even though it required six weeks. Many and varied were their experiences during this trip and they are among the not-to-be-forgotten memories of the DeGrey family. They landed at Boston in July 1856.

Mother DeGrey and children were now strangers in a strange land and without funds. They felt pretty blue for a time. One day, to their surprise, a girl friend of Kezia met and invited them to her home at Chelsea across the bay. They felt very grate-

ful and spent many pleasant days at this home. It was necessary to scatter out and work. Each of the girls was placed in a different home. Sarah was sent to the home of an old minister several miles out of Boston. The old minister and his wife lived alone and Sarah became very homesick for her mother and sisters. This was the first time she had ever been separated from her mother. She became so sick that she was put to bed. She could not eat the old dry crusts which they brought her; the grapes she could. She became so weak that they sent word to the mother.

Mother DeGrey explained the situation of her sick baby girl to her employer, Mr. Coburn, who agreed with her that her eleven-year-old girl should be brought where her mother could take care of her. Mr. Coburn, a Boston shoe merchant, was a very kind man and was very appreciative of the good work and the splendid influence Mother DeGrey had brought into his home. He told her to bring her little girl, Sarah, to his home, for she would be a fine companion for his little eleven-year-old daughter. The Coburns became so fond of Sarah, after being with them for eight months, they wanted to adopt her and give her the finest of clothes and education and make a fine lady of her. She and her mother thanked Mr. Coburn for his generous offer, but they wanted to live together as a family and it was to be out West in Utah.

After living at Boston for nine months, the family had saved \$112 to be used for their further journey west. When it became known the DeGreys intended to leave, the Bostonians tried to persuade them not to take such a dangerous trip. They told them of stories of the wild Indians that roamed the plains, and also informed them that Johnston's Army was to be sent to destroy the people in Utah.

John Hall and his wife, Selena, arrived at Boston on the ship "George Washington." They had made the trip in twenty-one days, a record in those days. This caused much talk in Boston. John met with an accident on the ship and was compelled to spend a week in Boston in order to get in proper condition for the long journey before him. At the appointed time, the little company, nine in number, started on their westward journey (April 1857). They took the train as far as the Missouri River. It was the supposed border line of civilization. Arriving at Iowa City they purchased their equipment which consisted of a yoke of cows, a yoke of steers, and a covered wagon. They were ferried across the river on a flat boat and traveled on to Florence, where they joined the main company which was fully organized with Jesse Martin as Captain. The long train of covered wagons commenced the journey. They traveled from 15 to 21 miles a day and stopped wherever they could find suitable camp and feeding places near a creek or



The Dixon boys left to right: Albert F., Arthur D., Parley S., John D., LeRoy, Walter D., Charles O., Arnold, William A., and Ernest D.

river.

Sarah was now a fine-built girl of twelve. She was of a very pleasant nature and assisted much in making it pleasant for her associates. She and a girl companion especially attracted the attention of Captain Martin, who invited them to run along side of his horse while he searched for a new camp ground. They were ahead of the Company and the girls would sing to him and he appreciated it very much. After finding a desirable place, the girls would pick up "buffalo chips" while waiting for the Company to arrive. The wagons would then form in the shape of a horseshoe as a protection against invaders who might come to molest them—for there roamed on these plains the wolf, coyote, buffalo, and wild Indians. After preparing meals they would sit around the camp fires and sing the songs of Zion. They were so thankful for a rest. Different men took turns in herding the cattle outside the enclosure at night. After all had retired it seemed very lonesome. At times they could hear the wolf and the coyotes howl. There was also danger in the buffalo causing a stampede among the cattle. Since there wasn't much room in the wagon, the girls did much walking. Running ahead, they would gather flowers and have a good time.

They could wade most of the streams, but when they came to a large river, like the Platte, they would hang onto the back of the wagon and thus they got across all right. Upon one occasion after the DeGrey wagon crossed the Platte, the oxen and cows gave out. John Hall was left behind the wagon train. Sarah and her sister were running along singing and gathering flowers, when to their surprise, they saw in the distance a band of Indians on horseback. They scampered back to the DeGrey wagon. Three or four of the Indians rode up, encircled the wagon, and poked their black faces in front of the women and children. They screamed and thought perhaps they would be destroyed, as the Bostonians had told them. Thanks to John Hall, who was brave and calm, he whipped the cattle, not paying any attention to the movements of these red skins, and told them there was a large Company ahead. The Indians rode on for a distance, and seeing the camp ahead, rode off. This was a great relief to Mother DeGrey and family. They were glad to again join the Company which journeyed on unmolested. They came down Echo Canyon and viewed Salt Lake Valley. It was quite a contrast to the green lanes of England.

The DeGreys arrived in Salt Lake in September 1857. Sarah had walked practically all the way across the plains—a distance of over one thousand miles.

They all felt to praise God they were so happy and thankful to be in Zion. Excitement now prevailed as the people had received news of the coming of Johnston's Army. They camped in Echo Canyon that winter. The Martin Company was also glad to get in ahead of the Army; otherwise they would have been delayed a whole year.

Maria DeGrey and family lived in the Eleventh Ward. Several years after their arrival in Utah, the older sisters married men who were called by Brigham Young to colonize the Dixie Country. This left Sarah and her Mother alone in their humble Utah home. It seemed that they became more attached to each other than ever before. Henry A. Dixon, a brave young man, had driven a yoke of oxen in the Martin Company and had become acquainted somewhat with the older sisters. Sarah, being quite young, never took much notice of him. He had kept an eye on her and used to listen to her songs as he sat on the wagon tongue around the camp fires.

After coming to Salt Lake, Henry was called on a five-year mission to his home land, Africa. Upon his return, he made friendly visits to the DeGrey home. Sarah, now being a young lady of about twenty years, attracted his attention and their courtship ripened into love. They were married on January 21, 1865 and settled down to married life. He built a neat little log house on the same lot as Mother DeGrey's house so that she could still have the close companionship of her precious daughter.

Henry, being a man of ability, secured a good position in the Tithing Office in Salt Lake City. Their home was a happy one and they continued to reside in Salt Lake City until 1871. During this period of time, three children were born to them. Henry and Sarah were called upon to part with their first born. This was indeed a great sorrow to them. This, however, was the only incident which marred their otherwise happy home during their stay in Salt Lake.

In 1870, the Woolen Mills was established at Provo. Brigham Young sent Henry to this establishment as bookkeeper. He engaged Luke Cook (a butcher), to build him an adobe house one block west of the factory in Provo. It was a peculiar looking house. Architecture seemed to be of second consideration, however it was a very happy home.

In this humble home Sarah continued to live. It was the birthplace of the remainder of her family. She was the mother of nine children and was permitted to raise them all to manhood and womanhood, except her first born.

She deserved much credit for her noble effort

in rearing so noble a family. Her husband was called upon to fill a mission to England in 1880, and it certainly took a heap of courage to face the problems of supporting so many children. This she did without a murmur. She felt equal to any task as long as it was a noble one. After Henry returned home, he secured good employment. All went well and the family began to prosper.

Sarah was not permitted to enjoy this peaceful happiness for long. She was soon called upon to bear the bitterest sorrow of her life. He, who had been so noble and kind, who always brought into his home the peaceful, loving influence of a father, was called to leave the family circle. No one will ever know the feeling of the two widows, except those who have had to part with such a hero among men, and to face the responsibility of providing the necessities of life for a family of eight.

Sarah was not alone in her grief. Her husband had previously obeyed the laws of polygamy, married another wife, and she also was left with a family to care for.

Together they shared each other's sorrows and with one heart, one purpose, and one desire, they struggled for the physical, mental and moral development of the children he had left behind. One in love and one in discipline, they spared no effort to help each child grow and develop into good,

law abiding, God fearing citizens. How well they succeeded—let those who know their children be the judge.

For a few years after the death of her husband, Sarah devoted most of her time to the care of her family. As the children became older, she spent part of her time working for the cause in which she found so much comfort and consolation.

She was a teacher in the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ward for many years. She was also President of the Primary Association. In this capacity she labored for a number of years. In later years she, in connection with Grandma Taylor, devoted a large portion of her time to the cause of the sick, assisting when their services were needed and leaving their blessing for health and comfort in many homes.

On July 4, 1908, she, in company with her daughter-in-law, Electa Dixon, visited the land of her birth. She enjoyed the trip immensely. She returned home in company with her son LeRoy who had filled a two-year mission in Great Britain.

During her declining years, Grandma Dixon tasted the bitter as well as the sweet. Two of her sons, Arthur and Walter, perfect specimens of manhood, passed away. Several of her grandchildren were also taken. These sorrows she bore with fortitude.

In August 1922, her daughter-in-law died, leaving her son, Charles, with a small family and an infant to care for. Grandma Dixon, although in her



Sara DeGrey Dixon family left to right: Back row: Charles O., Maria, and Walter D. Front row: LeRoy, Arthur D., Ernest D., Sarah, John D., and Arnold, ca. 1890.

seventy-ninth year, helped to share the responsibilities of this home. She seemed to receive new strength in this labor of love. The devotion and service she gave these motherless children was wonderful. Her life in Utah was certainly one of service. As a loyal citizen, she served her state. As a devoted wife and mother, she served her husband and children. In obeying the commandments of her Maker, she served her God. As long as there was life within her body, there was a desire within her heart to continue her life of service to her children.

Her children were as follows: Henry Alfred, John DeGrey, Arthur DeGrey, Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, Ernest DeGrey, Charles Owen, Walter DeGrey, LeRoy, and Arnold Dixon.

Since this history was written, the subject of this sketch died April 17, 1926, being more than 81 years of age. Disease incident to old age was the cause of her death. Also, her eldest son, John DeGrey Dixon, passed away October 4, 1923. His sudden death was caused from apoplexy. On December 28, 1926, LeRoy was called home shortly after his Mother. The whole community was shocked at this untimely death of these noble men who were loved by all.

Now in 1945, her only living children are Maria Louise Dixon Taylor and Arnold Dixon.

A Tribute to Mother

To Mrs. Sarah DeGrey Dixon, at a family reunion, on her seventy-fifth birthday, by her son Walter D. Dixon, 1929.

*Of all lives to us, there is no other
Sweeter than that of our own dear Mother.
Born of good parentage, who were ever in search
To know how to live and join the true Church.
So, when the missionaries came, this little band
Gladly emigrated to this Promised Land.*

*Upon leaving Dudley, there was some commotion
In preparing for this trip across the great ocean.
While on their voyage, they were filled with glee
At so many strange sights for them to see.
Upon reaching Boston, though only twelve,
It fell to her lot to work hard and delve.*

*To accumulate money she did her best,
Thereby making it possible to come further West.
The people discouraged them, saying that only a clown
Would leave this good old Boston town.
To take this hazardous trip against the foe
Where only a few white people had ventured to go.*

*Undaunted in Council Bluffs they joined the wagon trains
For a thousand mile walk across the plains.
Discouragements confronted them and when the days seemed
long,
She sang to the Captain her sweetest songs.
Her cheerfulness assisted to gladden his heart,
And made him feel more encouraged to make a new start.*

*From the wagons she never scarcely strayed
For buffaloes and Indians she was sore afraid.
When streams were too deep for them to wade through
They hung onto the wagon—it was the best thing to do.
And her older sister Maria, would say in tones sweet and low,
“Hang on tight Sally, don’t you dare let go.”*

*At last she landed in Utah, her face full of smiles
Even though she had walked these long thousand miles.
You grew to be a beautiful woman and when proposals were
offered your hand
We are glad you chose HENRY A. DIXON of that valiant
Pioneer Band.
You became our Mother and we will all agree,
A better woman one never could see.*

*As a member of the Church you have been true blue,
Living a life most consistent, devoted and true.
You have held fast to the iron rod,
Which makes us more perfect and nearer to God.
When in delicate places we have chanced to stand,
You have always come forward with your helping hand.*

*With a heart full of love, you have beautifully shown
You consider Aunt Mary’s family like that of your own.
For whenever in distress we have made a call,
You have cheerfully responded to us all.
Having a guardian like you, we must not fail
For your path has been a more rugged trail.
God bless you, dear Mother, at this your 75th year
May your future path be full of sunshine, much joy and good
cheer.*

Autobiographical Sketch of Sarah DeGrey Dixon at Age 47

Provo, Utah County, Utah
March 17, 1892

One of the teachers of the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ecclesiastical Ward of the Utah Stake of Zion of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

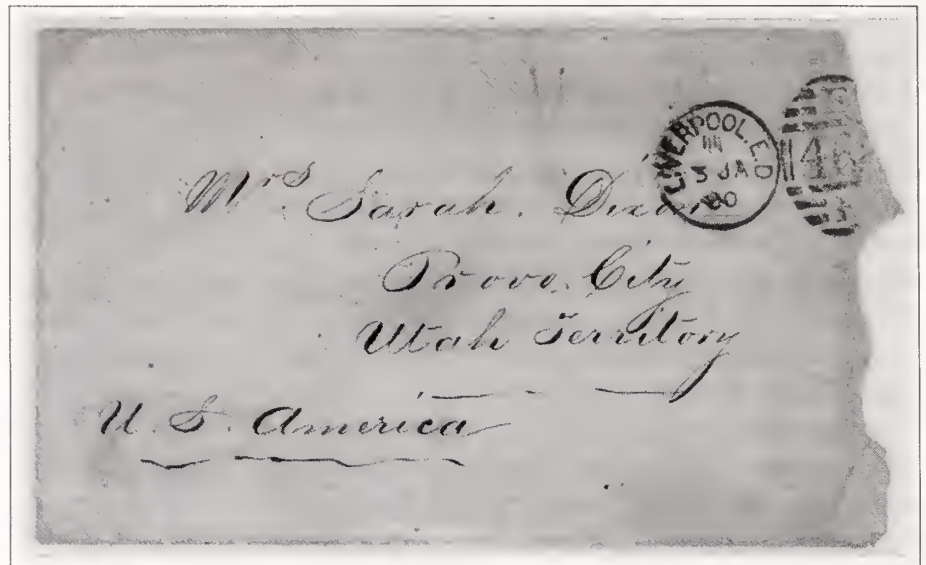
Jubilee Year March 17, 1892

I was born in Dudley, in the County of Worcester, England, February 4, 1844. My father’s name is

John DeGrey and my mother's name is Maria Brooks DeGrey. My father died when I was 2 or 3 years old of dropsy, in England. My mother died in Salt Lake City, Utah in the year of 1876 of hernia, at the age of 71 years. I was baptized in Dudley, Worcester County, England, June 22, 1853 by Elder John C. Hall and confirmed by Elder John Price at Dudley chapel. We emigrated soon after my baptism to Utah after a voyage of six weeks on a sailing vessel called the "Well Fleet" to Boston. Arrived there at the age of 12 years.

Remained in Boston in connection with my mother and sisters; Kezia, Maria and Charlotte, for 9 months to procure money to get to the Valley of Utah in which time we saved up one hundred and twelve dollars (\$112.00) to cross the plains. After three months journey we arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah. I walked every step of the distance from Florence, Iowa to Salt Lake City, having a weak team. Crossed with my brother-in-law, John C. Hall, had 1 yoke of cows and our yoke of oxen and 9 to one wagon. The same fall of the year we arrived in Utah. The men all went out to Echo Canyon to meet Johnston's Army and the balance of the people moved out of Salt Lake City south. We moved to Springville and moved back to Salt Lake City next fall. I married Henry Aldous Dixon in the year 1865 in January in Salt Lake City. Had the following children: Henry Alfred Dixon, born in Salt Lake City 11th Ward, November 14, 1865 and died July 1, 1867 of spinal disease. John DeGrey Dixon was born July 16, 1867 in Salt Lake City 11th Ward. Arthur DeGrey Dixon was born in Salt Lake City 11th Ward, October 5, 1869. Maria Louise Dixon was born in Provo City, January 5, 1872. Ernest DeGrey Dixon was born in Provo City, December 22, 1873. Charles Owen Dixon born in Provo City, November 22, 1875. Walter DeGrey Dixon was born in Provo City on November 15, 1877. LeRoy Dixon was born in Salt Lake City 11th Ward, October 16, 1881. Arnold DeGrey Dixon was born in Provo City, May 30, 1884. His Father died May 4, 1884.

John DeGrey Dixon married Sarah Ann Lewis,



A beautiful letter in an unknown hand to Mrs. Sarah Dixon.

September 18, 1889. Their son, Henry Aldous Dixon born June 29, 1890, the only Grandchild.

My husband died May 4, 1884 of typhoid pneumonia turned to brain fever. Funeral services held in Tabernacle, May 6, 1884. Died in full faith and fellowship in the Gospel with the glorious hope of eternal salvation.

My testimony to all those that read this is, THAT THIS IS THE TRUE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD. I HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO PERFORM MY DUTIES DEVOLVING UPON ME TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY AND IF I HOLD FAST TO THE PATH I HAVE COMMENCED I CAN PASS AWAY WITH THE FULL HOPE OF A GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL SALVATION.

Yours truly,

/S/ SARAH DE GREY DIXON

Written by
John D. Dixon

The above letter was placed in an envelope addressed to "MARIA LOUISE DIXON OR HER CHILDREN, PROVO CITY, UTAH," and placed in the Relief Society Jubilee box together with her (Sarah DeGrey Dixon's) picture taken at age 45 years. This box was not to be opened for 50 years (1942).

Grandmas Sarah Dixon and Eliza Taylor at Wildwood

My earliest remembrances of Wildwood connects them with Grandma Dixon and Grandma Taylor.

In our cabin we only had one separate bedroom. This was the Grandma's Room. Everyone else slept on sanitary couches in the main big family room. Two wicker rocking chairs occupied the front porch. Here the Grandmas could sit and rock, watch the people go up and down the Camp, chat with those who had time to stop, and observe the children playing softball, tennis, volleyball and other sports on the playground.

Sometimes Grandma Dixon would take a dip in the river with the other bathers of the Camp.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the west hills, it was the signal for all the children of the Camp to gather round and go with the Grandmas on their evening walk. One evening the course would lead down to the main road, cross the creek and slowly follow the North Fork Road up to the "Big Cliff" at the top of the Camp. Here the Grandmas and the adults would sit down and rest, and the children would play around, climb the hills for service berries, hunt for precious rocks, or throw rocks in the creek. Grandma Dixon was always cautioning us to be careful so we would not get hurt. How pleased she was when the girls would gather a bouquet of wild

flowers and present to her.

Soon we would cross the creek on the three poles which served as a bridge and proceed down the trail by the creek, past "ground dog" flat and on down the Camp, visiting most of the cabins on the way.

The next evening walk would take us down the main Canyon Road for about a mile to the "Grandmas' Rock." At this big rock the adults would rest while the children played around. Then all would return back past the cow pasture, the frog ponds, the big dead cottonwood tree which was the favorite roost for the Blue Jays, and back to the cabin, arriving just at dusk.

Another favorite walk was down the railroad tracks for about an eighth of a mile to the "Bear's Head." This was a cliff overhanging the railroad tracks and which resembled a bear's head. If you looked real close you could see an eye, the mouth wide open with a tinge of red for the tongue, and even an ear. Everyone kept a little closer together in going along the tracks, for fear of stepping on a rattle snake, or having a skunk run out of the willows and weeds and spraying as he ran.

For the older kids, a trip to Vivian Park was a treat, especially when the Grandmas would let us work at some odd and unnecessary job in order to earn a dime or quarter to spend at the store there.



At Wildwood: Rye Taylor, Ruth, Eliza Taylor, Sarah Dixon, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, ca. 1918.

Maria Louise Dixon Taylor

My Mother

An Autobiography, July 1941

On January 5, 1872 in Provo, Utah, I made my entrance into this world at five minutes past nine o'clock p.m. I weighed ten and one-half pounds. On January 13, 1872 I was christened by my father.

My parents were Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon. I was the only girl in a family of nine children. There were eight brothers: John DeGrey, Arthur D., Ernest, Charles Owen, Walter D., LeRoy, Arnold, and Henry Alfred who was born November 14, 1865 and died in Salt Lake City, Utah on July 1, 1867.

When I was about eight years of age my father was called on a mission to Great Britain. My Aunt Mary, who was father's plural wife, together with her children, my brothers and sisters, moved to our home. It was surely a little house well filled. At one time there were eight of us down with measles. I took cold and they went in on me. I was surely sick. They said I had black measles. My life was almost despaired of but through the faith of my good Mother, I was restored again to health.

While my father was away, my brother Arthur had diptheria. None of the rest of us contracted it from him, although we were in the same small house. Doctors were almost unknown in our home. People at that time seemed to exercise more faith in a Higher Power for healing than the skill of the doctor.

Our home was one of the best in religious environment. Father and mother both were very religious, and their greatest desire was to see their children keep the commandments of God.

We had our family prayers morning and evening and we kept the Word of Wisdom strictly. I never remember seeing tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor in any form in our home.

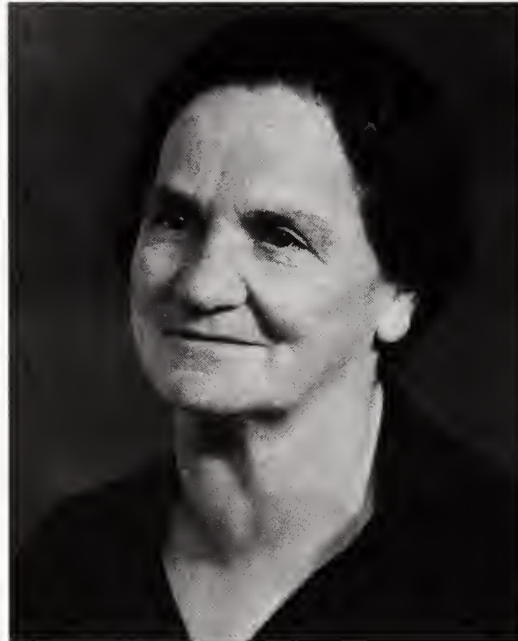
Rigid economy had to be practiced in the home to make ends meet. We had good wholesome food,

which gave us good strong bodies.

My education started in the old Round House. It was two stories tall and built of adobe. It stood on the lot near Lester Taylor's house (corner of 4th West and 1st North). I think Mrs. Oakley was the teacher.

My second school was to the West School, located a block south of the southeast corner of what is now Pioneer Park, on Fifth West and Second South. My teachers here were Laura Larsen, later Mrs. Oran Lewis of Spanish Fork, and her sister Annie, later Mrs. Gillispie, librarian at the BYU for many years, who just recently died at the age of eighty years of age.

My next teacher at the West School was L. A. Wilson, followed by George H. Brimhall, who later became President of the Brigham Young



Maria Louise Dixon Taylor.

University.

A new building was erected in the east part of town, on the corner of First East and Second North. Before the building was completed one large room on the north ground floor was finished and we went from the West School, with our teacher, George H. Brimhall, to what was later called the Parker School. This ended my schooling for some time.

Later, for two terms, I attended the B. Y. Academy, which had temporary quarters in the Z.C.M.I. Wholesale House on South University Avenue, because their building, the Lewis Hall, had burned down. When this Z.C.M.I. building was erected my father was working at the Z.C.M.I. in Salt Lake City, and in 1883 they sent him to Provo to become manager for this new branch of the business.

In the days of my youth we had to make our own amusements. As I look back and compare them with the amusements of today, I think we enjoyed them more because we had to put forth an effort to make them worthwhile; the more we put into a cause the more we get out of it.

We had no picture shows, where we were entertained with little effort on our part. We had

what we called an exhibition in which small children sang or recited. I remember when I was a very small child, one of these exhibitions was put on in Cluff's Hall on Second North and Second East Street. This place was where the Fourth Ward held their meetings and general assemblies before they built their present meeting house. At that time we were living in the Fourth Ward, which extended to Third West. Later the tier between Third and Second West was put into the Third Ward. Now it is in the Fourth Ward again. The upper story, at Cluff Hall, was used by the Church, the lower floor of the building was used for the making of furniture by the Cluff Brothers. This furniture was sold by George Taylor, who became my father-in-law, and owner of what is now Taylor Brothers Company.

My half-sister Sarah, just one month older than I, enjoyed each other's company almost like twins. We dressed alike and were inseparable until we were twelve years of age.

On one occasion, Sarah and I were asked to speak little pieces. The only way they got us to consent to do this was to let us go on the stage together. We went holding each other's hand. I said mine first. It is about the only thing I remember along that line. I think I will write it if I can recall it:

*Come and see me Mary Ann this afternoon at three,
Come as early as you can and stay till after tea,
We'll jump the rope and dress the doll,
And feed my sister's birds,
And read a little story book all full of easy words.*

Then Sarah took courage and began hers. As she was sort of tongue-tied at the time and couldn't pronounce her words plain, it caused a lot of laughter. If I can remember some of it I will give it here:

*I want a piece of calico to make my doll a dress,
I doesn't want a big piece, a yard will do I guess
(and etc. and etc. have forgotten the rest).*

That was my first introduction to performing before the public. As time went on I took several parts in Sunday School entertainments and later M.I.A. We had a lot of fun rehearsing for them, but the audience had more, for they were real side splitting scenes. Many were intended to be real tragedies, such as Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Some were blood curdling scenes such as "Down Black Canyon," with real villains.

Prof. Henry E. Giles put on "Pinafore," a musical comedy. This was staged in the Opera House on First North and First West. This building is now used for the Armory. The first performance went over big. The cast agreed to tour some of the northern towns of Utah County: Pleasant Grove, American Fork, and Lehi. Most of the cast went in lumber wagons, perched upon high spring seats. My brother, John, drove some of the girls over in a two-seated surrey or buggy. I took part as one of the cousins in the chorus. When we were ready for the first performance, one of our main actors did not show up. After searching for some time he was discovered in a saloon with a black eye. As he took the part of Dead



Home at 256 North 500 West, Provo.

Eye Dick, it was quite becoming to him.

Before arriving at Lehi some of the drivers bantered each other for a race, the results were that some of the leading singers had to appear before the audience with bandages on their heads.

We had a lot of sport after it was all over. One of our favorite recreations was dancing. Most of the dances were held in the meeting houses. The benches were either piled in one corner of the room or taken out. Some were left arranged around the room for seats when the dancers were tired and also for the spectators. There were many spectators, especially the older ladies who wanted to know what new love matches were being made. And believe me they knew it all, nothing escaped their notice.

The young married folks took their babies, if they had no one to leave them home with. After nursing them they were put in their buggies or laid on a pillow on a bench in the back room.

There were very few round dances. The Church at one time asked the people not to dance them, but they gradually came back again. The square dances, such as the plain quadrille, scotch reel or polygamy dance, as some called it, where each man had two women partners, were enjoyed by young and old. There were no wall flowers during the square dances. The lancers was a very pretty dance, as was the waltz quadrille.

Surprise parties were very popular. The young married people joined with the older ones. My mother and mother-in-law often accompanied us and our babies. What good times we had, although some of the men did not enjoy them. My husband never did like them. He did love dancing though, and was a very graceful and good dancer.

In the summer time, for a few years, a dance floor was laid amongst the big cottonwood trees in Tanner's Park. This park was across the street from the old adobe yard which was the second fort of our first pioneers, who came to Provo. It is now called Sowiette Park. It was grand to dance there by moonlight to sweet strains of music. Tanner's Park holds sweet memories to hundreds of people who used to attend our Ward reunions there. It was great sport to go swimming in the stream running through the park. The girls had a swimming hole there. I never heard of a boy's swimming hole in the park.

There were large swings in the park and we girls enjoyed going there with our boy friends. They used to swing us so high we nearly touched the branches of tall trees. A boy stood on each side of the swing a hold of each end of a rope; by putting the rope across our waist we were pushed ever so much

higher.

In the summer time we looked forward to the Fourth of July and Twenty-fourth of July. After a day or two of cooking and packing we were all very excited about going to the canyon. As soon as it was daylight, not later than four o'clock, we climbed into a wagon. Most of the wagons had a white canvas stretched over the bows and supports to shelter you from the sun and rain. It took hours to get into the canyon then, where it only takes minutes now.

My children make quite a joke of it now. If we are going on a trip they say we must start at daybreak or mother won't think she is going on an outing.

Our Ward outings were looked forward to. Some times we went over to Nielsen's Park on the hill above Lake View. This place had beautiful trees and arbors with climbing roses and vines, large fields for ball games, swings, and a merry-go-round. Some times we went to the Old Lake Resort at Utah Lake, where we enjoyed bathing, boating, and dancing. A street railway ran from town through the swamps and marshes to the resort. Mr. William Probert was owner of it. It did not last long, as he lost a great deal of money on it. My bathing suit was very different from those the girls wear today. There was an undergarment of black sateen with elastic in the bottom which held it tight around the knee. The outer garment was made of black alpaca or mohair, with high neck, sleeves to the elbow, a belt joining the waist and skirt which came below the knee. We always wore black cotton stockings that reached above the knee. In case we forgot our stockings, it was just too bad for us, as we didn't dare to go in with bare legs.

Our winter sports consisted of skating and sleigh riding. As soon as the ditches froze over, we who had no skates or didn't know how to skate, enjoyed sliding on the ice.

Most children had home-made sleds. They were rather



Arthur and Rye, ca. 1934.

crude, but answered the same purpose as the very fine ones my children and grandchildren have now.

Bob-sleighting was the most fun for all. A wagon box was put on runners, and nice, clean straw was put in the bottom with hot rocks and bricks and plenty of quilts to keep one warm. It didn't matter how cold the weather was. A good team with plenty of sleigh bells, put us in the spirit for a good time. We generally ended by all joining in singing songs.

I had a very happy girlhood. My sister Sarah and I, being so near the same age, have always been very much attached to each other. I have always admired and loved my sister Alice. She, being older than Sarah and I, never cared for dolls and to play house with us. She would rather play with my brother, Arthur, who was nearer her own age.

My greatest ambition was to marry a clean, honest, Latter-day Saint man and have a fine, happy family. I am happy to say that ambition has been realized just as I wished it to be.

My father died when I was twelve years of age, on the fourth of May 1884, not long after his return from the mission field. He left two wives and thirteen children. My mother's family is as follows: John DeGrey, Arthur D., Ernest, Charles Owen, Walter D., LeRoy, and myself. (Arnold was born three weeks after Father's death).

Aunt Mary's family is as follows: Alice, Sarah Ann, William Aldous, Albert F., Parley S., and Harriett Amelia (Hattie).

My mother was only thirty-nine years of age when Father died. We were not in poverty, but it was a struggle to make ends meet. Mother wished me to have every advantage, being her only girl, but I felt I had younger brothers who needed more education than I. If I could find something to do I could help my brothers. My brother John procured a job for me in the Provo Book and Stationery Co., where I worked for some time under Robert Skelton. George S. Taylor being a stockholder came in and Mr. Skelton was released.

In a short time Mr. Skelton went in business for himself, and I went to work for him until I was married to Arthur N. Taylor on the 9th of May 1894, in the Salt Lake Temple by President John R. Winder counselor to President Joseph F. Smith.

Our mode of transportation in those days was much slower than now. We left home on Tuesday morning on the Union Pacific steam line train in order to be in the Temple on Wednesday morning. We went in the Temple at eight o'clock in the morning, getting out late in the afternoon. There was only one session a day then. Now there are about seven.

Then we had to wait until Thursday to get home again. There was only one train a day. Now you can make the round trip in just a few hours.

Before this time my brothers built my mother a nice home at 270 North 5th West. It is now owned by my eldest son, Arthur D. and family. We did enjoy our new home with its large spacious rooms after having been so crowded in our little home.

My brother, John, worked as book and time keeper for Samuel Liddiard. He also was bookkeeper for Smoot Lumber Co.

Arthur and Ernest worked as water carriers for Samuel Liddiard, and finally they learned the mason trade from him. They did the brickwork for mother's home. John traded one of our teams to Tom Patten for his services to do the carpenter work on the house. Mother took boarders to help get money to pay for the materials. Her farm furnished produce for the table. By planning and hard work, our home was built.

After our return from Salt Lake, in preparation for our wedding reception, all the beds and furniture that could be spared were moved out of our house to make room for guests. One hundred and forty-eight guests and relatives sat down to a real banquet.

Our first home was on First North between Second and Third West, just north of Taylor Bros. Co. Store where my husband worked. We lived in this little home and were very happy. I used to say it was like playing house, when only two of us sat at the table, after being used to such a large family at home.

Some time later we moved into my mother's old home. We had it renovated and cleaned throughout. It was very comfortable. In this home our first child, Arthur D., was born on the 4th day of October 1895. A year later we moved into our own home, which was built on part of my mother's lot. She was very anxious to have me near her. As we had little money, we built two rooms first, then we added other rooms as we were able to pay for them. Although not the most modern with all conveniences, still it holds many fond memories for me. Our children, all but one, were born there: Lynn D. was born on the 6th of May 1898, Elton LeRoy on the 22nd of June 1900, Henry D. on the 22nd of November 1903, Alice L. on the 18th of November 1906, Clarence D. on the 11th of May 1909, Orson Kenneth on the 3rd of November 1913, and Ruth Elaine on the 20th of March 1917.

My husband's parents were pioneers who crossed the plains and endured the hardships of the early pioneers. They had barely enough money to pay for



Maria Dixon Taylor.

their passage. They buried two children before reaching the Valley.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor suffered many trials that would ordinarily have crushed a much stronger woman. She was physically weak but spiritually strong. She trusted in her Heavenly Father and came through victorious. I have never seen a person with such strong faith.

I remember on one occasion we were all camped at South Fork, Provo Canyon. A terrible flood came down, and the creek near our tents was in danger of overflowing and washing us out. The women gathered their children ready to rush to the nearby mountains. Grandma Taylor said, "Girls, where is your faith? Did you say your prayers and ask your Heavenly Father's protection? If you did, cover up your heads and be quiet." She told her son, Tom, to go to the river bank and watch. She would pray. That had the desired effect and all was well.

My mother and she were very dear friends and loved each other very much. For about sixteen years they looked forward to several weeks visit with us at our summer home in "Wildwood," Provo Canyon. It was a joy to us all to have them with us. It meant so much to our children partaking of their sweet uplifting influences. My husband purchased two easy wicker rocking chairs, just alike, and placed them on the front porch of our cabin and they sat in "state," as it were, to receive homage from all the campers as well as guest who came to our resort. For they were both loved by everyone. The chairs are still placed on the porch when we are there, but the two noble women who occupied them have passed on to

a great reward which they so richly deserve.

Some time after our marriage, my husband was called to preside over the Y.M.M.I.A. in the Third Ward. He held this position for seven years. Then he was called into the mission field. At times, after the babies came along, and tussling with them all day (for they were cross due to colic) I felt at night, how soothing it would be to have my husband sit by my side and tell me things that would take my mind from such a strenuous day. But alas! my hopes were gone, when he came in and said, "Mother, will you please hurry with supper while I wash and prepare to go out." I knew it was not Mutual night, but he said, "You see, it is Mutual League tonight." I said, "But why do you have to go? You have spent months of time and a lot of money (for I know) getting the hall and equipment ready. Can't they get along without you?" He would look at me in a wistful way (for he loved his home and family) and say, "You know I would love to stay with you, but we have just got to make a success of this physical education program. If we get the boys interested there, we can get them interested in our Mutual meetings. You know, Mother, if I say come on boys let's go, it will have more weight with them than if I say go on boys and have a good time."

As usual I could see his point of view. I let my mind run back a few months to the times when the boys were not coming out to their meetings as they should. They were seeking amusements and other things which were not of the best environment. The officers talked it over. They thought instead of trying to preach them to Church, it would be better to lead them in a different way. They rented the Horton Building where the Superior Motor Co. stands on the corner of Center Street and Fifth West. They took out the partitions and made a large room upstairs for a gym. The next thing was to find money for the equipment. My husband and William P. Silver took the delivery wagon and a span of mules from Taylor Brothers Company and went to Salt Lake City to a second-hand store where they paid three hundred dollars, cash, for the apparatus. I know how hard they had worked and I concluded I would make it just as easy as possible for him even if it did mean three nights a week being without his company.

One thing we women did do—we got together and said the women need a little relaxation as well as the men. We made us gym suits. Mine was of wine colored flannel from the Woolen Mills, with a black water wabe ribbon sash and a bow tied at the back. We hired Miss Mame Gates, the gym teacher at the

Academy, to teach us. One night a week was hubby's turn to stay at home and take care of the children. What fun we did have. First swinging the dumbbells and Indian clubs, then on the giants ride, last but not least going over the vaulting pony (or trying to) then through the exercises. Some of the older ladies, when they were on the floor flat on their back and told to get up without touching their hands, found difficulty in doing it which caused a lot of fun. It made the women more contented to stay at home three nights a week if they had one night out.

Before our marriage, my husband purchased some stock in Taylor Bros. Co. where he was working.

October 20, 1900 my husband left for a mission to Great Britain. We had just completed our home and furnished it. We had 3 boys, the youngest, Elton being three months old. I wanted to take boarders or do something to help pay his expenses. He would not consent to this. He, with my mother and brothers worked out a plan unknown to me.

The furniture in the house should be sold and the house rented. Then he was sure I could not do something that would undermine my health. He felt my children were enough to care for. My mother and brothers were very happy for the opportunity of having me and my children, who they adored, come home and live with them.

I shall never forget how I felt when I was packing the things and breaking up our home, which we had struggled so hard to build and furnish. It was like parting with old friends. Now I can see it was the only thing for us to do. We rented the house to Doctor Slater.

My baby, Elton, cried so much with colic it nearly wore me out. The strange thing about it was the more he cried the fatter he became.

When he was four months old he weighed twenty-two pounds. I became so nervous and was in such a run down condition, I had nervous headaches which kept me down a great deal of the time.

The first month my husband was in the mission field I sent him ten dollars. When Grandma Taylor found out, she was hurt and said, "Please don't send any more; don't you see he will get his blessing for leaving his work and his family? You will get yours for sacrificing his company so willingly and doing for the children out of your limited means. Please let me finance him so that I may share the blessings with both of you." She won. I never sent any more money. She certainly was blessed as he was appointed President of the Birmingham Conference in the city where she and her husband lived and left from,

when they decided to join the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. Now their son could carry the same message that a good Elder had brought her, back to her native land.

My husband enjoyed his work so much. He loved the country and the people, and was so anxious to have me come to England and enjoy the sights with him, which at that time seemed an impossibility to me. By him urging from that side, and my folks on this, I finally consented. My mother came to my rescue, telling me she thought she had enough experience in caring for children to be capable of caring for mine in my absence. Grandmother Taylor borrowed the money and my brother-in-law, T. N. Taylor, secured a pass for my railway fare to Chicago and return, which was a great help.

I left Provo August 4, 1902 for Salt Lake City. There I met Mrs. Wm. Smith, whose husband was laboring in Birmingham, England with my husband.

My brother, Albert, was called on a mission to Great Britain and accompanied us. At Ogden, Utah, Walter Parry, another missionary, joined us, making a party of fourteen.

The first night out I was very ill. I don't know if the cause was due to eating such a hearty lunch we had prepared, or sleeping in an upper berth. The next morning I was feeling fine and enjoyed the trip, going through the sage brush country of Wyoming and the corn fields of Nebraska. We spent two days in Boston, including a trip to the Emerson Piano Co. where we met Mr. Edward Payson, manager of the Piano Co. Albert and I presented letters of introduction given us by T.N. Mr. Payson treated us very kindly. Although he was a very busy man, he closed his desk and told the office force he would be out for the day. We left our hotel at 9:00 a. m. and returned to our hotel at 7:00 p.m. after visiting many points of interest in the older part of Boston including Kopp Cemetery, one of the oldest cemeteries and occupied by Italians. We had dinner in one of the Italian restaurants and spent some time at the different beach resorts.

The second day we sailed on the Commonwealth, one of the largest boats afloat at that time. Our voyage was perfect as far as the weather was concerned. A traveling salesman told me it was his thirty-fourth trip and the best trip of all. There was hardly a wave.

We saw two whales spouting water in the air a short distance from us and schools of porpoise. We experienced a great thrill as we approached the Irish Coast. It surely did look good to see land again. When we arrived at Liverpool, England, my hus-

band and Elder Smith were at the docks to meet us. I was very happy to meet Art, but sad to part with Albert. He was assigned to labor in the Grimsby Conference. Hull was Albert's headquarters, the birthplace of his Mother.

We arrived in Birmingham about 10:00 p.m. Rode about three miles from the station, on top of the bus or tram where we could look into the pubs or saloons and see women in there drinking. Many were drunk, holding babies in their arms. When we reached the Conference House at 230 Albert Road, the Elders were all up and waiting to see what the President's wife looked like. They invited us in for supper. I told them we had our lunch in Liverpool. They laughed and said you must eat five or six meals a day. I told them I was sure I never could do that, but it was only a short time until I ate every time I had a chance, and was still hungry. All I wanted to do was eat and sleep. The result was seventeen pounds gained in two months.

My first Christmas away from home was spent in England, the birthplace of my mother. When I came down the stairs, the mantel above the fireplace was decorated with all kinds of things, mainly lovely presents for Sister Smith and me from the Elders. Among the gifts was a small pig from Elder Spokes. It had a little verse stating it was just a reminder that when he visited at my home I was to serve him a suckling pig, for he was a true Englishman. I never had that privilege. He died in Salt Lake City shortly after his return home.

Art arose earlier than I and there was a beautiful black, silk dress on my bed. He told me to get up and try it on, if it fit I could have it for a Christmas present. I found out he had the same dressmaker make it for me that I had engaged to make me another dress; therefore she had my measurements.

We had dinner at Art's Uncle Ebb and Aunt Harriet hands', where we were treated very kindly.

My first disappointment came at Conference time when I expected my husband would be released. President Francis M. Lyman was there and said that President Taylor could not be spared at that time. It would be six months more. I felt very badly and told President Lyman I thought he was a very hard hearted man. It meant I would have to go home without my husband, as I had left three children at home. He said very quietly, "Very well, President Taylor can spend ten days in London with you."

I was arranging with Elders Lund and Brough, of Nephi, and others to accompany them home, when I received a letter from mother saying in case Art did not get his release, I was to stay as the

children were well and she was getting along fine. I stayed seven months and shall always feel grateful to my mother for the extra time I stayed. It was the most enjoyable time of all. I was more acquainted and better able to find my way around. Sister Smith and I were always spotted as Americans, especially when I handed a clerk three five dollar gold pieces or three pounds English money, for a twelve shilling purchase (\$2.50).

Art used to write about how wonderful the pantomines were, but I never expected to see them. In Birmingham I saw "Jack and the Beanstalk," and thought it the most wonderful thing I had ever seen, but when I was in London and saw "Mother Goose or the Goose that Layed the Golden Egg," I felt that I had been transformed into another world. The beautiful girls who flew from the stage out over the pit (the area where we were sitting) and dropped flowers were spectacular. There were about one thousand people on the stage for the finale. This was at the old Drury Lane Theatre, a very old and noted place. I also saw "Puss in Boots" at the Hippodrome Theatre in London and many very wonderful stage plays.

The Tower of London was a very interesting place. I was thrilled to see the beautiful jewels and crowns of the Kings and Queens, set with such precious stones. We went into the different towers where so many notable people and royalty had been imprisoned. Some had even traced their coat of arms on the stones with their own blood. We stood on the spot where the guillotine stood that beheaded Ann Bolyn, the wife of Henry VIII. A brass plate marks the spot. The moat that encircles the tower was a drilling ground for the different regiments of soldiers. We enjoyed watching the drills.

Our trip to Westminster Abbey was most interesting. It gives you a rather queer sensation to stand in these high places, with stone monuments on each side representing royalty or some famous person who was buried underneath the building, many under the stone floor. St. Paul's Cathedral was wonderful too.

I can't begin to tell all the wonderful things I saw, but Madam Tussauds' Wax Works was so outstanding to me. I could hardly believe that the wax figures were not real living people, much to the amusement of my husband who stood a short distance away watching me. The British Museum was full of so many interesting things, a person could spend weeks there and then not see them all. I said I had seen more in that ten days than about all my life before.

When we returned to the Conference House,

the Elders wanted to know if I was ill. I was so thin and looked so haggard, but we had such a short time to see so much.

I always loved to read about the old castles in England and what a thrill I got when I was able to go through some of them. Art took me to Warwick Castle, Lord and Lady Warwick resided there. When they were in London the flag was hoisted on the castle and the public was allowed to go through. The grounds were very beautiful too. I decided I would not like to live in these rooms, they were so large and bare. I think I enjoyed the Maxtoke Castle more than any. The public was not allowed in there; but one of our friends, Charles Wells, who was Station Master and a friend of the caretaker, got permission for us to go through. It was built in 1385 and in a perfect state of preservation. It was the only castle I saw with the original moat filled with water and covered with water lilies all out in bloom.

Art and I spent a very happy day at Dudley Castle. The ruins are still standing on a hill above the city. As I stood there, I fancied I could see my mother playing on the castle green, as it was called, with her sister and other children, when she was a child. Dudley was her birthplace and she lived there until she left for America when about eleven years of age.

We visited many places of interest and I enjoyed everything so much, but sometimes my heart was very heavy when I thought of being separated from my children.

In February 1903, my husband received his release to return home on the ship "Canada" which sailed on the 19th of February. I was so happy I felt I was walking on air. Art did not feel that way. He said there were so many things he wanted to accomplish that he had started. It was some job packing and getting ready to leave. Most of the Elders came in and many parties were given for us and Brother and Sister Smith (the lady I went over with). We all shed tears at the station where so many friends came to see us off. We had learned to love those people and we knew it would be the last time we would see many of them; others we expected to meet in Utah. When we arrived in Liverpool, we found the ocean very rough and we had to go out to the ship in a tender. President Lyman bid us goodbye at the office, but before the vessel sailed he, with others, came out and onto the ship. He said we would have a very rough voyage, but we would land in safety. The time came when we were very thankful to President Lyman for those words. We did have seven days of storm and nearly all the passengers were sick. The

Captain, mate, and nearly all the crew were also sick. Art went down to bed at Queenstown, Ireland and was never back on deck until we reached Halifax, Canada, one beautiful Sunday morning. It was quite a sight to see this harbor surrounded by huge cannons to guard against enemies coming in. About half of our passengers got off the boat at this place. From there we sailed down to Boston, glad to be on land again after many exciting experiences.

We went to the Emerson Piano Factory to visit Mr. Payson. He was very kind to us and introduced us to Mr. Powers, president of the company, and many of the official staff. He went to the station to see us off. We arrived in Chicago about 11:00 p.m. Now we had to be separated. Art took a taxi and we drove across the city. He put me on the Union Pacific, as my pass was on that line, and he came home on the D. & R. G. Railway, which was the line the Church chose at that time. I arrived in Salt Lake and went to the National Bank, where my brother John had his office. We went to his home and when I met Sarah we both wept. I was so glad to see her. John said that was a funny way of showing our joy. At that time there was only one train a day to Provo. I had to wait until evening, when my brother, Charles, who was working in Salt Lake, accompanied me home. When we reached Provo, Mother was there with my husband and children. When I rushed to take Elton, my baby in arms, he screamed and said, "Go away; I want my mamma. She has gone on that train." That nearly broke my heart. After being away for seven months, my baby had forgotten me. The strange part of it was when I left he could only say a few words and now he talked so plain. In a short time he came to me and said, "You are my mamma." After looking at me he remembered me again.

After nearly three years of separation, it was grand to be home again with our family. We only furnished three rooms, as we shared two rooms of our home with Brother and Sister Salt. They came to Provo from Salt Lake and could not find a home to live in, so they lived with us for one year until they went back to England. After they left, we began to furnish our home again.

As our family was increasing, for we had four boys now, Henry being born November 22, 1903, we decided we had a problem on our hands. We needed to find employment for them during vacation time to keep them from running the streets.

My husband and my brother, Arthur, bought a farm in Grandview from Ed Loose. Five acres was in grapes. Since they weren't a very good variety, these were taken out and in their place eight hundred Bar-

tlett pears and a large peach orchard were planted.

During the summer, the farm house was cleaned and made comfortable for us to live in. I enjoyed living out there. We had a beautiful view of the valley and lake below us, as our house was on a hill. As Art had his work to do at the store, it was necessary for me to go out with the boys and supervise them. We also hired men to do the heavy work. Before going to the farm, we bought an incubator holding four hundred eggs. It was so interesting to watch the eggs.

In twenty-one days the incubator was alive with the cutest little biddies. We had fireless brooders made for them on the farm. I took a great deal of pleasure in caring for them. I also had my first vegetable garden and it was wonderful to study catalogues in order to know of the best varieties of seed, etc. I had the earliest garden, the first peas in Provo and sold some of them to John T. Taylor for \$3. 25 a bushel.

We did enjoy our vegetables and being able to pick them fresh each morning from our own garden. Also the luscious strawberries, with thick cream from our own Jersey cows, fresh eggs and home-cured ham, and all kinds of choice fruits from our orchard. We raised our own hay to feed our horses and cows.

As I had help in the home, I devoted the most of my time outside. I took great delight in trying to make the most outstanding butter. I had more customers than I could supply; although at times I was making forty pounds a week. It was not such hard work, as I had a fine churn and a large butter worker, etc. The buttermilk was delicious and I learned to like it better than the water we had to drink.

The first season was a very busy time for us. We hired a great deal of help. At times I had twenty-seven people in the packing house, packing peaches and pears, as well as a large force of men out in the orchard picking the fruit. My husband loaded cars with our fruit, together with some of the neighbors' fruit, and shipped them to R. Bingham & Son in Omaha, Nebraska. I enjoyed every day I was on the farm, but I took too much responsibility, against my husband's wishes. He felt I was overdoing myself, so he hired a man, Roland Snow, to take his family and live there the year round. We spent many summers there and I hated to give it up, for our boys were at the age where they needed something to employ their time and give them good strong bodies. The boys had another thought. They felt they should be free when out of school to do as the other boys did.

We had an understanding with Roland to take the boys during the summer months and supervise their work. He was a fine man, and we had much

confidence in him.

Art could always see something that was needed on the farm. His cows all had their pedigrees and most of the horses and hogs, which cost a lot of money. Sometimes I complained, especially when I wanted something new for my home or other purpose. He always had to do something extra on the farm. There was a silo to be built, a new fence to be put up, or new machinery needed. I told him it was a good place to throw money away, with scarcely any returns. Expenses were very heavy. His reply would be, "Which is the best, to spend money the way which will keep your boys from roaming the streets, and which would be your boys salvation, or save the money?"

During my early married life, Hattie Hands, a cousin of my husband who came from England to make her home with Grandma Taylor, lived with me for about five years. She then married my brother, William.

When I was in England, I met Janet Poole, a convert to the Church during Art's time there. Later I was in need of help and she emigrated to Utah and came to our home. She was a great help to me while my children were small, not only helping in the home, but her influence was felt for good as she had high ideals. I am sure she suffered many times with the confusion when all the neighbor children came in to play in stormy weather. She hadn't been around many children in England. She was very much attached to my two youngest children, Kenneth and Ruth. We all felt she was part of our family and missed her after being with us for nearly thirteen years when she married Joseph Munk of Logan, and went there to live. She worked as an officiator in the Logan Temple for many years and treats us royally when we pay her a visit.

I have always been inclined toward religion. It has always been easy for me to believe in the word of the Lord, when spoken through His servants. I have always enjoyed attending my meetings in the different organizations, in my youth and also in later life. I have a great satisfaction in doing my duty whenever I have been called.

I worked in the Primary as a teacher with Edith Holt. Then I was made a counselor to Mary E. Davis. In May 1913, our Ward was divided and Sister Davis was chosen President of the new Ward (Pioneer Ward). I was set apart as President of the Third Ward. I resigned after working about ten years.

I worked in the Relief Society as class leader of the Theology until October 13 _____, after serving for nearly twenty years. At the present time I am a

district teacher with my sister, Sarah McConachie. I feel that Relief Society is one of the greatest organizations of our Church.

I have helped at many social affairs, bazaars, and other things to raise money.

I was elected Treasurer of the County Camp of the Daughter of the Pioneers, and a holdover the second term, making four years in all. Grace L. Cheever was President of the first term and Bernetta M. Beck the second term.

I learned to love those on the board and enjoyed my work very much. In June 1939 I was elected Historian of the 4-6 Camp of D. U. P. In 1941 our Camp was divided on Ward lines. The new Camp in the Third Ward will be called Camp Provo. I was elected Historian of the new Camp.

In April 1937, Bishop Eves called a few ladies to meet him after Church one Sunday. He told us he was calling us as a committee of the widows of the Ward to raise means to cover the large room in the Chapel with floor coverings, after the remodeling was completed. We felt it was a huge task, but if the Lord would help us, we would do our part. Sarah L. Dixon was chosen as Chairman. Later she was ill, and I was chosen Chairman. We all worked very hard. We made quilts, rugs, put on a bazaar; but

made most money by having pie sales. The pies were made by our own committee. Our pies were sought after in every part of town. We raised over six hundred dollars in cash. Our carpet cost over thirteen hundred dollars. The balance was made up by the Church. We certainly felt the Lord had blessed the "Widows Mite." I never worked with a finer group of women.

Our children, all but Alice, attended the Timpagnos School. She went to the BYU Training School.

After Arthur finished high school at the BYU, he worked in the office of Taylor Bros. Co. for one year, then he was called to fill a mission to Australia. He celebrated his twenty-first and twenty-fourth birthdays there. He was gone for four years. He acted as President of the New South Wales Conference, also Mission Secretary for sometime. About a year after his return home, he married Maurine Goodridge. They have the following children: Elayne, Kent, Nancy, and Dixie.

A short time after Arthur's return home, Lynn was called as a missionary to the Northwestern States. He served as Conference President part of the time. He was released after serving about twenty-eight months. After his return home, he graduated from college and married Celestia Johnson. They



From left, back row: Elton, Clarence, Alice, Henry, and Kenneth. Front row: Arthur D., Maria D., Ruth, Arthur N., and Lynn.

have the following children: John Arthur, Janice, Lynn Anne, Kathryn, and George Terry.

Elton followed Lynn into the mission field, going to the Eastern States. He was appointed President of the West Penn. Conference, where he labored for about two and one-half years. On March 31, 1926 he married Ethel Scott. Their children are: Julia, James Scott, Paul, and Louise.

Henry went into the same mission as Elton, the Eastern States, and was there for nine months before Elton's release. Henry served as Mission Secretary under President B. H. Roberts, with headquarters in New York City, for about one year. He was transferred to Connecticut, where he became President of that Conference. After his return he went to college where he graduated and later married Alta Hansen. They have the following boys: Henry D., Anthony, Stephen, and David Arthur.

Alice graduated from the BYU where she acted as Secretary and Historian of the college her last year. She spent much time and study in oil and water color painting and made some very fine pictures. After graduating, she went into the interior decorating department at DTR Co., to help her brother, Lynn. She worked there until her marriage to El Roy Nelson. They went to Troy, New York to live, where he had a position to teach at the Russell Sage College. They have the following children: Arthur Taylor, John Christian, Christina Louisa, Henry Aldous, and James. They had a nice home in Denver where he taught at the Denver University. They then moved to Salt Lake City where he taught at the University of Utah and later became a vice-president at the First Security Corporation.

Clarence filled a mission to South Africa, the birthplace of my father. He acted as Mission Secretary for over a year and a half. Then he was sent to Port Elizabeth to act as President of that District. He labored for twenty-eight months and was then released. He came home by way of the East Coast of Africa and the Holy Land, where he saw some very interesting sights. After his return home he worked at DTR Co. and graduated from the BYU.

Kenneth, the last of our six sons, was called to labor in the British Mission. He first went to Portsmouth, later to the Birmingham Conference to be the President, the office his father held in the same Conference thirty-six years before. After two years he was released to return home. At Christmas time he started school and graduated from college in the spring of 1939, after which he went to work at DTR Co. He later married Ethelyn Peterson.

Ruth graduated the same day as Kenneth.

She had signed a contract to teach at the Franklin School, where she has taught for three years. She is very much interested in oil and water color painting and has made some very fine pictures. She later married Fred D. Kartchner.

My life has been a very happy one, although any mother raising a family has a few strenuous and anxious moments and years, especially during sickness. None of our children had any severe illness. All have grown to adult man- and womanhood.

My husband worked at Taylor Bros. Co. for thirty years and proved to be a very successful businessman and was loved by those working under him. Some of the boys felt they had been working for others so long and would like to go in business for themselves. They wanted Art to join them. We borrowed the money to erect the building where DTR Co. is located. It was quite an undertaking, for none of them had but very little money. They all worked very hard and we all had to make sacrifices. After twenty years, we are all proud of the progress made. At this time, July 1941, they have seven stores with workmen doing a very efficient work.

My husband worked day and night, as did the others, to make it a success. The responsibility was just too great and his health began to fail. In 1930 he had a severe hemorrhage of the stomach and was never entirely well after; although he kept up his part of the work. The Depression added to his other worries. He had a slight stroke, which took the use of his limbs and speech. I called the older boys and had them administer to him. After that he was able to get around and talk, but was never as active again.

On December 13, 1934, the doctor thought if we took him away from the business the change would help him. We went to Mesa, Arizona, as the climate in the winter was mild and dry. We spent three months there, with little improvement in his condition. After returning home we took him to the clinic in Salt Lake. After a thorough examination, we were told there was no cure for him. He had high blood pressure which brought about hardening of the arteries and his stomach trouble came back again in a severe form.

Clarence had a bathroom put in our cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon, and I stayed there with him until two weeks before his death, which occurred September 10, 1935. His loss was felt keenly by all, but I felt reconciled because my religion teaches me that after our spirit leaves this earth it returns to the home it lived in before coming to this earth, and progresses on.

I was left with a family any mother could be

proud of. All of my children are thoughtful and considerate of me and my happiness.

Art's funeral service was held in the Stake Tabernacle on September 14, 1935, and was attended by over one thousand people. The stand was banked with beautiful flowers.

Five years later I was called upon to part with my sixth and youngest son, Kenneth, one of the sweetest and most angelic spirits ever sent into a home. He was loved by everyone. In fact many remarked it seemed he was almost too perfect for this world. I feel very thankful he was permitted to remain in our home for twenty-seven years.

When he was fourteen years of age, he had rheumatic fever which affected his heart. June 27, 1940, he married Ethelyn Peterson. They went to New York where he took a six-week course in Home Furnishings. He studied too hard, which overtaxed his heart. On their return home they came to our home, but it seemed he couldn't regain his health. After an illness of two months, he passed away in the Utah Valley Hospital, where he was taken the week before, on October 31, 1940. He was buried on his twenty-seventh birthday, November 3, 1940.

Again I had to hide my grief with an assurance it was the will of our Heavenly Father, who had a greater work awaiting him. His works and records recorded on earth will be approved, and a royal welcome would be awaiting him by his Father and other loved ones.

It is hard to part with any of our loved ones, but I am so grateful I have seven of the kindest and dearest children anyone could wish for, left to bring joy and comfort in my declining years. In fact, I feel that I am one of the most blessed women in the world.

My mother was nearly eighty-two years of age when she died. I have lost six brothers, most of whom were very outstanding citizens, church workers, and community builders.

Note: The greatest part of her next few years were devoted to genealogical research work and the writing and compiling of individual pioneer histories. Being Historian of her local Daughters of the Pioneers Camp, she was the means of accumulating and having bound a volume of pioneer histories, which is now in possession of the Camp Officers.

She searched out thousands of names, bearing the names of her ancestors, then submitted them to the Index Bureau and on to the Temple for baptisms, sealings, and endowments.

Extracts from Her Diary

Sunday, January 11, 1942

I fell on the waxed floor and suffered a very bad wrenched back and torn ligaments. I was in bed for about three weeks.

October 28, 1946

Suffered a great deal with my back, and for the past two years, almost a continuous pain in my side and across the kidneys. Then I had a very severe pain in my back. I spent a month at Wildwood and after returning home had many X-rays taken. They showed my kidneys were clear. Other X-rays showed I had an ulcer in the outlet of my stomach, that my gall bladder was not functioning properly, and that I had colitis. Later another X-ray showed I had arthritis of the spine due to a fracture in my back when I slipped and fell. A cartilage had formed over the old wound and formed a wedge between the vertebrae. I came to bed Sept. 16, 1946 . . . It is seven weeks today. I still suffer a great deal of pain. Dr. Boyer came in and has given me four treatments. I have already felt relief.

While in Denver, visiting with her daughter Alice, during the latter part of April and the forepart of May, she mentioned at times of having a terrific backache.

When she came home, she was ready to go to Wildwood, where we thought she would be able to relax and rest and feel more like herself.

At times she was unable to sleep at night or completely relax during the day, which was something very unusual for her while in the Canyon. It was even necessary to get some sleeping tablets in order for her to get a good night's rest. Instead of getting better, she did not improve, and finally decided it might be best for her to be home where the doctor could examine her and give her the necessary attention. X-rays were taken and treatments prescribed, but they failed to give complete relief. First it was thought to be her back, then the kidneys, then the stomach, and then arthritis of the spine and colitis. At this point Dr. Boyer was called in to try and help give relief for arthritis.

One Sunday afternoon, Aunt Sarah L. Dixon was visiting with Mother. She was feeling chilly and instead of her asking someone to pull a blanket over her, she reached down to pull the blanket up. There was a very noticeable pop in her leg, midway between her knee and hip. She cried aloud, "my leg is broken." I have never seen her lose control of

herself as she did at this time. The pain must have been terrific. We, as well as the doctors, thought it was a strained ligament or "charlie horse." It was so swollen that a complete examination was impossible at that time.

On January 4, 1947, the family, with Mother's consent, decided that she should go to the Utah Valley Hospital for observation and examination, for she was not improving, and her pains were getting worse. It was here on her 75th birthday, the 5th of January that she received many cards, visitors, and a birthday cake, made by her daughter-in-law, Ethelyn.

After a complete examination, the doctors thought it advisable that she should be taken to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, where Dr. Gil Richards, a specialist, would handle her case.

After about a week's observation and another complete set of X-ray pictures, his diagnosis revealed a cancerous growth spreading through the bones, settling in the spinal column and her leg. Her leg was fractured, which was the result of the growth spreading and absorbing the calcium in the bones and causing them to become very brittle.

This cancer originated from a goiter, located much lower than the outward goiter visible in her neck. The doctor stated that even had she gone through an operation for the removal of the one goiter, they would never have cause to look for this lower one which was a trouble maker.

As time went on, the pains became more severe and frequent. The doctors recommended an alcohol injection in the spine to relieve the pain in her back. This was accomplished, leaving her completely paralyzed from the waist down, and for a short time she was out of pain. Later the pain developed higher in her back and in her neck. After 37 days in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, she passed away at 11:45 a. m. on Monday, February 17, 1947, with her daughter-in-law, Ethel, at her bedside.

A BETTER MOTHER NEVER LIVED THAN
MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

Letter Deposited in Utah Stake Relief Society Box, Provo, Utah

256 North 5th West
October 12, 1930

To My Children and Grandchildren:
When you receive this letter I will long have

passed to another world after having lived a very happy life.

Having one of the kindest and best husbands, and the mother of eight children who are very fine boys and girls. I am especially thankful for my parentage. - - -

Since my marriage my husband and five sons have been in the mission field. Clarence is on the water at this time en route to South Africa as a missionary to the home of his Grandfather for which I am very thankful for and trust that he will be able to locate some of my father's people and get some of their genealogy as I am anxious to do their work in the Temple.

Working in the Temple has given me a great deal of joy and I pray that I may be able to get more genealogy and connect my ancestors, which I know will please my father as he died before he had a chance to do this work. And now my children, I beg of you to keep your family records from one generation to another. Wherever you can, trace our family line; go into the Temple of the Lord and do the work for those who did not have the privilege of doing it for themselves, for how could you feel a greater satisfaction than doing something for some one they could not do for themselves.

And now my children and grandchildren, keep the commandments of God and you will be blessed and prosper.

Read the Book of Mormon and remember how the people at that time were blessed beyond measure but as soon as they became indifferent, they forgot God and fell into destruction and decay.

I bear my testimony to everyone of you, that this gospel is true and has brought more joy into my life than anything.

Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and was brought forth in these latter days to establish the Kingdom of God upon this earth and this Church will grow and I want everyone of you to remain true to the end, so that when your earthly mission is completed, we may all meet and associate together as a happy and united family, having love in our hearts for Heavenly Father and each other. When this letter is read many changes will have taken place but our Heavenly Father never changes. Look to Him for aid at all times and He will answer your prayers in faith, as He has answered mine.

And now my dear children I seal this up with my blessings upon you all.

Your loving Mother and Grandmother,
Maria Dixon Taylor

A Mother's Day Tribute

On the front page of section two of the Provo Sunday Herald of May 11, 1941, appeared a large picture of Maria Louise Dixon Taylor with the following tribute:

"Typical of the mothers who are being honored to day is Mrs. MARIA DIXON TAYLOR, mother of eight sons and daughters, who has found time along with her many home duties to busy herself with church activities and interesting worthwhile hobbies.

"Always actively engaged in various church and auxiliary assignments, Mrs. Taylor has of late years devoted herself to genealogical work, writing family records, and arranging pictorial albums.

"Her seven living sons and daughters include ARTHUR D., LYNN, HENRY D., and CLARENCE TAYLOR, and Miss RUTH TAYLOR of Provo; ELTON L. TAYLOR of Price, and Mrs. ALICE T. NELSON of Denver. She has fifteen grandchildren, and is proud of the fact that she had six sons in the mission field."

Her youngest son ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR died in 1940.

Summary of the Life of Maria Louise Dixon Taylor

Born at Provo, Utah on January 5, 1872 to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized in about 1880 by David Holdaway.

Rebaptized and confirmed on May 5, 1894 by T. N. Taylor.

The Provo Third Ward records had been destroyed by fire in the Ward Clerk's home.

Married to Arthur Nicholls Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple on May 9, 1894.

Children: Arthur D., Lynn, Elton, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Kenneth, and Ruth.

Attended Provo schools, including one year at the partly finished Parker School. For two terms attended the B. Y. Academy, temporarily meeting in the Z.C.M.I. warehouse.

After the death of her father, she worked in the Provo Book and Stationery store and for Robert Skelton, until her marriage.

While her young family was growing up, she worked in the Primary as a teacher and in the Presidency of the Ward.

Served the rest of her life in the Relief Society as a teacher and theology teacher for twenty years.

Treasurer of the Utah County Camp of Daughters of Pioneers. Historian of Camp Provo, Daughter of Utah Pioneers.

Chairman of Third Ward Widows to raise enough money to carpet the remodeled chapel.

Her later years were spent in genealogical research, writing family histories, and doing temple work.

She died at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City on February 17, 1947.

For her autobiography, see page 173, Volume I, "My Folks The Dixons."

A History of Wildwood

By Maria Dixon Taylor, ca. 1945

The main reason for our becoming a stockholder and building a cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon (North Fork, as it was then called) was because of our love for the mountains and out-of-doors. Every summer our vacation was spent either in Strawberry Valley or Provo Canyon. Our family was increasing and it worked a hardship upon me caring for the small children in a tent pitched on the



hillside or near a stream.

The summer of 1904 or 1905, T. N. (Thomas N. Taylor) and his family and ours together with some young girls and boys, planned a trip to Bunnell's Fork, in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Maud and I got together and decided we would not venture on this trip unless the boys built a tent, boarded on the sides and a wooden floor. This would protect us from the wild animals

and those horrid rattle snakes that infested South Fork.

A few years before, we were camped near the South Fork Creek and a terrible storm arose which resulted in a cloudburst. We were afraid of being washed away, but that was not the worst. One day my sister Alice and I were across the creek visiting Edith Holt. When Alice came back to our tent, she saw a huge rattler coiled on our sack of coal, and my baby was asleep in the hammock. By this time our shrieks brought our friend Al Davis to our rescue. Mr. Snake was crawling over a log underneath the hammock where my baby slept. Al disposed of the snake in a short time, but every woman in camp vowed she would not wait until the husbands came up at night. We bribed Al to crowd all the women and children into his covered wagon and take us to Slick's (Vivian Park) in time to catch the train for Provo.

When we arrived at Smoot's Station, Provo, and telephoned the men, they were certainly disgusted to think a poor snake would cause such a lot of trouble. The men had to make a special trip to the Canyon to get all of our belongings which we had left behind.

So now I have told the reason for our demanding the protection, and I imagine the expense and effort of having all of the lumber hauled up the Canyon and put together only to be torn down and hauled back again in two or three weeks. It had the desired effect on Tom and Art for seeking a permanent spot where they could build permanently and not have to tear down and build up each season.

When the proposition of buying the Taylor Ranch in North Fork came along, they readily accepted.

In June of 1906, a group of men and some women met at the George I. Taylor Ranch in North Fork, Provo Canyon, to select lots on which to erect tents and later cabins as summer homes for their families.

I think Alfred Osmond and Eddie Holt were responsible for the idea of purchasing this ranch for summer homes for the use of their families and friends. They enjoyed fishing, especially on the North Fork Creek, which brought them in contact with Mr. Taylor. When he was approached about selling, he was agreeable and willing, so a company was formed and secured the rights and title to about two hundred acres of ground, as I remember correctly. A portion was selected to be divided into lots. Each lot was numbered and the number placed in a hat to be drawn.

This drawing took place on a Sunday in June. I

was unable to be present, but my husband, Arthur N. Taylor, drew lot number one where our cabin now stands. All property below that was to become a recreational ground. Edith Holt was there and she arrived home before my husband and phoned to me and said, "Rye, I don't want you to have the lot Art drew; it is nothing but a river bed with big boulders as big as a range on it." Of course when my husband came home I was furious for keeping such a lot. He only laughed and said not to get excited, for he had already hired Bro. Kofford to take his team and wagon and haul the big rocks from the place, adding that he was sure I would be delighted with the location when I saw it. I have always been glad we kept it, for I think it one of the choicest spots in the canyon. It has taken many, many years of expense and labor to make it what it is.

Before Clarence went into the mission field, he used a little truck and hauled over a hundred loads of soil onto the front yard, filled up a deep ravine, and when it was level enough, he planted lawn.

We built a 12 x 14 ft. frame and put a tent over it. In the front of the tent we laid a large platform. At the west end we had a small sheet-iron stove which had an oven, but it was not very desirable or reliable for good baking. We had a crude table made from a packing box with two long benches on each side. This was our kitchen. The tent served as a bedroom with two sanitary couches, which took the place of beds since there was no room for chairs. Our flour and provisions were kept under the bed. In case of rain, anyone touching the tent often caused it to leak.

I came up the canyon in July and stayed into September as I was expecting a baby and my home was being remodeled. I was very glad to have my "mountain retreat" where I could be away from the confusion.

During August, the Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of J. R. Boshard, had an encampment here for nearly a week. They brought the removable floor from the parquet of the Opera House (now the Armory) which was placed over near where the duck pond is now. Here they gave concerts each night and also dances. As there was plenty of wood close by at that time, they made huge bon fires for light while the entertainments were going on.

One morning the children of the camp were playing, jumping off the platform, barefooted. My little boy Henry was about three years of age and he was trying to do what the others did, but he jumped into the hot ashes of the bonfire and his feet were badly burned. Large blisters hung from the soles

of his feet. One of the women in camp grabbed a bucket of molasses and put his feet in it. She said we must keep the air from the burns. Well, if it didn't help it did no harm.

The transportation was quite a problem. The first time we came up was in a wagon which was heavily loaded. We had to bring every thing we expected to use during the summer. There were many steep, rocky dugways. I think Springdell dugway was the most dreaded. It was not only steep, but big boulders made it hard for the horses to pull a heavy load.

There have been many changes in the thirty-nine years I have been here. The first year and some time after, the road came across from where the bridge now crosses the North Fork Creek, over and near the Rock House, then around the hill to South Fork. The pasture ran down to the river bank. Near Claude Ashworth's cabin, the creek separated and formed a small island. Some of the young boys with their 22 rifle, shot some rattlesnakes near there. On the hill to the east, they saw many rattlers, so they named this hill Rattlesnake Hill. On this same hill we used to gather choke cherries. The road up North Fork went through the center of this resort.

George Scott, Sr. had a cabin and worked a mine about 2 miles up the creek. It was necessary for them to drive their teams right up the stream, over the large rocks and over very rough roads. There were more horseback riders than teams going up. We found this condition very dangerous; many times our children, playing out, narrowly escaped injury from these reckless riders. The company, realizing the danger, petitioned the County Commissioners to make a public road around the hill, which wasn't too good at first, but since the Timpanogos Hikes, the Alpine Summer School, and the scenic loop through American Fork Canyon, a very good road has been made.

The first year I stayed here until late in September, never going home once during the entire summer. When I arrived home I was very happy to find many improvements. The most appreciated was a modern set of indoor plumbing.

On the 18th day of November, our family was overjoyed to welcome a baby girl. The four boys now had a baby sister, who they had wanted so long to welcome. We named her Alice Louise.

One of the problems of this canyon home was the milk situation. Every family had small children, which needed fresh milk daily. I decided the only thing to do was bring a cow, although I had never learned to milk one. We had a small Jersey cow,

which was quite a pet and very gentle. After many attempts I finally decided I could do the job even if I was no expert. When it was time to move to our summer home, two of my small boys or a friend, were called at four o'clock in the morning, and with a lunch put in a flour sack and a rope around the cow's neck, they started on their long trek. On one of these occasions, Clarence and his cousin Donald Dixon were making the trip and when they got to the Springdell dugway, the cow made a bolt over the dugway with both boys hanging onto the rope, and they went over with the cow.

We had a nice large pasture and the grass was so fresh and green; this with the aid of a bran mash gave us a very good, rich milk.

The boys would go to the pasture with me and catch the cow and stand by while I did the rest.

There were many children in camp and many suffering from summer complaint. I couldn't give my own children the milk when I knew others needed it so badly. Many times I have measured it out in tea cups so that each could have a little.

When other cows came into camp and I had some extra milk, I put it in pans and saved the cream which was put in a fruit jar with a rubber ring and lid and shook until little balls appeared. In this way we had our own fresh butter.

After two years of living in a tent, we had our present home built. In the fall of 1908, my brother Charles hauled the lumber and slabs from the saw mill in Strawberry Valley. That fall the bedroom was closed in so that we were able to store our mattresses and other things.

The next spring, on the 11th of May, my fifth son, Clarence, was born. I had what they called milk leg and was quite ill. I told my husband I knew if they could take me to the canyon, I would gain my strength much faster than what I was. By July I was walking with the aid of a crutch, and after we reached Wildwood, my husband had to lift me from the buggy and carry me into my new home. My baby was only two months old, but no queen was more proud of her palace than I was of mine. For it was now all built up with slabs and screen all the way around. I knew no snakes or wild animals would molest me. But in a few nights I had another thought coming, for I heard a terrible scratching noise. Soon I heard it on the screen, and as the moon was bright, I saw a huge RAT trying to get in. I covered my head and tried to be brave (for my husband was not with me—he only came up on Saturday evening) and did not want to make the girl that was staying with me, nor the children, become

frightened. But the torture I went through, no one will ever know. Only those who have had the same experience can realize my horror. I would chill, then perspire until day light. Then Mr. Rat would leave and find other quarters.

I had only been in the canyon for about a week when I discarded my crutches and soon got strong and well again. I have seen many people and children come up feeling sick and go home feeling well.

Each year our numbers increased. The first year we were here, Bert Eastmond (later Prof. E. H. Eastmond, the artist) and his mother lived in the Rock House, and he said he would like to buy a lot if they would let him have his choice. He wanted to be where he could look down the canyon and see the wonderful view of the mountains from his door. This ground had been set aside for recreational purposes, but they granted his request and since then have sold two other lots to Ashworths and Dr. Calderwood.

Another thing that worried me was thunder and lightning. I would be so frightened I could scarcely speak when the children would cling to me and say, "Mamma will we get struck? Are you frightened?" I put on a brave face and said, "What is there to frighten you? Don't you remember what our caretaker, Mr. Noon told us, that as long as we had screen near us, lightning would never come through?" (I think he told me that as he knew how I felt not having my husband or any older person around). But it had the desired effect, and my children have often boasted to others that their mother was not afraid of anything.

Most people lived in tents for the first year or two. T. N. Taylor had the first cabin. When we built our cabin, it was the largest place in camp. When it rained hard, I could not go to sleep and feel comfortable, for I knew so many people in the camp were in leaky tents. I had a large, old-fashioned umbrella I kept for emergencies. I usually took the umbrella or sometimes a quilt, and went to the different places. Where the families were getting wet, we would roll the children up in the bedding and bring them to my cabin and put the children's beds on the floor and the mother on the old sanitary couches. There was very little sleeping—we laughed, sang songs or told stories, and made a joke out of the stormy night.

When I look back through the years, I can see so many amusing things that I think I could write pages. One incident is very outstanding:

I had a very dear neighbor. She was a great deal larger than I and should have been braver, but that was not the case this time. I had been in bed some

time when I heard a voice calling, "Aunt Rye, are you awake?" I said, "Yes, what is the matter." She said, "I am sure there is an animal trying to get in this cabin." I lighted the coal oil lamp and stepped out onto the porch, but could see nothing. I told her to get ready and come over. I held the lamp and one of the funniest sights I think I ever saw came into view. First Maud, in her night clothes, with bare feet which made it hard for her to walk, came carrying her large feather bed in her arms, and behind her was a very tall, lanky girl with her hair in two braids down the back. Then came Mary and Delenna, all carrying pillows, quilts, etc. I insisted on Maud taking one of the beds, but she said, "No, just let me lie on the floor where I can be safe and I will not envy the queen on her throne." Words can never describe these little incidents, but I can still see them and have a good laugh anytime, all to myself.

We all had children, that was one reason why we loved our summer homes so much. We did not have to be on a nervous tension about keeping them spic and span. They all played together and were very congenial and happy. I never heard any of them use bad language nor have I seen a very bad fight.

I think that one of the most outstanding things about the people of Wildwood was their willingness and desire to want to share with each other. In case of sickness or trouble, they were right there to assist in every way possible.

During the thirty-seven years I have been coming to Wildwood, I have seen many persons who were ill regain their health again. One of the first good examples was my brother, John.

One time while we were yet in the tent before our cabin had been built, my sister-in-law, Sarah, phoned from Salt Lake and asked if they could come up the canyon. John had typhoid fever and had suffered a relapse. They were living in Salt Lake at that time since John had been elected State Treasurer. Even though he was ill, he had so many callers, including the Governor and other State officials, that it was getting too much for him and the doctor advised Sarah to take him right away from the city, where he would be quiet. I told her how we were living in this tent, but if they could manage, I could.

The morning they came on the Heber train, it was pouring down in torrents. One of the campers said he would meet the train and help them to the tent. It was only a short distance, and with the aid of umbrellas and blankets they made it to the tent without getting too wet. We put John to bed and tried to make things as comfortable as possible in our crowded quarters. After a few days, he was able

to be up and became extremely hungry, having been denied food for some time.

One day we were cooking nice slices of ham, and corn on the cob. While we were eating, he came to the table and took a helping of both. Sarah and I expected him to die, but nothing happened, in fact, he began to gain from that time, and in seven days time he had gained seven pounds.

Sometime before buying our share of stock in

Wildwood, my husband had been speculating in mining stocks. I was very much opposed to it, as we had no money to lose. So after buying into Wildwood, he promised if Iron Blossom paid a dividend he would build me a cabin, so that the children and I would be comfortable in the canyon. The mine did pay a dividend and I got my comfortable cabin in the mountains, one of my most cherished possessions.

"My Folks"

by Rhea Dixon Reeve

It has always been my privilege
to have real folks around
For I was born among them,
None better can be found.
Some folks boast of famed Ancestors
Who first settled this wonderful land.
Others have titles and wealth
Live in mansions—costly and grand.
I boast of a birth-right from sturdy pioneers,
Whose courage surmounted all hardships and fears.
They did not endow me
With titles or gold,
But with virtues and values
That aren't bought and sold.
I cherish my heritage,
I'm proud of my kin,
I have no regrets of what might have been.
For I will not covet
The spoils of this land,
As long as I can be with folks
Who love and understand.

It must be very lonely
When your folks are far away,
To never know their heart-aches,
And what they do and say.

Or meet with them and clasp their hands
And pass the time of day, Oh, I'm so very fortunate
To have folks steadfast and true,
Who appreciate understanding each other—
The way you folks all do.

It is said, "We can choose our friends,
But our relatives we have to take"
I'm very glad to claim you folks
I'll never you forsake.
It's such a satisfaction
To have brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts,
Who are very choice among people,
With Personalities that enhance.
I hope we will stay united
Together share joys and tears,
With courage of Pioneer kin
Carry on! through-out the years.
May we, follow in their example
Love God and fellow man
Be prayerful and obedient,
Doing all the good we can.

Dedicated to the posterity of Henry Aldous,
Sarah De Grey and Mary Smith Dixon.

A Tribute to Aunt Rye

By Rhea Dixon Reeve, February 1947

They ask, "What is in the name?"
 It seems to me, there is much that is unseen—
 Something of the divine that symbolizes one's identity,
 In this life and all eternity.
 There are names that stir the soul,
 When they fall upon the ear
 Names, that keep us free from all fear
 There are names we mention in revered awe
 Melodic, and tender like a refrain,
 And names of heroes that have become—
 A part of our country's glory and fame!
 There are names flashed on
 Broadway for all to see—
 Names that signify a high degree—
 And just names of sweet simplicity
 Like "Aunt Rye."
 I have loved this name since the days of my youth,
 And idealized its owner
 For her virtue, wisdom and truth—
 "Aunt Rye," it is such a home-spun, humble name
 No glamour nor pretentiousness
 Did its bearer ever claim.
 Calm and serene she stood,
 Meeting life's tests and trials
 Believing life was good!
 Aunt Rye, was a participant in life—
 She liked to be in the midst of things,
 And share its joys and strife.
 Names were very important to our Aunt Rye,
 Names of the living and names of the dead.
 She believed in "Salvation's" plan,
 She always had much work, ahead.
 She enjoyed "Temple Work."
 And always tried to do her share,
 For the less fortunate souls
 Who haven't the "Gospel" over there.
 Her genealogy records are well done—
 She toiled to complete them from sun to sun.
 Aunt Rye was steadfast in her faith—
 She loved the "Gospel Plan,"
 She loved her God, and served Him well,
 She loved her fellow-men.
 Aunt Rye was a saleslady,
 She had loveliness to sell.
 Aunt Rye was a dreamer and planner
 And she always planned well
 Aunt Rye was a comforter,
 She was always where
 Illness and grief were despair,
 Her presence was soothing,
 In healing she had a skill—
 When asked if she'd stay with you,
 She always answered, "Sure I will."
 We all felt relieved when
 Aunt Rye was close by,
 Because of her helpfulness
 We could always rely.
 Aunt Rye was a historian,

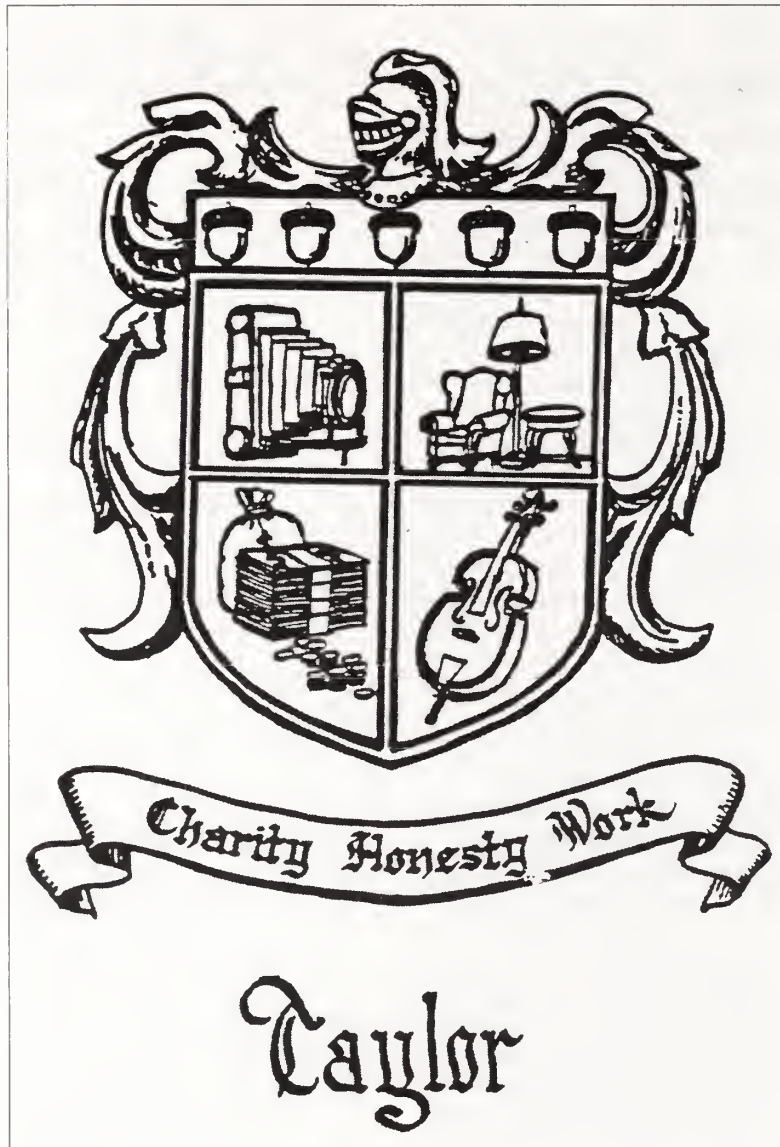
And a recorder too,
 She was proud of our Pioneers
 And preserved their life stories for all of you.
 She cherished her birthright,
 Was proud of her kin, their accomplishments—
 And what they had been.
 She painstakingly preserved their history,
 For all of her beloved posterity to see.
 Aunt Rye was a student,
 She liked to read,
 She appreciated talent,
 And liked to see other folks succeed.
 She endeavored to find out about the new things
 In her daily pursuits,
 In this way, she acquired much knowledge,
 And became an educated person
 Without going to college.
 Aunt Rye was a teacher of Zion's youth,
 She loved little children and taught them the truth.
 Aunt Rye was a devoted sweetheart and wife,
 Always pretty and neat.
 She seemed to sparkle, her spirit was so sweet
 Her choicest role was that of mother,
 She placed that assignment above any other
 Her home was her castle,
 Her love and good-will did abide—
 The atmosphere was lovely; because peace
 And tranquility reigned always inside,
 Her family by good example were taught.
 She practiced doing good.
 Her character and service,
 Have honored womanhood!
 Her family have all lived exemplary lives,
 As have their children their devoted husbands and wives,
 This to their parents much happiness brought.
 Aunt Rye was enthusiastic and busy as a bee.
 She lived life abundantly,
 And gloried in its opportunity!
 She liked to work, she liked to play,
 She loved to chat with her family and friends,
 And always had something interesting to say.
 She liked to laugh, hike and swim,
 And was always full of vigor and vim.
 Folks were anxious to meet Aunt Rye,
 And passers-by would say,
 "So you're Aunt Rye Taylor,
 We've heard about you."
 And soon they'd be calling her Aunt Rye too.
 They felt a close kinship, because of the nice things she'd do
 And as the greatest of all teachers, by example taught.
 Aunt Rye's splendid lessons to us all brought
 Renewed faith, better judgement, and many a good
 thought.
 It has been said that all we take with us,
 When we leave this earth, is what we have given—
 Service measures our worth.
 As our Creator challenged us,
 "To do unto the least of these."

Aunt Rye has met this challenge
 And her Creator will she please.
 Her widow's mite was always giving of her time and
 substance,
 So Aunt Rye has taken with her,
 Something more precious than gold,
 Her record of good deeds,
 Will bring blessings manifold,
 And the heritage she leaves,
 To family, neighbors and friends,

Remembering her goodness; no one knows how
 Far its influence extends.
 And to show our appreciation, for this life so fine
 We can like her—so live,
 That we too may have something as worthwhile to give.
 And I know today in that
 "Eternal Home" not so far away
 Aunt Rye will not sit idly by.
 She'll be helping, always doing her share,
 And folks there too, will love our Aunt Rye.

The Taylor Family Shield

No Heraldic Validity



The George Taylor, Sr. Family Shield

1. The camera—George Taylor, Sr., the first commercial photographer, south of Salt Lake City
2. Furniture—George Taylor Furniture Store, opened in 1866
3. Money—Director of First National Bank and Provo Commercial Bank, and President of Utah County Savings Bank
4. Bass fiddle—Learned to play in England and became a member of the first bands and orchestras in Provo
5. Acorns—From small beginnings, lofty and sturdy trees develop—our potentials are unlimited

The Dixon Family Shields



Conceived by Anthony "Tony" H. Taylor

This shield capitalizes on the typical Dixon-Taylor physiognomy, the red hair which is a treasured genetic trait, the lion representing South Africa—the land where Henry Aldous Dixon was born, the ship on which he had a perilous adventure, the covered wagon of pioneer days, and our revered motto:

"Be pretty if you are.
Be witty if you can.
But be cheerful,
If it kills you!"

George Taylor Sr. and His Family Book Publication

Never having personally known my Grandfather George Taylor, Sr., I made it a point to learn all I could about him from other persons who knew him.

Uncle Walter and Uncle Ashted Taylor would frequently come into the DTR Co. store, which afforded me the opportunity to ask them questions about their father. I kept these notes and added others to the short history my mother and Aunt Hattie McClellan had been able to extract from Grandfather.

By October 1979 I had accumulated and written histories of my parents, Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor; my grandparents, Henry Aldous Dixon, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, George Taylor Sr., and Eliza Nicholls Taylor; my great grandparents, John Henry Dixon, Judith Boardman Dixon, and Maria Brooks DeGrey; and my great, great grandfather, Rev. William Boardman. Short sketches of my other ancestors were also written up: my great grandfathers, John DeGrey II, Thomas Taylor, and Thomas Ashford Nicholls and my great grandmothers, Anne Hill Taylor, Harriett Ball Nicholls, and my great, great grandmother Margaret Hayes Boardman.

To have the above histories together with pictures in one place, I had several copies made and bound them in a book I titled: *My Dixon-Taylor Pedigree*. This has been a handy family reference book and became the beginning of a Taylor family book.

Now having the histories of George and Eliza Taylor, I decided to add other Taylor histories and related material to it and make it into a book.

By January of 1983, after several years of accumulation, I now had sufficient material and pictures for a Taylor book. In order to determine if there was sufficient interest in the Taylor family to justify printing a book, I sent out a letter to about a dozen cousins asking for their opinion. There were no negative answers. Some were enthusiastic, others "luke-warm."

Next was to determine the cost. A quotation for printing on a Xerox 3M copier and a cheap binding came to \$15.50 a book. This price was okay, but I was not satisfied with the printing, especially the pictures. For a press printing of 150 copies, the same as above, with a hard back binding came to \$43.33 per copy. This price was just too high to be able to sell 150 copies.

Although the cost would be high for just a few bound books, I decided I would xerox the typewritten pages I had accumulated and would have four sets of full-page pictures developed and printed by a local photo supply shop, which amounted to over \$200. These 175 full-page pictures were never used and are still in my files. My plan was to make one volume for the BYU Library, one copy for the Sons of Pioneer Memorial Library, and keep two copies for myself.

On one of Henry's visits, he observed my working over this material and inquired as to what I was working on. I then showed him the material I was planning to make up in four books. He spent several hours in reading and looking at the material, after which he mentioned there should be more copies made than just four copies. I explained to him that the estimated cost for printing 150 copies was more than any members of the family would pay, and I did not have \$6,500 to invest in books which would not sell. Not satisfied with my answer he immediately contacted Alice and Ruth and they decided something should be done to print this book. They then contacted other members of our immediate family.

In order to get this Taylor family book printed, they decided that the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate would pay the cost of printing and binding 160 copies of the book. The heads of the eight families would then receive 20 copies each to distribute to their immediate family members. If more than 160 copies were printed and bound, then these additional copies would be made available to members of the large Taylor family at cost.

By increasing the number of books printed and bound from 250 to 500 copies, the price quotation was dramatically decreased per copy. This cost then became just a little more than a paper back version.

Henry had just completed publishing his life's history and had consulted and worked with Eugene Orton of the BYU Press in the printing of it. He had been most helpful and cooperative. So he consulted with Eugene on the printing of another Taylor book. Eugene thought they could sandwich this printing in between their regular work, but it would take a little longer to complete. The order for 500 hardbound books was made with Eugene Orton of the BYU Press.

GEORGE TAYLOR, SR. and his FAMILY History Books

Provo, Utah

February 15, 1984

PRINTING & BINDING:
Paid B. Y. U. PRESS

BOOKS
500 Amount
\$7,760.00

DISTRIBUTED TO:

Arthur D. Taylor Family	40 Books
Lynn D. Taylor "	40 "
Elton L. Taylor	40 "
Henry D. Taylor	40 "
Alice T. Nelson	40 "
Clarence D. Taylor	40 "
Ethelyn P. Taylor	40 "
Ruth T. Kartchner	40 "
	<u>320</u>

Less Cash Sales of

320	4,966.40
180	2,793.60
100 @16.00	1,600.00
<u>80</u>	<u>1,193.60</u>

Balance of books taken by Clarence for

1,200.00 Cash

Cash Sales	1600.00
CDT Check	<u>1200.00</u>
8)	2,800.00 (\$ 350.00 each)

This transaction agreed upon and approved:


ELTON L. TAYLOR


ALICE T. NELSON


HENRY D. TAYLOR


RUTH T. KARTCHNER


CLARENCE D. TAYLOR

With the ordering of the 500 books, several problems became evident with the extra books paid for but not sold. There could be dead inventory of unsold books for ten, fifteen or twenty years. Who would store, distribute, sell, and account for the books? Many changes will occur in the next five, ten, twenty years. One thing we wanted to avoid in the Estate, was the possibility of future misunderstandings, disputations, and the rupturing of congenial family relations.

Just before the books came off the press, Elton decided he wanted to give each of his children and grandchildren a copy of the book and twenty books was insufficient. He wanted forty books and suggested each brother and sister take the same amount

and have the Estate pay for forty instead of twenty books. For some members of the family, they could not use forty copies.

Clarence presented the following plan, which Elton and other members of the family accepted:

There would be an equal distribution of 40 books to the eight families, to be paid for by the Estate. Those not wanting all of the 40 copies could sell those not wanted to Clarence at the cost of \$16.

Ethelyn would take only ten books, Clarence would then pay her \$480 for 30 books.

On January 16, 1984 the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate paid the BYU Printing Service \$7,760 for the printing and binding of 500 books, titled *George Taylor, Sr. and His Family*, at a cost of \$15.52 per

book.

Each of the eight families of the Estate received 40 copies, as a distribution from the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, in kind, in lieu of cash from the earnings of the Estate. Using a round figure as the cost of each book (\$16), each of the families received the equivalent of \$640 (40 x \$16).

Eight families receiving 40 books each amount-
ed to a distribution of 320 books at \$16 each or
\$5,120 total from the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

By February 16, 1984 there had been 100
copies of the book sold for cash to members of the
George Taylor family. These books were sold for
\$16 (\$18.00 when mailed), which covered only the
cost of printing and binding. The costs of' collect-
ing, gathering pictures and other materials, writing,
assembling and layout, typing and supplies, were
contributed by Clarence.

To avoid all seen and unseen problems that
could arise in the distribution, storage and handling
of the remaining books and to avoid misunderstand-
ings and the involvement and responsibility of the
Estate and family members concerning the books,
by mutual agreement (with reluctance from Alice
and Ruth), Clarence agreed to buy the balance of the
books for \$1,200 cash. He felt he was responsible
for getting the Estate involved in this project and he
should stand the loss for the unsold books, which
could be in storage for many years.

On February 16, 1984, each of the eight fami-
lies received a check for \$350 which covered:

Cash sale of 100 books @ \$16	\$1,600
Cash from Clarence—bal. of books	<u>1,200</u>
Total	\$2,800
8 families each	\$ 350

In fairness to Ethelyn, 30 of the allotted number
of books were purchased by Clarence with a check
for \$480 on March 6, 1984.

The \$7,760 advanced by the Arthur N. Taylor
Trust Estate for the printing and binding of the
George Taylor, Sr. and His Family book was now
more than fully paid back through the distribution
of books to the families and the checks they received:

Distribution of 320 books	
(40 x 8) @ \$16	\$5,120
Payment of 8 checks of \$350	
(\$350 x 8)	2,800
Distribution from the Estate	
in cash and books	7,920
Payment made by Estate	
to BYU Printing	7,760

With the checks Alice and Ruth received as their
share of the cash sale of the books, and without his
consent, they had a microwave oven installed in
Clarence's kitchen.

As a whole, the printing and binding of the
book turned out very good and was well received
by members of the Taylor family. Many letters of
appreciation and thanks have been received which
have been gratefully received and has made this book
project well worth the effort.

As of July 24, 1984, of 500 books 456 have
been distributed.

Family Record Booklets and *George Taylor Sr. and His Family* Book Owners

During the process of collecting genealogical
names, dates and other information of the family
members, it was always a major problem for family
members to immediately to supply them to me.

Some reasons given:

They have not kept a written record.

Another member of the family keeps all this in-
formation. If an oral answer is given, it is not always

correct.

The long 8 x 14 family group sheets, in their
binders were rarely, immediately available under
stacks of books, under papers, in boxes or trunks.

Their records were scribbled on separate pieces
of paper in a sundry of boxes, drawers and folders.

Now would be the time to get the family
members current on their records and have them in

a convenient form and place, and encourage them to keep them up-to-date. The young, newly-wed couples, just starting their families, would be a good place to start them knowing about and keeping their family records.

To do this I offered to compile a Family Record Book of about 25-30 pages to all newly-wed couples (and older parents as well) if they would furnish me with a photo of the bride and groom near their wedding date, and to bring their and their parents individual records completed so they could be included.

This 8½ X 11 size vinyl bound, gold lettered name booklet would be easy to fit in a bookcase. It would contain a bride and groom picture taken near their wedding day, individual records of the bride and groom, plus blank record forms for additions to the family, an individual record of the family spouse, their parents, grandparents, and if available, the other spouse's parents' individual record.

There would be a picture of the family shield, a current address sheet of their immediate family, and a pedigree chart.

See the following pages for a sample Table of Contents, a blank Individual Record Form, and a list of those, so far, participating. To date the count is 77.

Table of Contents

1. Name Page
2. Photo (Taken near wedding day)
3. Preface
4. Individual Record Forms Complete—Bride & Groom
5. Individual Record Forms—Blank
6. Individual Record Forms of Bride's Parents
7. Individual Record Forms of Groom's Parents
List of TAYLOR/DIXON spouse brothers & sisters
8. Dixon Family Shield
Taylor Family Shield
9. Individual Record Forms of Maria and Arthur N. Taylor
10. Children of Maria and Arthur N. Taylor
11. Individual Record Forms of Eliza and George Taylor
12. Children of Eliza and George Taylor
13. Individual Record Forms of Sarah and Henry A. Dixon
14. Children of Sarah and Henry Aldous Dixon
15. Explanation of Identification Numbers
16. Pedigree Chart
17. Family Addresses

Individual Record Forms

See sample on next page.

Family Record Booklet

Compiled for:

Mary Ann K. Warner
 Jan Stewart Schindle
 Russell E. Woodruff
 B. Taylor Richards
 David A. Taylor
 Amy Taylor Ringer
 Bradford G. Taylor
 Thomas H. Taylor
 Sarah D. Summerhays
 Sally. S. Anderson
 Diana S. Graham
 Mike D. Summerhays
 Sandra S. Pitcher
 Lynnette A. Engle
 Craig S. Anderson
 Clair S. Anderson
 Colleen A. Stokes
 Clyde S. Anderson
 Janae A. Rasmussen
 Paul T. Frampton
 Shari R. Turnbow
 Dixie T. Frampton
 Marianne F. Bushnell
 David T. Frampton
 Bruce T. Frampton
 Susan F. Fisher
 Nancy T. Stewart
 Brent T. Stewart
 Kim T. Stewart
 Elayne T. Fisher
 Terri F. Jensen
 Jeffry T. Fisher
 Kathy F. Duncan
 Mauraine D. Childs
 Gladys D. Nelson
 I. William Nelson II
 David L. Nelson
 Diane N. Games
 Kent D. Nelson
 Ruth T. Kartchner
 Linda K. Tyler
 Kenneth T. Kartchner
 Ellen K. Farrer
 Richard T. Kartchner
 David T. Kartchner

INDIVIDUAL RECORD FORMS

LAST NAME				GIVEN NAME			
DATE OF BIRTH	-	-	B.I.C	PLACE OF BIRTH			
DATE OF MARR.	-	-	TYPE OF MARRIAGE	TEMPLE:	CIVIL:		
DATE OF BAPTISM	-	-	DATE OF ENDOWMENT	-	-		
DATE OF DEATH	-	-	PLACE OF DEATH				
SPOUSE				DATE SEALED TO SPOUSE	-	-	
OTHER							
FATHER				MOTHER			
ID#				DATE SEALED TO PARENTS	-	-	
MAILING ADDRESS							
NUMBER/STREET				CITY	STATE	ZIP	
TELEPHONE ()	-						

Rosena K. Heal
 Janice T. DeGraw
 Arthur T. Nelson
 John C. Nelson
 Henry A. Nelson
 George T. Taylor
 Thomas G. Taylor
 James N. Nelson
 Dirk T. DeGraw
 Michele D. Stribling
 Gregory T. DeGraw
 Nicole D. Kovalenko
 Christina N. Preston
 James H. Taylor
 Alice T. Nelson
 Carol Lynn Gregson
 George G. Taylor
 Alan T. Frampton
 Heidi R. Poulter.
 John A. Taylor, Jr.
 Christine N. Gregory
 Jeanne N. Soffe
 Suzannah P. Nielsen
 Nicole T. Ricks
 Mary Ellen D. Getts
 Brigham G. Taylor
 Wayne T. Taylor
 Allen B. Brockbank, Jr.

Anne B. Sackley
 Kent T. Frampton

George Taylor Sr. and His Family Book Owners

Bacle Taylor
 Don Taylor
 Lorelee T. Thompson
 Colette Green
 David Ralph Taylor
 Max T. Morrison
 Nancy Schonleber
 Sharon Bradshaw
 Anchor Schonleber
 Norma Askew
 Lois Jean Shurtleff
 B. Don Taylor
 J. Dan Taylor
 J. Birch Holt II
 Robert Taylor
 Martha T. Cheever
 Rickie Taylor
 Tammy L. Taylor
 Isaac J. Taylor
 Ruth T. Holt
 Joyce T. Bonnett
 Leah T. Jacobsen
 Sherry J. Barlow

Jeffrey Barlow
 Nancy B. Baker
 Ronald G. Taylor
 Mary Hazel T. Doezie
 Peggy T. Larsen
 Gordon L. Taylor
 Leah for Douglas
 Leah for Shawna
 Glenda T. Dennis
 Max T. Morrison for _____
 Virginia Phillippet
 Elmo Taylor
 Kim. Bonnett
 Ronald J. May
 Dale Taylor
 Dean B. Taylor
 JoAnn H. Walker
 Lloyd B. Taylor
 Elmo A. Taylor
 Edith T. Van Woerkom
 Richard Bradshaw
 Linda Schonleber
 Monique Schonleber
 Richard A. Taylor
 Dorothy T. Horton
 George Harper Taylor
 Leah T. Jacobsen
 Lynn Thomas Taylor
 Randall Taylor
 Shirl Taylor
 Richard Shawn Taylor
 Adam G. Taylor
 Pat Cheever Nelson
 Viola T. Butterfield
 Janice B. Pearson
 Douglas Jacobsen
 Shawna J. Spafford
 Bryan D. Taylor
 Jack D. Taylor
 Elmo Emery Taylor
 Laelonnie Ming
 Fay Maiben O'Connor
 Todd L. Taylor
 Leah for Sherry
 Leah for _____
 Marilyn Jones
 Max T. Morrison for _____
 Nellie Mae Morrison
 Amy Griffith
 Ronald J. May for _____
 Maurine C. Nuttall
 Marjorie H. Kerr
 Delenna T. Taylor

Adrienne T. Taylor
 Roy Taylor
 Natalie T. Ralph
 Richard M. Taylor
 T. Sterling Taylor
 Helen T. Barrett
 David Alan Taylor
 Matthew M. Taylor
 Jennifer Taylor
 David Alan Taylor for _____
 Nelson Henderson
 John Henderson
 Janet Walsman
 Tom Taylor
 Lester P. Taylor
 Lisa T. Cone
 Penny Bodell
 Barry P. Cook
 Catherine Cook
 Claudia Black
 Ron Harrison
 Peggy H. Geddes _____
 Douglas Taylor
 James R. Taylor
 Martha T. Kirk
 Delenna T. Taylor for _____
 Nicholls Taylor
 Larry Taylor
 Kristi T. Lawrence
 Todd Sherwood Taylor
 Merle Maier
 William Barrett
 Shauna Taylor
 Josephine Taylor
 Andrew Taylor
 Jane T. Henderson
 David A. Henderson
 Thomas Henderson
 Nancy Perrin
 Anne T. Kallas
 Sheryl T. Pedersen
 Michael T. Barrett
 Patricia T. Cook
 Kevin T. Cook
 Brian Harrison
 Peggy H. Geddes
 Janet H. Craig
 LeAnne H. Giles
 Susan T. Hansen
 Mary T. Bosen
 Phillip P. Taylor
 Delenna T. Taylor for _____
 Geneve R. Dunn

Robert E. Dunn
 Paul H. Dunn
 Mary R. Warnock
 N. David Dunn
 Nadine T. Ashby
 Janice G. Soffe
 Susanne Gardner
 Sherman Gardner
 Mary T. Nickerson
 Melissa Taylor
 Norma T. Gardner
 John Gardner
 Wendell Taylor
 Wendellyn T. Mills
 Nancy T. Simpson
 John Wesley Taylor
 Zola Harriman
 Anna Clair Shepherd
 Naomi T. Taylor
 David A. Eastmond
 Joseph E. Gordon
 Inez T. Sutton
 Ann Engstrom
 Anna Clair for ____
 Polly Bernham
 Jean E. Gordon
 Marilee G. Candelaria
 Riki Eastmond Allred
 Lester A. Taylor
 Jefferson N. Eastmond
 Kathy E. Evans
 Lester Alex Taylor
 Michael A. Taylor
 Anne C. Shepherd for ____
 Jeff Eastmond for Daniel
 Tonja T. Shortridge
 Naomi T. Taylor
 Elaine E. Elwell
 Tafée L. Turner
 Virginia T. Arnold
 Gayle T. Burgess
 Anne C. Shepherd for ____
 Jeff Eastmond for ____
 Mark M. Taylor
 Kathryn Matson
 Dean T. Buckner
 Stanley Taylor
 Melvin Taylor
 Timmie Taylor
 Wanda Wright
 Cathy T. Frederick
 Diane T. Roundy
 Terry Lin Taylor

Elsie Bean Taylor
 Jaylaine Taylor
 Lorinne Taylor
 Joyce Trent
 Alan Matson
 Leon Taylor
 Thomas S. Taylor
 Delbert Taylor
 Jackie Levingston
 Eugene T. Buckner
 Jeffery C. Taylor
 Jay Dee Taylor
 David Lee Taylor
 Bert Taylor
 Jennifer Taylor
 Bryan Taylor
 Joyce for ____
 Elayne T. Fisher
 Jeffrey T. Fisher
 Terri F. Jensen
 Kathy T. Duncan
 Nancy T. Stewart
 Kim T. Stewart
 Jon Stewart
 Kent G. Taylor
 Brent T. Stewart
 Jan Stewart
 Dixie T. Frampton
 David T. Frampton
 Marianne F. Bushnell
 Bruce T. Frampton
 Susan F. Fisher
 Alan T. Frampton
 Paul T. Frampton
 Kent T. Frampton
 Celestia J. Taylor
 George Terry Taylor
 John A. Taylor, Jr.
 David Pearson Taylor
 Dirk T. DeGraw
 Michelle D. Stribling
 Michael DeGraw
 Carol Lyn Gregson
 Bryan Taylor Richards
 Jenny Lyn Richards
 John Taylor Richards
 Douglas Dixon Taylor
 Anne Lisa Taylor
 Amy Taylor
 Brent Brockbank
 Anne Brockbank
 Laura Brockbank
 Dixon Taylor Brockbank

David Brockbank
John A. Taylor
Thomas Henry Taylor
Janice T. DeGraw
Gregory T. DeGraw
Nicole DeGraw
Lynne Ann T. Richards
Shari R. Turnbow
Robin Richards
Rebecca Richards
Heidi Richards
David Lynn Taylor
Allen Taylor
The Baby
Allen Brent Brockbank, Jr.
Lynne Brockbank
Rebecca Brockbank
Mary Kathryn Brockbank
Elton L. Taylor
Julia T. Anderson
James S. Taylor
Becky W. Wood
Kristine A. Bandley
Kennan A. Bandley
Paul S. Taylor
Barry C. Woodruff
Wayne T. Taylor
Shelly W. Craig
Louise T. Woodruff
Scott T. Anderson
James H. Taylor
Jed T. Anderson
Diane T. Hodson
Russell E. Woodruff
Henry D. Taylor
Anthony H. Taylor
David Arthur Taylor
Anna Taylor
Maren Taylor
Emily Taylor
Phillip D. Taylor
Stephen K. Taylor
William Oliver Taylor
Stephen K. Taylor, Jr.
Amelia Taylor
Henry D. Taylor, Jr.
Thomas Green Taylor
Amy Taylor
Nicole Taylor
Megan Taylor
Henry D. Taylor III
Bradford G. Taylor

George G. Taylor
Brigham G. Taylor
Ethelyn P. Taylor
Alice T. Nelson
John C. Nelson
Michael M. Nelson
Thomas T. Nelson
David C. Nelson
Matthew J. Nelson
Camille Nelson
Annie Nelson
Melissa Nelson
Anthony S. Nelson
Arthur T. Nelson
Henry A. Nelson
Jeanne Nelson
Christine Nelson
Catherine Nelson
Steven S. Nelson
Rebecca Nelson
Scott Nelson
Allison Nelson
Ruth T. Kartchner
Clarence D. Taylor
LaVerl Christensen
BYU Library
Sons of Pioneers Library
Vera C. Lawrence
Erma D. Boshard
Fred W. Dixon
Alma Dangerfield
Raymond E. Beckham
Verl P. Allman
Maurice Harding
Maurine D. Childs
Harold H. Smith
Provo Public Library
Clarence D. Taylor
DeLance Squire
BYU General Library
Verl G. Dixon
Don Choules
Ronald Dixon
Maud D. Markham
Donald M. Dixon
J. LaDell Petersen
HDT for S. L. General Library
Albert Choules, Jr.
Richard L. Gunn
Virginia D. Schugk
Dawn D. Brummer

Family Longevity Chart as of 1992

Name	Date of Death	Age	Total	Family Avg. Age
ARTHUR N. TAYLOR	10-9-1935	65		
MARIA DIXON TAYLOR	17-2-1947	75		
Arthur Dixon Taylor	20-7-1979	84		
Lynn Dixon Taylor	2-7-1967	69		
Elton LeRoy Taylor	17-12-1992	92		
Henry Dixon Taylor	24-2-1987	84		
Alice Taylor Nelson	Living	86		
Clarence Dixon Taylor	Living	83		
Orson Kenneth Taylor	31-10-1940	27		
Ruth Taylor Kartchner	Living	75	740	74
HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	4-5-1884	49		
SARAH DE GREY DIXON	17-4-1926	82		
Henry Alfred Dixon	1-7-1867	2		
John DeGrey Dixon	4-10-1923	56		
Arthur DeGrey Dixon	5-1-1911	42		
Maria Dixon Taylor	17-2-1947	75		
Ernest DeGrey Dixon	15-6-1938	65		
Charles Owen Dixon	3-3-1943	68		
Walter DeGrey Dixon	26-11-1921	45		
LeRoy Dixon	28-12-1926	45		
Arnold Dixon	1-9-1960	76	605	55
GEORGE TAYLOR, SR.	4-9-1926	88		
ELIZA NICHOLLS TAYLOR	27-6-1922	84		
Harriett C. Taylor McClellan	29-5-1958	100		
Mary Ann Emma Taylor	7-1863	3		
Parley G. Taylor	7-1863	1		
George Thomas Taylor	15-12-1941	77		
Thomas Nicholls Taylor	24-10-1950	82		
Arthur Nicholls Taylor	10-9-1935	65		
Walter G. Taylor	18-3-1959	86		
Ashted Taylor	15-9-1967	92	678	68

Provo Third Ward

Leadership History of Provo Third Ward

Provo Settlement

March 18, 1849

John S. Higbee, President

Isaac Higbee, Counselor

Dimick Huntington, Counselor

May 28, 1849

Isaac Higbee—Bishop of Spiritual Affairs

Elias Blackburn—Bishop of Temporal Affairs

Provo divided into four wards. Bishop Blackburn continued as bishop and the Provo Branch, which he presided over in August 1852, was given a new name—Provo Third Ward.

Bishoprics of Provo Third Ward

Bishop	1st Counselor	2nd Counselor	Dates	Years
Elias Hicks Blackburn	Dominicus Carter	John N. Carter	Aug. 1852-1858	6
Wm. Madison Wall	Edward W. Clark	George W. Bean	1858-1859	1
Edward W. Clark	John N. Carter	Joseph Clark	Oct. 1859-1861	2
William G. Nuttall	Joseph Clark	David John	1861-1862	1
Myron Tanner	David John Wm. J. Lewis	Joseph Clark Jorgen Hansen	1862-1891	29
Richard P. Gibby	Wm. J. Lewis	Thomas N. Taylor	1891-1895	4
Wm. J. Lewis	Thomas N. Taylor	Alfred Harding	1895-1900	5
Thomas N. Taylor	Alfred Harding	George Powelson Thatcher C. Jones	1900-1919	19
Thatcher C. Jones	Wm. P. Clayton	Walter D. Dixon	1919-1921	2
George Powelson	Wm. P. Clayton	Walter D. Dixon Sidney W. Russell	1921-1924	4
Henry Aldous Dixon	Alfred E. Eves	Wayne Booth Bent F. Larsen J. C. Moffitt	1924-1930	6

Bishop	1st Counselor	2nd Counselor	Dates	Years
Alfred E. Eves	J. C. Moffitt	Arthur D. Taylor Robert H. Boswell	1930-1938	8
Maurice Harding	Fred L. Markham	H. Rex Taylor	1938-1941	3
Arthur D. Taylor	Wm. J. Lewis III	Grant F. Larsen	1941-1952	11
Ralph C. Fletcher	Verl G. Dixon	Clyde Smith	1952	1

Provo Third Ward Chapel Building

On August 26, 1900, Thomas Nicholls Taylor became the eighth bishop of the Provo Third Ward. His counselors were: Alfred W. Harding, George Powelson, and later Thatcher Jones. Soon after, the priesthood of the ward decided it was time to build a new chapel. The ward had occupied the old seminary building for twenty-three years.

Thomas N. Taylor recorded the following in his journal:

“A very interesting incident occurred in connection with the building of this meetinghouse. I called the priesthood of the ward together and explained the desire of the bishopric to build a new house but told them it meant donations of hundreds and not tens and that men like Bishop Tanner (who had been our bishop for twenty-five years) would be expected to pay from three hundred dollars and up. When I got through, the bishop got up and said he did not propose to have any one tell him what he should give as a donation and rather resented my naming the amount of three hundred dollars. When he sat down I told the brethren to pay no attention to the bishop for he would be the first man to pay his. The next morning about nine o’clock, I met the bishop and he said, ‘Well, I have just been in and paid my three hundred dollars.’ Said he, ‘I don’t propose to raise a boy and have him make a prophecy and then let it fall to the ground.’”

The Provo Third Ward meetinghouse was completed and dedicated on August 30, 1903. The church paid only one thousand dollars towards the construction. The balance was raised in cash and labor by the people. The cost was \$12,000 plus donated labor.

Three brothers, Aquilla, Joab, and Imla Collins,

although only one was a member of the church, laid up the rock foundation as their contribution for the construction of the Provo Third Ward meetinghouse; they worked long hours from early morning until late at night. Many others contributed their labor as well as their cash.

In 1935, while Alfred E. Eves was bishop with his counselors Arthur D. Taylor, J. Clifton Moffitt, and Robert Boswell, the members of the ward decided the building needed remodeling.

A huge art glass window was installed in the front, with smaller art glass windows on the sides. A new rostrum with an oval-shaped ceiling above the choir seats was constructed. The walls and ceiling were decorated in soft, restful colors. A basement hallway to the downstairs classrooms and a new kitchen was included, together with new hardwood pews.

After about two years of planning and construction, the bishop called a few of the widows of the ward and asked them to act as a committee to organize the widows of the ward whose project would be to raise sufficient money to carpet the remodeled chapel.

“The women were very much surprised to have a bishop make a request of the oldest and least financially able members of the ward. After a very inspirational talk on the ‘widow’s mite,’ the committee pledged their support and all the widows of the ward showed by their actions they stood behind the committee.

“The widows all worked hard, making quilts, rag rugs, aprons, and many other items which they sold at their bazaars. They finally concentrated on making pies, for which their pie committee became city

famous. When the chapel was completed in March 1940, the carpet was all paid for with enough money left over to purchase an electric clock for the chapel.

In 1941, the new bishopric sent out another urgent call to the widows to buy an organ, which had been needed for a long time. This was another shock, but again they put their shoulders to the wheel. They called the pie committee into action again, also another committee to make plum puddings to sell

for Christmas. Hundreds of pies and 268 puddings were made and sold. The demand was greater than the supply.”(1)

The organ was purchased and installed for the ward reunion in February 1942.

(1) Maria Dixon Taylor's Early History of the Provo Third Ward

Provo Third Ward Amusement Hall

“After the chapel was completed, the ward was handicapped for a place to hold their amusements. A large committee was called to devise ways and means for the construction of an amusement hall. Arthur N. Taylor was made chairman. Men and women worked tirelessly to put the project over. The women put on bazaars, dinners, and other things to raise money.

“On one occasion, every tier of blocks in the ward furnished food for dinner for one day; for six days. The second floor, which was to be used as a gymnasium was completed far enough to set four or five long tables the length of the hall. Tickets were sold to ward members as well as business townspeople.

“When the women found they didn't have enough chickens donated, they made a raid on their own coops, even if it meant ten or twelve chickens. Over five hundred dollars was made to turn over to the building committee.”(1)

The upper floor had a hardwood floor, with basketball hoops and bankers at each end of the building. The ceiling was open, revealing the roof rafters and sheeting. This huge open space, where heat was lost, made it very hard and expensive to heat in the wintertime with only two coal space heaters.

On the west end was a raised stage with large storage drawers under the stage which could be pulled out onto the floor. On the east end were two dressing rooms with a spectator gallery above the dressing rooms

Gymnastic equipment was available, including a “giant stride.” In the rafters, centrally located in the center of the building, was a revolving wheel with about a dozen single ropes suspended, which reached nearly to the floor. The lower four feet of the rope

was converted into a rope ladder where you could put your leg thru into a stand-up, sitting position. Then by running around on the floor with your feet, it produced a man-propelled merry-go-round. The smaller kids would swing way out, almost touching the walls in their flight.

Besides basketball and gymnastics areas, there was a place for wrestling mats.

Some of the finest dramatic plays by the talent from the ward and the city were presented and enjoyed here.

The Provo Third Ward Married Folks Dances became a weekly event and attracted the married folk of Provo and many parts of Utah County.

The original plan for this building called for a swimming pool on the ground floor. This plan, however, was changed in the early 1920s when the ground floor was finished as a ballroom with a stage in the west end for the production of dramatic plays.

With a modern kitchen adjacent, large banquets and reunions could be held in the hall.

Even a ward-produced circus was held at one time that utilized the unfinished lower floor. They had animal cages, including a “Wildman from Borneo,” side shows of every description, prize winning games, shute-the shute, a fish pond, clothing, and food booths. It was really a huge success.

Thomas N. Taylor was bishop when the amusement hall was started and was the stake president when the lower floor was finished:

“After we had completed the church (chapel building) and had it dedicated, we started our amusement hall, one of the first ward amusement halls in the stake and among the first in the church. In a conversation with President Joseph F. Smith about this hall, he said, ‘the church will give five

thousand dollars (\$5,000) provided you will guarantee the balance.' The hall cost \$20,000 and is now all paid for having been finished under the direction of Bishop H. A. Dixon.”(2)

(1) Maria Dixon Taylor's Early History of Provo Third Ward.

(2) Thomas N. Taylor's Journal

Historical Outline of Provo Third Ward

Maria Dixon Taylor, 1943

The Provo Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized on March 18, 1849. John S. Higbee was chosen as President with Isaac Higbee and Dimick B. Huntington as his counselors.

John S. Higbee held this position for only about two months' time. He resigned to go back to Great Salt Lake City, and his brother and first counselor, Isaac, was chosen to take his place on May 28, 1849.

Two years later, March 19, 1851, a ward organization was put into effect in Provo. Elias Hicks Blackburn became Bishop, with William Young and Harlow Redfield his counselors. There were now two presiding officers in Provo. President Higbee in spiritual matters and Bishop Blackburn in temporal affairs. Bishop Blackburn soon started building up the town, built a tithing office, explored the surrounding country, helped with the crops, and things prospered under his leadership so rapidly that it was necessary to divide the town into four wards.

At a special meeting called on July 17, 1852, Brigham Young called Apostle George A. Smith to preside over the saints in Utah County. He chose as his counselors Dominicus Carter and Isaac Higbee. A high council of the stake was organized at the same time.

The people loved and admired Apostle Smith and to show their appreciation for his coming into

their midst to live, they proceeded to build a nice home for him. Grace Smith Cheever, daughter of this man, related that when he arrived he found the house would be too large for him. The excavating had been done and some lumber was on the ground, ready to start building. He sold it to Provo City for four hundred and forty dollars. The city issued a 4% tax to raise money for finishing the building

George A. Smith built himself a modest little home on the north corner of the same block where the Third Ward chapel now stands. It was where his wives Lucy and Hannah lived. His daughter, Grace, was born and lived there until she was thirteen years old. It was also the home of his son, John Henry, who later became an Apostle and counselor in the First Presidency. His mother died when he was a baby and his Aunt Hannah, sister to his mother, reared him as her own son. He spent his early boyhood in that neighborhood.

In August 1852, President Young and three of the Apostles came to Provo and organized the town into five wards. The boundaries of the Third Ward were from 300 West to Utah Lake and from Center Street, north as far as where the city of Orem is now. Later the boundary was again changed. In the late '70s the tier of blocks between 200 and 300 West were taken from the Fourth Ward and given to the Third Ward. In 1902, this same tier of blocks was



Third Ward Meetinghouse on George Smith Row.



Old Third Ward Meetinghouse on the left, new on the right.

taken back into the Fourth Ward and still remains there.

Elias Blackburn was made Bishop of the Provo Third Ward. Thus, he held two positions at the same time. Dominicus Carter and John N. Carter were his counselors.

Provo City completed the building originally intended for George A. Smith (the site and material they paid him four hundred forty dollars for) in 1855, which became known as the Seminary Building. It was used as a court house. The first sessions of court had been held in the Second Fort. The court was held on the first floor and meetings were held on the upper floor. Also the most important school was held there. It was from this school it derived its name. This school was established by George A. Smith. David John was one of the teachers.

The first Federal Court ever held in Utah was in this building. Judge Cradlebaugh, a Federal judge, was sent from Washington to Utah, along with another judge. Cradlebaugh was assigned the Southern Division of Utah and should have gone to Fillmore, the State Capitol at that time. Instead, he came to Provo to hold his court against the protests of the Provo City officials and the people of Provo. Probably his reason was to be near Johnston's Army which was stationed at Camp Floyd. While the judge was delivering his charge to the Grand Jury, a detach-

ment of infantry numbering about one hundred men and commanded by Captain Neth, entered the premises and pitched their tents around the building, without permission. The officers took possession of the lower part of the building for their quarters.

The enraged citizens petitioned the Mayor, B. K. Bullock, to have them removed. The judge replied that he and the soldiers were there to secure the prisoners, as there was no jail. The Mayor informed him there was a jail. Finally, all Utah County protested against troops being called out. The judge paid no attention to them, but kept the soldiers there, and his answer to their protests was to have more soldiers brought in. Eight companies of infantry, one of artillery, and one of cavalry, were all stationed near the building.

Finally, Governor Cummings was appealed to but he couldn't handle the situation, and he appealed to Washington. But before the orders came to eject him, he became angry at the jury for their delay to present indictments. After waiting two weeks, he discharged the jury, dismissed the prisoners, and closed the court, but not before he made a tirade against the leaders of the Mormon Church and linked them with the Mountain Meadows Massacre, murders committed at Springville, and all murders ever committed in Utah.

The troops went back to Camp Floyd and peace was restored again, for awhile.

In 1856, John N. Carter was made a High Counselor and Alexander Williams was made counselor to Bishop Blackburn.

After the settlers left the Second Fort, they moved the log building they had used for their meetings, etc. to the Public Square (now Pioneer Park). Two wings were added to the building and meetings were held there.

The first record I have of where the Third Ward held their meetings stated that meetings were held in Bell's Folly from 1856 to 1858. There are different stories about how it got its name. From one of the early settlers' children comes the following: A man by the name of Bell built a dance hall. Instead of being like a wise man, who built his house on a solid foundation, Bell built his on the ground, without a foundation, and in a very poorly constructed manner. His neighbors likened him to the man in the scriptures, who built his house on the sand, when the wind blew, the rain and floods came and washed his house away. He was called a foolish man. Hence the name "Bell's Folly."

In 1858, Elias Hicks Blackburn was released from the local bishopric in the Third Ward but was



The new Third Ward Meetinghouse.

retained as general Bishop of the town.

William M. Wall, who had returned from a mission to Australia, was chosen to succeed Bishop Blackburn. Edward W. Clark and George W. Bean were made his counselors.

In 1859, Bishop Wall removed to Provo Valley (Wasatch County). On October 3, 1859, Edward W. Clark succeeded him as Bishop, with John N. Carter and Joseph Clark as counselors. In January 1859, William Marsden was chosen to act as clerk.

I have access to a very valuable paper containing the minutes of a Bishop's Court, held in the upper east room of the Seminary Building, dated April 21, 1859, at 9 o'clock in the morning, Bishop William Wall presiding, and William Marsden as clerk.

In 1860, the county felt they should have a new court house. They appropriated two thousand dollars for this purpose and a canvas was made through the various settlements of the county, which swelled the fund to five thousand dollars. This building was located on the east side of the Woolen Mills block and is still standing. As soon as the building was completed, it was used for a court house, and also a jail. After the court was moved from the Seminary Building, it was not occupied until the Third Ward bought it, and remodeled it by taking out the upper floor and putting four large pillars in the center to support the roof. Later, an addition was added on the west of this building, and the upper floor was used for class rooms.

Another Bishop's Court was held January 9, 1860 with Edward W. Clark as Bishop, presiding. William Marsden was clerk. These minutes are in the clerk's handwriting and are very well preserved.

William G. Nuttall was the fourth Bishop of the Third Ward. David John was ordained a counselor to him on September 10, 1862. I find no record of the other counselor. Bishop Nuttall died at his home in

the Third Ward, March 14, 1864, age 67 years.

The Seminary Building was completed in 1855. The Third Ward moved from Bell's Folly in 1858 and held their meetings in the Seminary Building for ten years from 1858 to 1868.

Myron Tanner was set apart as Bishop of Provo Third Ward in 1866. His counselors were David John (who later became President of the Utah Stake) and Joseph Clark. Bishop Tanner resigned his office as Bishop on April 2, 1891 because he desired to move on to his farm after serving for twenty-five years.

Soon after Myron Tanner was made Bishop in 1866, his counselor, David John, tells of them building a round adobe house where meetings and schools were held. This building was in the middle of the block on 400 West, between 100 and 200 North. It was completed in 1868 and called the Round House. Church activities were held there from 1868 to 1879.

David John moved to the Provo First Ward in 1877, and William J. Lewis was chosen as second counselor to Bishop Tanner.

As the ward increased in membership, the Round House became too small. The ward then purchased the old Seminary Building, which had been empty for about twelve years.

In 1879, the remodeling was completed and the ward moved from the round adobe house into its new home. This building was used for all purposes—Church activities, as well as an amusement hall for dancing, dinners, and theatricals.

After Bishop Tanner's release, Richard Gibby, who had recently come from Salt Lake to make his home in Provo, was called to act as Bishop. William J. Lewis and Thomas N. Taylor were his counselors. They were ordained June 3, 1891, by Apostle Heber J. Grant and Francis M. Lyman.

Bishop Gibby's term was short due to ill health and his death. William J. Lewis succeeded him as Bishop in 1895, with Thomas N. Taylor as first counselor and Alfred W. Harding as second counselor.

Bishop Lewis passed away in July 1900 and Thomas N. Taylor was sustained as Bishop on August 26, 1900. Alfred W. Harding and George Powelson were his counselors.

In 1900, when T. N. Taylor became Bishop, the priesthood of the ward decided it was time to build a new chapel after being in the Seminary Building for 23 years. The corner stone was laid April 25, 1901, and dedicated August 30, 1903.

In 1913, when it became necessary to divide the



Dedication held 30 August 1903.

Third Ward, Alfred W. Harding was made Bishop of the new ward, now Pioneer Ward. Thatcher C. Jones was made counselor to Bishop Taylor. In 1920, Bishop Taylor was chosen to be President of Utah Stake. Thatcher C. Jones was made Bishop with William P. Clayton and Walter D. Dixon as counselors.

Bishop Jones left in June 1921, and is now a member of the faculty of Columbia University, New York.

George Powelson was called to act as Bishop, with William P. Clayton and Walter D. Dixon as counselors. Walter died November 26, 1921 and Sidney W. Russell was made a counselor.

November 23, 1924. George Powelson was called into the Stake High Council and Henry Aldous Dixon succeeded Bishop Powelson. Alfred E. Eves and Wayne Booth were chosen as his counselors. Wayne moved to American Fork and died soon after. J. Clifton Moffitt took his place as counselor. Bishop Dixon was released in 1930, and Alfred E. Eves was sustained as Bishop with J. Clifton Moffitt as first counselor and Bent F. Larsen as second counselor. Brother Moffitt moved away to the Manavu Ward and Robert Boswell filled his place.

It was while Aldous Dixon was Bishop that the lower floor of the amusement hall was completed with a Relief Society kitchen, a large stage with a velvet curtain, and a beautifully decorated maple floor dance hall with drapes at the windows.

During Bishop Eves' administration the ward decided to remodel the chapel. After about five years of planning and hard work, it was completed in March 1940.

The auditorium was completely remodeled and is now a beautiful place in which to hold services. There are huge Art glass windows in the front and each side. Ceilings and walls are decorated in restful colors. New hard wood benches have been installed. The floors are covered with beautiful velvet carpets purchased by the widows of the ward.

After the remodeling had been underway about two years, Bishop Eves called a few of the widows together and asked them as a committee to take over the project of covering the floor in the main hall. The women were very surprised to have a Bishop make such a request of the oldest and least

financially able members of the ward. After a very inspirational talk on the widow's mite, the committee pledged their support and all the widows in the ward showed by their actions they stood behind the committee.

They all worked hard making quilts, rugs, and aprons, which they sold at their bazaars. They finally concentrated on making pies, for which their pie committee became famous. When the chapel was ready, the carpet was all paid for and there was enough money to purchase an electric clock—something badly needed.

The chapel was completed during Bishop Harding's administration.

June 28, 1938, Maurice Harding was sustained as Bishop of the Third Ward to succeed Bishop Eves, who was chosen to be a Patriarch of Utah Stake. Bishop Harding's counselors were Fred L. Markham and H. Rex Taylor.

Bishop Harding resigned due to becoming Mayor of Provo City. Arthur D. Taylor succeeded him as Bishop. His counselors were William J. Lewis III and Grant F. Larsen, with Eugene Olson who had served as ward clerk several years. They were set apart September 21, 1941, and are still in that office at this time, March 1943.

When the new Bishopric came in, with Arthur D. Taylor as Bishop, they sent out another urgent call to the widows to buy an organ, which had been needed for so long. This was another shock, but again they put their shoulders to the wheel. They called the pie committee into action again, as well as another committee to make plum puddings to sell for Christmas. Hundreds of pies and 268 puddings were made and sold. The demand was greater than the supply. With the money that was raised by them, and some help from the choir, and a contribution box by John L. Halliday, in about five months' time the organ was purchased and installed for the ward reunion in February 1942.

The committee appointed was: Sarah L. Dixon, Charlotte Beckstead, Mary E. Craner, Nettie Madsen, Louie Dixon, Zaporah Westover, Pauline Haws, Maria D. Taylor, Chairman. These, with the help of a group of the most unselfish and loyal women, saw the widow's mite grow into mountains.

Sunday School

The first Sunday School in Provo was held in a bowery in the Second Fort while the log building was being erected.

L. John Nuttall, William W. Allen, and Susan Roper were the officers and teachers.

Later, all of the wards of the city met in the basement of the Provo meetinghouse, which stood on the corner lot just north of the present tabernacle facing Center Street.

The Third Ward Sunday School was organized February 20, 1876, with Samuel Liddiard as superintendent. Edward G. Harding was first assistant and Henry Williams second assistant. George Taylor was secretary, Joseph Hadfield was librarian, and David Holdaway was treasurer.

The first Sunday School teachers in the Third Ward were: Bishop Tanner and his wife, Jane M. Tanner; William J. Lewis and his wife, Jane Davis Lewis; Henry Aldous Dixon, Joseph Clark, J. M. Tanner, James E. Talmage, Henry White, Robert J. Dugdale, Eliza Nicholls Taylor, Lemira Collins, Mrs. Thomas B. Clark, and Wilmirth White.

About a year after the organization, Henry Williamson moved to Salt Lake and Albert Singleton was chosen as second assistant.

In December 1891, Samuel Liddiard resigned after sixteen years of service. There was no superintendency appointed, and the bishopric took charge for two years.

December 3, 1893, the bishopric resigned and John D. Dixon was made superintendent, with Samuel Liddiard and George Choules the assistants.

John D. Dixon held this position for two years, when he resigned, and Alfred W. Harding took his place, with John E. Lewis as first assistant and George Powelson as second assistant.

Brothers Powelson and Harding were called into the Bishopric. E. H. Holt was called to act, with William P. Silver and William P. Clayton as assistants. It was about this time that a parents class was organized. This class convened in the Relief Society Hall, west of the chapel, with Thomas Court as teacher. As far as is known, this was the first parents class in the church. This was about 1900.

E. H. Holt moved to another ward and Walter D. Dixon was called to act as superintendent, with William P. Clayton and later Heber Miller and David Gourley as assistants. They served until the ward was divided in May 1913.



Provo Third Ward Minutes of Deacons

October 25, 1877

I ORGANIZATION OF DEACONS QUORUM

Provo Third Ward:

Benjamin K. Bullock	President
David Holdaway	1st Counselor
Robert J. Dugdale	2nd Counselor
Robert J. Dugdale	Secretary

November 21, 1878, Quorum divided into three.

II	John E. Lewis	President
	F. E. Newell	Counselor
	J. S. Holdaway	Counselor

III	Joseph E. Hadfield	President
	Alfred W. Harding	Counselor
	Andrew Holdaway	Counselor

February 1882
A. W. Harding was set apart as president of third quorum.

October 12, 1882
John D. Dixon was appointed secretary.

October 16, 1884
John Collins was appointed assistant secretary to John D. Dixon

January 15, 1885
John D. Dixon was set apart to act as second counselor to president of first quorum, B. K. Bullock.

March 19, 1885
B. K. Bullock resigned on account of living on his farm so far from town and other pressing de-

mands of his time, and suggested John D. Dixon as his successor, who was set apart as president of the First Quorum of Deacons of the Provo Third Ward.

April 21, 1885
John Collins appointed secretary.

October 31, 1889
Byron Doolan appointed secretary.

October 7, 1891
John D. Dixon, President First Quorum.
John E. Lewis, President of Second Quorum.
Alfred W. Harding, President of Third Quorum.

Were honorably released on account of other Church duties and the following brethren appointed:

Arthur N. Taylor, President, First Quorum.
Heber Harding, 1st Counselor
Gideon Clark, 2nd Counselor

William P. Clayton, President, Second Quorum
Charles O. Dixon, 1st Counselor
John Choules, 2nd Counselor

William P. Silver, President, Third Quorum
John S. Holdaway, 1st Counselor
James Clayton, 2nd Counselor.

Walter D. Dixon, Secretary
James Clayton, Assistant Secretary
John Choules, Treasurer
Charles O. Dixon, Librarian

Note: The age of some of these Deacons is representative of the quorums: John D. Dixon, 24; Arthur N. Taylor, 21; Walter D. Dixon, 14. A. N. Taylor was called to be president of the ward YMMIA four years later. John D. was a Deacon for more than 9 years.

Provo Third Ward Relief Society

The Third Ward Relief Society was organized May 21, 1868, with the following sisters chosen as officers:

Mary Jane Tanner, President
Hannah M. Smith, 1st Counselor
Hannah T. Clark, 2nd Counselor
Mary John, Secretary
Jane Bolwinkle, Treasurer

Sister Bolwinkle resigned in 1870. Sarah Liddiard was chosen to take her place. Hannah M. Smith moved from the ward in 1877. Phoebe Pratt was chosen as 1st Counselor, but resigned in a short time because the family was moving from Provo. Arvilla Perry was chosen as 1st Counselor. January 13, 1876, Mary John moved to the Provo First Ward and President Tanner acted as secretary until August 30, 1877. Hester Ann Beebe was chosen to be secretary. She moved from the ward in January 1881. Lemira Collins was sustained as secretary on February 10, 1881.

In June 1875, a branch Relief Society was organized for those living north and west of Twelfth North. The Branch officers were:

Anna D. Johnson, President
Mary Madsen, 1st Counselor
Lucinda Holdaway, 2nd Counselor

This branch Relief Society was under the direction of the Third Ward. Mary Jane Tanner was thirty years of age when she was called to be president, and she served for twenty-one years and seven months. She passed away January 8, 1890, age 52.

A reorganization was effected March 2, 1890, with the following chosen as officers:

Eliza N. Taylor, President
Arvilla Perry, 1st Counselor
Mary E. Hoover, 2nd Counselor
Lemira Collins, Secretary and Treasurer
Emily Clark, Assistant Secretary
Lucinda Holdaway, President of Teachers
Jane Lewis, 1st Counselor
Christina Jensen, 2nd Counselor
Emily Clark, Secretary

December 3, 1892, a Charitable and Benevolent Association was organized. The purpose and object was to relieve and assist the sick and poor and collect and disburse contributions. A board of five directors were named: Eliza N. Taylor, Arvilla Perry, Mary E. Hoover, Lemira Collins, and Maria Newell.

March 15, 1901, the Third Ward Relief Society Hall was dedicated by President David John. A considerable amount of money was raised by the teachers who visited their different districts every Monday morning to gather eggs which were laid on Sunday.

A bin was built in the rear of this building where the wheat, which had been donated, was stored.

March 16, 1893, the following sisters were released: Lemira Collins, Louisa Newell, Emily Clark. The same day, Emily M. Clark was sustained as Secretary, Lemira Collins as Treasurer, and Louisa Newell as a Trustee.

The records for the following appointments were destroyed, so there are no sustaining dates for the counselors to President Eliza N. Taylor: Laura Pulham, Sarah L. Dixon, and May Clayton.

In May 1913, the Third Ward was divided. The new ward, west of 6th West, was called Pioneer Ward. With Sister Taylor living in the Pioneer Ward, it became necessary to reorganize the Third Ward Relief Society.

In May 1913, Sarah L. Dixon was chosen as president. Her counselors were Dicy Frisby and Mary A. Lloyd with Mertis Russell as secretary.

In 1915, Sister Frisby died, and February 15, 1916 Maria Eves filled her place. The same year, Julia Nattan, assistant secretary and treasurer, moved from the ward and Esthma Tanner was appointed in her place.

May 4, 1920, Martha Lloyd moved from the ward to Salt Lake City, and Estella Burch was made 2nd counselor. In September, Sister Burch was called to be president of the Y.L.M.I.A. and Nellie T. Taylor was sustained as 2nd counselor. On March 9, 1926, Nellie Taylor was released and LaPrele Halliday was made 2nd counselor. October 1931, Sister Halliday resigned, and Vivian Taylor was chosen to act as 2nd counselor.

After the division of the ward, the Relief Society Hall was taken for the janitor's home. The two back rooms in the meeting house were given to the Relief Society to hold their meetings. In 1912, they

purchased a piano.

In 1923, the wheat was sold. The money received was loaned to the Presiding Bishop's Office. The interest received from this money was used for maternity and child welfare purposes.

September 27, 1932, Sarah L. Dixon with her counselors Maria Eves and Vivian Taylor were released. Sister Dixon served nineteen years as president.

Maurine G. Taylor was chosen as president with Estella Burch as 1st and Nettie Madsen as 2nd counselors. Mertis Russell was secretary. They were all set apart on September 27, 1932.

June 12, 1934, Sister Taylor resigned. The same

day, Nettie Madsen was sustained as president with Permona Richmond 1st counselor, and Rose Bushell 2nd counselor. Mertis Russell was secretary.

September 7, 1936, Sister Madsen resigned. This released her counselors and Mertis Russell resigned at the same time. She had been secretary for twenty-one years. The same day, Reva Bullock was chosen and set apart as president. Her counselors were Elizabeth Boswell as 1st counselor and Beth Berrett as 2nd counselor. Ruby H. Clark was chosen as secretary and treasurer. Sister Berrett moved to Springville, and in June 1937, Mildred Hall was chosen as 2nd counselor.

Provo Third Ward Relief Society Hall

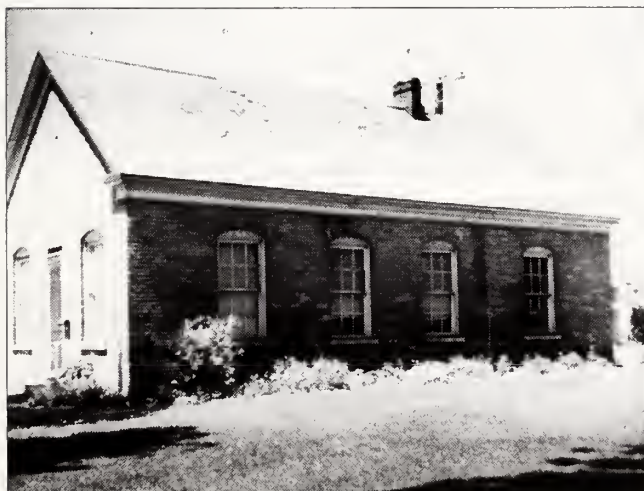
The second building on the Third Ward corner lot was the Third Ward Relief Society Hall, which was planned and financed by the Relief Society sisters of the ward.

In the spring of 1900, as soon as the weather permitted, the three Collins brothers, Aquilla, Joab and Imlay, commenced laying up the rock foundation for the Relief Society Hall. This was their contribution to the Relief Society sisters.

As is noted in the following extract from the Relief Society minutes, the building was constructed, paid for, and ready for occupancy in a year's time:

"March 15, 1901, the 3rd Ward Relief Society Hall was dedicated. Eliza N. Taylor, President, presiding. Prayer by Bishop Myron Tanner. Treasurer, Lemira Collins, read a brief report of what had been

done by the brethren and individuals towards the erection of the building. Eliza N. Taylor called for a vote to see if all were satisfied with the report of the building. The affirmative vote was unanimous. She said the Lord surely had blessed their efforts, everything being paid for in full or it could not have been dedicated at that time. It was a marvel to all to think it was just one year since it was started. Bishop T. N. Taylor was pleased to be present and wished to state that the erection of this house has taken nothing from the poor fund. He felt it was time to try and erect a new meeting house. (They were still meeting in the old adobe house on the corner). President



Side and front views of the Relief Society Hall.



David John offered the dedicatory prayer.”

A considerable portion of the money raised to build this building came through the cooperation of the sister's chickens. Each Monday morning the district Relief Society teachers called upon their assigned families to collect the eggs which the chickens had laid on Sunday. Many attested that their chickens laid more eggs on Sunday than any other day of the week.

In the north end or rear of the Relief Society Hall, a wheat bin was built where the donated wheat was stored to be used for the support of the poor or

for a time of famine.

In 1923, when the ward was divided, the stored wheat was sold. The money received was loaned to the Presiding Bishop's Office. The interest received from this money was used for maternity and child welfare purposes.

The Relief Society was then assigned two rooms on the second floor of the west part of the new chapel building, and the Relief Society Hall was turned into the ward janitor's home.

In — the Relief Society Hall was torn down to become part of the west parking lot.

Provo Third Ward M.I.A. Officers Reunion—1934

by Zenos Porter, Adult Teacher

The photograph shows the past and present M.I.A. officers who were entertained by the adult and senior classes at a special reunion party given November 20, 1934. Also in the group are the ever loyal supporters of the Utah Stake M.I.A. officers and the stake presidency. The party proved to be very interesting in several respects.

The roll call showed the following:

Year 1877

Present was Mrs. Rachel E. Davies of the last presidency of the Young Ladies Retrenchment Society. The members of that presidency were:

Mrs. J. M. Tanner, President.
Mrs. Wilmuth Blair White, 1st Counselor
Mrs. C. E. Davies, 2nd Counselor

Year 1878

Present were Myron Newell and Alonzo Bullock of the presidency of the first Young Mens Mutual Improvement Association. The members of that presidency were:

J. M. Tanner, President
J. O. Haws, 1st Counselor
Myron Newell, 2nd Counselor
Alonzo Bullock, Corresponding Secretary
James E. Talmage, Recording Secretary

Year 1885

Present was David Stagg who was 1st Counselor to John M. Holdaway, President.

Year 1890

Present was Thomas N. Taylor, oldest or senior Y.M.M.I.A. president.

Since 1870 there have been twenty-one presidents of the Y.M.M.I.A., and eighteen presidents of the Y.L.M.I.A. There were fifty-one officers present.

That the M.I.A. way is indeed a good way was demonstrated by the spontaneous, active, and willing way that all took part during the events of the evening. The order of the events were: preliminary talks, old-time games, old-time refreshments passed in old-time vessels by maids in old-time costumes, and a few old-time dances.

The committee is certain that the M.I.A. training for leadership received by these officers was a large factor that helped put over “the party that they are still talking about.”

Honoring Those Who Worked in Third Ward M.I.A.

November 1934



Front Row: (l to r) 1. Marie Clayton 2. Rose Bushell 3. Bullock 4. Zipporah Westopher 5. Louie Collins 6. Annie Whittle 7. — 8. John Collins 9. Maud Taylor 10. Thomas N. Taylor 11. David Stagg Alonzo 12. Bullock 13. Myron Newell 14. Rachael Davies 15. Mattie Harding 16. Sarah L. Dixon 17. Louie Dixon 18. Alice Dangerfield 19. (boy) 20. Hiller 21. Kate Taylor 22. Mary Larsen 23. — 24. — 25. Crawley 26. —

Second Row: 27. Celia Larsen 28. — 29. Alice Taylor 30. Flossie Fescher 31. Esma Tanner 32. Wm. Burch 33. — 34. — 35. May Clayton 36. Aldous Dixon 37. May Goodman 38. Fred Markham 39. — 40. Bishop Alfred Eves 41. Jabez Dangerfield 42. Wm. P. Clayton 43. — 44. Nettie Madsen 45. — 46. — 47. Etta Dixon 48. J. Joseph Johnson 49. Joseph Crawley 50. Charles O. Dixon 51. — 52. Ashted Taylor 53. Fred Fescher 54. D. L. Van Wagenen 55. Ruth Davies 56. Kenneth Weight 57. Andrew Hartley 58. — 59. James Clayton 60. Bea Russell 61. Lucille Dixon 62. Mamie Bird 63. Cause Eves 64. — 65. Grace Cheever 66. — 67. J. M. Jensen 68. Maurice Harding 69. Rex Larsen.

On Steps at Far Right: 70. John Halliday 71. Edith Dixon 72. Maurine Hoover 73. Dixie Taylor

Kneeling on Stage: 74. Kenneth Fescher 75. Ray Stewart 76. Rees Bench 77. Arthur D. Taylor 78. David Goodman 79. Bill Carr 80. Jasper Bird

Standing on Stage: 81. — 82. Clark 83. Enoch Clark 84. — 85. — 86. Howard B. Dixon 87. Valera Dixon 88. Reva Bullock 89. Erma Boshard 90. Illa Williams 91. Lucille Collins 92. Maurine Taylor 93. Ruby Clark 94. — 95. Evelyn Clark 96. Doris Crane 97. Dave Fielding.

Provo Third Ward Ghost Story

Letter written to Marion Dunn, *Provo Daily Herald* by Celia Larsen Luce

Dear Mr. Dunn,

You wanted a ghost story from Provo. I have one, only there were no real ghosts.

In the 1940s I was asked to write a history of the Provo Third Ward. I interviewed several of the older members of the ward. And that's where I got the ghost story. But first we need a bit of Provo history.

In the early days of Provo a beautiful new adobe courthouse was built on the corner of Fifth West and First North. Just after it was finished, Johnston's Army came to Utah. With the army came new officials for the state.

Judge Cradlebaugh was the new federal judge for the southern half of Utah. He was supposed to settle in Fillmore, but didn't want to be that far from Johnston's Army at Fairfield. He saw the new courthouse in Provo and moved in.

His main aim seemed to be to accuse as many Mormons of crimes as possible. He was especially anxious to convict Brigham Young. When things got out of hand he got soldiers to protect him and carry out his orders.

Needless to say, he was hated by the Provo citizens and when Johnston's Army was called back east at the start of the Civil War, he went back too.

The courthouse was left empty.

Here's where the ghost story comes in.

The word went around that Judge Cradlebaugh had killed several men and cut off their heads. Their headless bodies were supposed to be in the columns in the basement.

I got the story from Maria Dixon Taylor (called Aunt Rye by everyone) and John Collins. Both had been children in the neighborhood when the courthouse stood empty.

Aunt Rye told me that she was afraid to pass the building. She always walked on the other side of the street. She had been told that the headless ghosts in the basement were looking for their heads and might kill anyone who came near.

I can't imagine John Collins being afraid of anything, but he told me the same story.

The main stores in Provo, or at least some of them, were on Fifth West between Center Street and First North. He always crossed the street when he had to go on an errand to the store. He told me how frightened he was when he happened to see some older boys looking in the basement windows of the empty building.

Now comes the horror story as far as the children were concerned..

Wards had been divided. The new Third Ward needed a meeting house. Here was a fine empty building that would suit their needs just right. It needed some remodeling, which they did.

Now, the same children who had been so afraid of the building had to go to church there!

Later the Third Ward built a lovely new chapel just north of the old building. When the chapel was finished, the old building was torn down. The "new" chapel is now empty but is still a beautiful Provo landmark.

The Halloween Circus

The building committee of the Provo Third Ward was in debt for the construction of the large two-story gymnasium. Only the upstairs hardwood floor portion of the building had been completed. It had a stage and dressing rooms on the south end and two restrooms with a balcony over it, plus two stairways leading to the downstairs entry doorway on the east of the building. The downstairs of this building had a dirt floor and was unfinished.

Here was the place and near Halloween day to have a circus to raise some money for reducing the gymnasium debt. It took more than a month of preparation by ward members to get the plans, obtain the props, make the assignments, and create enthusiasm.

Entry was made by climbing the south outside stairway to the Relief Society rooms, which were located on the second floor and west end of the

meeting house building. In these double rooms were the skeletons, witches, ghosts, black cats, a corpse in a casket, and many other Halloween trimmings.

Leaving these room and just before going into the amusement hall was a replica of an old well with the protecting sides and a roof over it. As you looked down the well you could see the wicked face of the devil grinning up at you. To create this illusion, a large barrel with both ends removed and a round mirror was placed at the bottom end. Then in the canopy over the top, another round mirror was placed. Arthur Salt, a small, thin man with pointed features and made up with slanting eyes, horns, a curly mustache, and a small, dark goatee, dressed as the devil, stood on a ladder looking down to the lower mirror; this portrayed him as the devil in the well. In looking down the well, his image appeared to be more than a hundred feet down.

The lower part of the unfinished amusement hall dirt floor had been covered with sawdust. There were no regular light fixtures, so the lighting was dim with temporary lights situated in strategic locations.

Upon leaving the devil's well, a dimly lighted hallway led up a short ramp to near the ceiling. Here was shoot-the-shoot, the only way down to the circus floor. This shoot had been made by taking

the chapel benches and placing them end to end, supported by pillars, with covering to slide on down to the bottom. Here a ghost would help you off the slide and he transmitted a light, tickling, electric shock.

Going around the large room were booths, displays, and even cages of wild animals—a wild man from Borneo (in a cage, with a bone through his nose), bears, lions, elephant, giraffe, and others.

Side shows consisted of “Twin Calves” (a person standing behind a curtain showing only his two legs and nothing more), “A Polly Doll Who Can Answer Questions,” “Hit the Bull’s Eye (a man’s face) and Win A Prize,” and a water dunking.

Elton tells his part as a bear in a cage with a real bearskin tied to his body and head, and the little Carter girls throwing dusty sawdust at his face which nearly smothered him.

“Sank” Dixon was “Twin Calves” and nearly froze his legs when the kids would bring their ice cream cones and chunks of ice and hold it on his calves.

All the participants as well as the spectators thoroughly enjoyed themselves while raising funds for the Ward Building Fund.

It was a real and typical Third Ward party.

Third Ward Married Folks Dances

It was nothing unusual for a married folks dance, with a live orchestra, to be held once a week in the upstairs of the old Provo Third Ward amusement hall. The older folks from all over Provo and adjacent towns would come to these dances. Some of these couples lived from one week to the next waiting to participate in these dances. One of the favorite orchestras to play at these dances was the Murdock Orchestra, composed mostly of Murdock family members who lived on Third West in the Fourth Ward.

Several of the menfolk and ladies brought their own dancing pumps under their arms and changed into them when they arrived at the dance hall.

The ladies cloak room was located on the northeast corner of the hall; the southeast corner room was used for a wraps check room for the men.

Many a time I went with my cousin, “Sanky” Dixon, to the Third Ward gymnasium just before

eight o’clock p.m. We pulled one of the gymnastic exercise horses across the doorway of the check room to block it off and serve as a counter. The coat hooks on the walls were given numbers and a corresponding claim check was made and given to the dancers when they checked their coats, hats, and sometimes their street shoes. The service was free, but we always expected at least a dime tip or we considered the dancer a “cheapskate” if he didn’t pay.

Most of the dances were waltzes, intermixed with a few fox trots, two steps, and quadrilles. But the most enjoyable dance of all was the Third Ward Special, which was a mixer where everybody danced with, eventually, everyone else, thus becoming acquainted with all.

Some of the old men came in with the aid of a cane. But when the music started playing, they parked the cane, selected a partner, and got out on the dance floor to gracefully maneuver their partner

around the dance floor all evening without missing a dance. When the orchestra played the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" or "Goodnight Ladies," they would pick up their cane and go limping off home.

My father and Aunt May Clayton were both beautiful waltzers, and they always managed to have two or three dances during the evening.

At the stroke of midnight, the orchestra would strike up the tune "Goodnight Ladies" and there would be a wild dash of the men to the cloak room to retrieve their wraps and head for home and the

sleeping children.

For about ten or fifteen minutes it was a mad rush for the two of us in the cloak room. It seemed like everyone was calling out their number at the same time trying to get their wraps first. We felt relieved when the last coat was picked up without any serious loss or mix up.

If the receipts for the evening justified it, we had a hamburger and a drink of pop at a nearby hamburger stand. Occasionally, if it was a generous, big crowd, we were entitled to a piece of pie each.

My Mission to the Union of South Africa

A Letter from Elder Clarence Taylor's Older Brother Lynn



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 JOHN C. HALO, NEPHI
 GOLDEN TAYLOR, PRISON
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INTERIOR DECORATION DEPT.

W. D. NORMAN

UPHOLSTERING & REPAIR

HANS O. G. MILLER

Nov. 28, 1930.

Dear Bud-

It's quite an effort to write an epistle the day after Thanksgiving, but I've got to get this letter off to you at once or you won't hear from me till long after Christmas. Perhaps this won't reach you even by Christmas. I'm not so well acquainted with the mail route between here and South Africa.

We've had quite a stretch of sub. zero weather the past two weeks which you ought to be glad you are escaping. As I understand it you are enjoying the good old summer time and we surely envy you. Les is almost ready to leave me and move to Mexico or some place.

We had a nice turkey dinner yesterday. Kent, Wyla & their Dad was with us and it was quite a family reunion. The "U" and the Aggies played football yesterday on solid ice and snow. The score was 41 to 0, Utah. The "Y" played the College of Idaho another tie game at Boise. Score 13 all. They leave for Hawaii Monday.

There isn't very much excitement around Provo right now. The kids at school are so busy studying they



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don't have much time to get into mischief. We have lots of excitement around our place with young Johnny calling me "Lynn" and ordering Cess around by her front name. Every night before going to bed we have to hold him up to the family portrait while he recites the names of all the aunts and uncles.

I don't know what I can tell you that will be of interest so guess I better ring off.

By the way I'm enclosing the price of a meal in case you get hungry. Sorry Santa Claus is so darn poor this year but you'll have to accept the fact that we mean well even if \$1 is the limit this Xmas. Take it and see a show or get a dinner for I know that should help to buck up the old spirit.

Cess and John send our best wishes for a happy Christmas. We hope the new year will bring you success and happiness in your work. Write us when you can.

With best wishes,
Lynn.

Copy of a Letter from Maria D. Taylor

Provo, Utah

December 14, 1930

Dear Clarence,

Received your letter Monday morning, and was glad to know that time was going so fast, a good sign I would say. Your father always used to tell your brothers, "if at any time you felt discouraged home-sick and blue go to work and work work work," and before they knew it their troubles were all forgotten. What a blessing work is (not too much) but enough to make us happy, and where could you find more happiness than in the work in which you are engaged, for your Heavenly Father has blessed you.

Clarence, if you will only look back over your life, then why not show your appreciation for those blessings by trying to bring more souls to Christ.

The longer I live, the more I have to thank my kind Heavenly Father for. I was just telling Maurine, the other day, how happy I was. It just seemed I was blessed more than anyone. My husband is as good and kind as could be. My children grown and so far, not a black sheep amongst them (only Henry, the black headed). All good, clean boys and girls. My time is my own to go and come when I please, enough time to study for my seminary and Relief Society class and lessons. And above all, the thing I appreciate most is the strong testimony of this gospel. It brings me such comfort and joy. I don't think I have ever felt so happy and contented in my life. I go to bed with that peaceful feeling; arise in the morning with a song in my heart. And occasionally, when a little feeling or worry comes over me, I am able to banish it. My constant prayer is that I may be given strength to continue.

Sometimes I just wake up and think it is a dream I have had, you being so far away. And then when I realize it is true, I utter a prayer for your safety and progress. Don't you think the Lord hears and answers my prayers. I KNOW He does for I have them answered all the time.

Well Clarence you will think it strange writing like this in the beginning, but I don't know I just feel that way and just had to express it.

As you say, I was wishing you had been sent where Elder Wright went (to Port Elizabeth). You know I am so anxious for you to visit somewhere

around your grandfather's home, but I am not worrying, I believe all things are going to turn out all right. I feel right down deep in my heart.

I was reading my father's diary he had when he went to England and the Collision of the vessel with the ice-berg. I have copied it and sometime I will get Kenneth to type it and send you a copy of it. I was out to Price soon after you left, and was telling Elton about it. He said he had heard Grandma Dixon tell about it and in Fast Meeting the Sunday before, he told of the incident. A Brother there, I think he called him Judge Potter, arose and said in the mouth of two witnesses all things shall be established. He said he came home in that same boat a few years after, and he saw it lying in the docks for repairs with a hole as big as a room in it. He later talked to the Captain and also the crew and they said it was a miracle. I met him as I was leaving Price and he repeated it to me. He said he was told that when the word was taken to Mr. Guion (for the ship was of the Guion Line) he asked if any Mormon Elders were aboard. When told there were four, he went back to bed and said he knew every thing was alright. In the forty years they had carried Mormons, never a ship had gone down. Mormons were better than insurance.

In Father's diary he tells of receiving word from Africa from his Nephew of the death of his sister Anne Hartman. I think she died in the year 1875 in Grahamstown and her daughter had gone to Croyden to live with her brother John. Sometime I will write you all the particulars.

I think, in the that book you have (H. A. Dixon Diary), in several places it speaks of his Uncle and Nephews, some of their addresses were Burghers Dorp or something of that name. Their names were Boardman. If any Elders are around Grahamstown probably they could find the Hartman records or graves. I would like to have their work done. I believe the date of the husband is in the (H. A. Dixon) diary. I don't know his given name. I think if your expenses are somewhere around 50 dollars, that is very reasonable.

As you say, it was a good thing you took as many clothes as you did and I think you are right in wearing them and keeping the rest for later use.

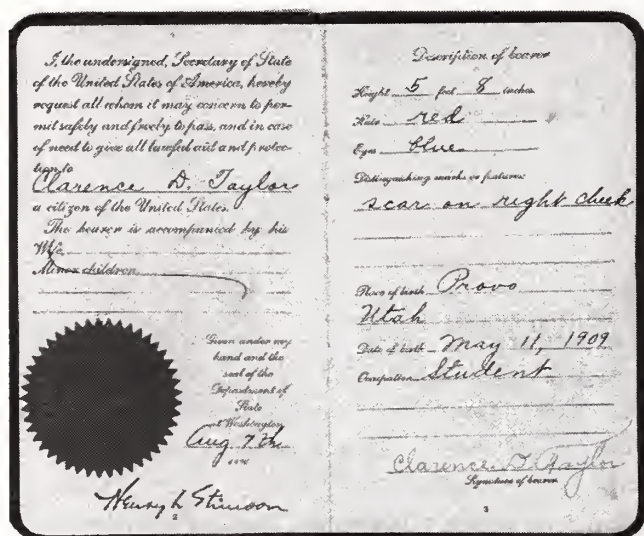
To-day I was hardly looking for your letter, as it has come on Monday the last time. When I opened

it and saw it written in ink and only a note, I wondered what had happened. I was relieved to know you were out on a tour and what a blessing you had a nice board platform to sleep (or lay down on) and not too full a stomach to keep you awake. Ruth said with tears in her eyes, "I think that is terrible to sleep out and nothing to eat. I can't think of it, for if I go without my meals it just makes me sick all over." I laughed and said I will write and tell him it will MAKE A MAN OUT OF HIM. I hope he won't hold it against me like Elton did. Ruth said don't do that Mother, but I have said it and I mean it. It

will help you to endure things in the future. It may seem hard at the time but I have heard Elders say they gained their testimony in this way for it brings you nearer to the Lord and I do not fear for I know He will take care of you if you will put your trust in Him and have faith.

I trust this letter will not be overweight. I took one to the P. Office and they said I could send twice as much. I must ring off. With love and best wishes from all the family.

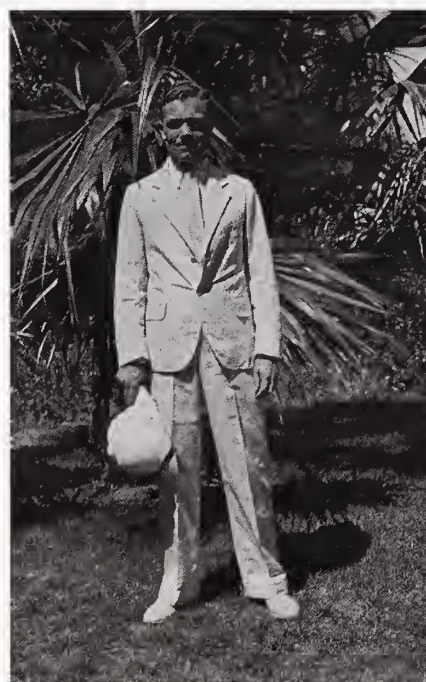
Mother



Missionary card for Clarence Dixon Taylor.



Mission passport for Clarence Dixon Taylor.



Clarence Dixon Taylor, mission secretary from February 20, 1931 to March 14, 1932.

Renewal of Family Ties in South Africa

by Clarence D. Taylor

With the death of Grandfather Dixon's sister, Anne, on March 28, 1877, just 3 years after the death of their father John Henry Dixon, all contacts with the Dixon family in South Africa ceased. Some of the letters written to Anne by Henry A. Dixon were returned at that time, five of them having been enlarged and reproduced recently.

Our Dixon family records were so incomplete in 1930 that the only records available were the date and place of birth of Henry A. Dixon and the name of his mother, father, and sister.

So in May 1930 when my mission call for the California Mission was changed to the South African Mission, I was overjoyed. And I think it was an answer to my mother's prayers that a representative of the Dixon family be sent to the birthplace of her father.

Upon landing at Capetown and the Mission Home at Mowbray, I was immediately placed in the Mission office and after two months training was assigned as Mission Secretary. This was disappointing for it now tied me down to a desk with little chance for genealogical contacts. Typical of my mother's faith, she counseled me to do my assigned job thoroughly and to the best of my ability and if I did that, the way would be opened for me to obtain that information which she and I so much desired.

On April 30, 1931 at "Cumorah" Main & Grove Road, Mowbray, South Africa, the South African Mission Headquarters and Mission Home, I recorded the following thoughts:

On September 15, 1930, I left my home and beloved ones at Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah, to answer a call to fulfill a Mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in South Africa, the former home and birthplace of Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon. Seventy-five years before, he had left his home, his beloved parents and sister and friends, to sacrifice all for the love of the convictions of his mind and heart; to go to America—Utah, to help build up the great kingdom.

Little knowledge did I have of any ancestors or friends, for no detailed record had been kept concerning the whereabouts of my grandfather's family and their children. Yet within six months, through the help and guidance of our Heavenly Father, I have been guided to the door of a total stranger, who upon conversing and searching proves to be one of

my relatives here in South Africa. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." This work of genealogy, that of collecting and linking up our family histories, is one of the greatest and most important works of the Lord in this the latter day.

It being the 29th of April and the end of the month, the time that is busiest in the office, I felt that I should stay in the office and do my work. I had previously told the Elders this when they inquired if I was going out tracting with them. After going to the office and outlining my day's activities, I decided that they could wait until afternoon or the next day. None of it being exceptionally important or rushing. So I went tracting, really against my own convictions.

How it was that Elder Peterson and Elder Harris took the opposite side of the road and Elder MacArthur and myself the right side, is beyond my power of comprehension and reason. After tracting about six houses with fairly good conversations, we entered "Kenthurst." We knocked at the door, asked for the missus and waited. The maid reappeared and asked the names—we waited. Were asked to come in by the maid but refused. It not being in order to accept the invitation from a servant. Still we waited and finally the lady of the house came in from the back yard. She evidently had been working in the garden. We waited while she washed her hands. She finally appeared and we delivered our message or approach. She was not interested whatsoever. She had her religion, Church of England, which was good enough for her.

She happened to mention that one of her father's uncles was a Mormon. I then told her the story of my grandfather, of his being born and raised in Africa, after which he went to Utah. Upon mentioning his only sister as being Anne Hartman, she immediately gave me the startling news of her relationship to the Hartman's of Cradock. What good news! How my heart and soul thrilled! Just imagine the possibility of finding relatives, someone that knew my grandfather's family history; which was more or less a blank page to his family in Utah. Here I am no longer alone. I have found kinsmen and the possibility of helping to fulfill one of my mother's grandest hopes and dreams.

I asked if I might have the privilege of coming back some evening and talking more about the fam-

ily tree. She answered in the affirmative, also stating she would write to Willie Hartman, who was living then at Cradock and was very ill and in a critically sick condition. I suggested coming around before mail day (letter writing day), and was given the invitation of calling Thursday, April 30th.

As I was leaving I inquired as to her name and found it to be Mrs. Humphris, living at Kenthurst on Banska Road, Rosebank (a suburb of Cape Town.)

Thursday evening at 8:00 p.m., Elder Peterson accompanied me back to the home of Mrs. Humphris. I took with me grandfather's diary and also the pictures and letters from home. In the last mail I had received the histories of Grandfather Dixon and also Grandmother Eliza Taylor.

I took these histories, pictures, and diary along and showed them and read them to Mrs. Humphris, Mr. Humphris (who is blind and without the use of his limbs), Miss Humphris, and another young man.

We were greeted with a very friendly welcome and made to feel at home. I had just read the letters, taken from Grandmother Dixon's box at Aunt Electa's. I showed them some of these letters and the pictures sent me. Mrs. Humphris located her album and showed me the picture of Miss Nash, who married Ben Webber, and also a number of his sisters as well as some of the other persons spoken of in Anne Hartman's letters to Grandfather, which we were just reading.

Mrs. Humphris remembers her mother, Mrs.

Hamlin, who was Ben Webber's sister Harriet, telling her that her mother, Emma Dixon, told the story of having been left in care of some friends while her mother went to England to get some money, but was never heard of after that. As near as we can work it out (nothing definite) Emma Dixon must have been the half sister of Henry Aldous Dixon, my grandfather.

(Most recent records show that Margaret W. Dixon, first wife of John Henry Dixon, was buried at Grahamstown, Cape Province South Africa, by the Rev. William Geary on June 21, 1824.)

On January 28, 1932 I received permission from Mission President Dalton to travel by train to Halesowen Station, near Cradock, Cape Province, about 850 miles from Capetown.

Here I was met by Florence McDonald Radford, a niece of William Hartman, who drove me to "Buffels Hoek," the sheep ranch of 75-year-old William Hartman, his wife, Florence and her father, David McLoed.

William Hartman is the nephew of Grandfather Henry A. Dixon and son of Grandfather's sister Anne Judith.

I spent a week visiting with them at their ranch. William Hartman died at Cradock on the 15th of November 1933.

Very little genealogical information was obtained. But correspondence by my mother with Flo Hartman and Florence Radford continued until their death.

My Search for Family Records in South Africa

April 20, 1932:

Last Wednesday, we went to Uitenhage by train, a distance of about 21 miles, costing 3 shillings two pence (about 75 cents). While there in the afternoon, we visited the cemetery, and after walking thru it, was quite disappointed to find no Dixon tombstones, as I had anticipated I would find. After inquiring of the caretaker we found that they keep no record of burials, but that they had divided the cemetery into plots and given each church a portion of ground for its congregation, and the churches did not keep account of their burials.

Next we went to Mr. N. D. Alexander, the Uitenhage undertaker, whose forefathers have been in the same business since 1865, and who treated us very cordial and showed us three maps he had of the plots in the cemetery. The older map was torn in two, but was the map of the Old Dutch Reformed Cemetery, which was the first one and where all the old people were buried. The other two were later editions of all cemeteries. He has the most complete records of any records kept.

We next visited a Mr. James of the Royal Hotel, who in turn referred us to a Mr. Luyte who is 76 years of age and knew some early Mormon's and had heard of the Dixons. In fact, he stated that just that day a John Dixon, who had been employed in the Government Customs Office, was just sailing for England that day.

Grahamstown, South Africa—May 13, 1932

This morning I decided that while working in Grahamstown, I was going to try to find where Grandfather Dixon was born and the original tract of land allotted to my Great Grandfather of the 1820 Dixon Party Settlers.

I first started by inquiring at the City Hall, who referred me to the 1820 Settlers Memorial Secretary, Mr. Bosanquist, who was quite difficult to locate, but who I did finally find. He treated me most kind. He could not give me any information, but he took his hat and umbrella, left his work and went out in the rain with us to find someone who could impart the desired information. After calling on an attorney, then a home furnishings store manager; we went to the Albany Land Office where a map of all the

original Land Grants of the 1820 Settlers locations in the Albany District were shown. The Dixon Party had not settled in the Albany District, so it was not on this map. After talking to four or five other well known and kind residents, including Mr. McKenzie, the present Historian of Grahamstown, and Mr. Gill of the Albany Office, they advised me to get in touch with a Mr. W. R. Dixon living in Coombs, near the Albany District.

This Mr. Dixon was an old man of 87 years, very active and a real old English type gentleman. He was of the early 1820 Settlers, so they stated, and was indeed a wonderful and well-liked man by all. To illustrate one of his characteristics, it is said that when General Botha came out to take command of the South African Armies in German East Africa, during the 1st World War, that "Old Boss" Dixon gave the General a fine thoroughbred charger, which was transported to the field of action and which carried him through that war.

As there was no way of getting in communication with Mr. Dixon by telephone, and the necessity of leaving Grahamstown the next morning for Port Elizabeth, I hired a taxi for two pounds (\$10) to take me the 25 miles over poor roads. That was a lot of money to be risking, but as the regular taxi charge was one shilling (25 cents) a mile, I decided that for the 50 miles it was reasonable in this country, and that if I did not go now, maybe it would be my last chance or else something might happen to the "old" man. So at two o'clock we left in a Dodge six sedan. The rain was beginning to come down again. Soon the roads became so bad that we had to get out push and finally had to put on chains. This lasted half the way down and half the way back.

We went thru some beautiful country, in fact, for farming country there is none that I have seen in South Africa that looks any better than that found in the rolling hills, the valleys, and mountains which surrounds Grahamstown. The country reminds me very much of some of the hilly portions of Heber Valley—Charleston and Wallsburg.

After a most difficult time, we arrived at the Dixon Farm about 5:30 p.m.—just as it was getting dusk. We had to leave the car a half mile down the road and walk the remainder of the way.

We talked to the son who stated he did not know anything about his grandparents, and then

mentioned he had received a letter from someone inquiring of the same information, which later proved to be the letter I had written about nine months ago from Capetown. He never answered and was still waiting for information to answer it.

Going over the "old Man" Dixon's house, which was small, two rooms, clean, and well kept by his wife. He told me he was the son of Matthew Dixon, who came to South Africa two years after the 1820 Settlers landed. You cannot imagine the disappointment at those words. I anticipated too much. I thought the old man would be William Dixon, spoken of in the will and that I would be able to get first-hand information. But no such luck.

The trip was not altogether in vain, for I was near to where old Great Grandfather John Henry Dixon settled, which was just over the valley in what is called "Dixon's Bush."

Capetown, South Africa—January 26, 1933

During the past week, that is since last Monday, I have been spending the majority of my time in the Archives of the Union of South Africa, located in the bottom of the Parliament Buildings. I have been well paid for the time spent in research work. They

do not have many of the old records dealing with the actual personal history of each settler, but from a compilation, or actually from the letters which were written by the descendants of the Settlers, in request of the Centennial Settlers Committee who were at that time of 1919 preparing for the celebration of the hundred years celebration of their arrival to this country, and were trying to determine the number of descendants living at that time.

From what I have found, it deals mainly with Rev. William Boardman history and his family. There was very little information in regards to Grandfather Dixon's genealogy. I was able to find an answer from William Henry Dixon's son, George Waldron Dixon, and have his address which I will write to and see if they are still living. I am sending you the information I have obtained, which will be kept for reference work in grouping them into families.

I think the most valuable piece of work I found was that Genealogical Register, taken from the old family Bible of the Rev. Boardman now in possession of Mr. F. W. Boardman of Heidelberg, Transvaal. If I cannot copy it and get it to you this week, I will in the future.

Hermanus Nicolaas Casparus Lotter

His Conversion and Death

Two fine young South African men had found and purchased a Book of Mormon at the Port Elizabeth used bookstore, and after reading it, they contacted the local Mormon missionaries to learn more about it.

Benjamin Joshua Dippenaar was baptized on April 30, 1932 and his friend Hermanus Nicolaas Casparus Lotter was baptized May 24, 1932. Brother Lotter, a South African railroad employee was transferred to the Transvaal area, from where he sent me the following letter:

"I just want to tell you Elder Taylor that I have been desirous to know of the Lord more about the Gospel and the Church, to have revealed unto me in

a dream, whether it is the true Gospel, because of so many temptations following me now. So this is the dream I had:

"I had been very, very thirsty and in front of me there was much water to drink, and so I took of the water and did drink until I could hold no more. After I awoke, this dream came clear to my mind. For this dream refers to the Gospel you brought to me, and that I partook of. So now I am truly convinced to know that it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and that Joseph Smith was ordained of the Lord."

Just five days after this letter was written, on August 27, 1932, Brother Lotter was instantly killed while shunting in the Germinston railroad yards.

Copy of Handwritten Letter From My Father, Arthur N. Taylor

Feb. 8/31

Clarence D. Taylor

"Cumorah" Main Road

Mowbray, Cape Province South Africa

Dear Son Clarence,

We have been very pleased to get your weekly letter giving us an account of your travels and your experiences and labors since you arrived in your field of labor and we are especially pleased by the tone of your last few letters showing that you are getting into the work and that you are enjoying your work more and more as you get better acquainted with the same. And you will find that there is no more enjoyable and profitable work in all the world than missionary work. For in it you learn to give pure and unselfish service to your fellowman which is the biggest thing you can give or do in this life's work. You probably all ready learned that the greatest enemy of man in this life is selfishness and one of the hardest things to over come.

The greatest study in life "is man," and as you study man you will find him a selfish being, in fact, most of his work and labor is urged forward by or from a selfish motive.

Therefore, I say that the blessing and privilege of missionary life is the greatest opportunity of man

to overcome this sordid enemy of the human race UNRIGHTEOUS SELFISHNESS.

Well Clarence, I suppose you are anxious to know how we are getting along here at home. While it has been a very severe winter and a lot of great many people out of employment, conditions are not as bad as in some other parts. The last week gives some indication of warmer weather so that we feel the worst is over.

Business conditions have struck bottom and we hope will soon begin to climb so that before 1931 closes we should be headed back to normal condition.

Our trade at the store has held up pretty well during 1930 and prospects for 1931 is fair, and while we do not look for very much pick up the first part of this year, we hope for better conditions along towards the latter part of the year.

Well Clarence, I just received word from Lawrence that he wanted to see me, so I will close for this time. Praying God to be with and bless you with his Holy Spirit that you may be guided in your work and be able to accomplish the work He has for you, that you may accomplish it in a way that will be pleasing and acceptable to Him. As ever, Your loving father.

Arthur N. Taylor

Copy of Handwritten Letter From Celestia J. Taylor

Provo, Utah.

July 8, 1932.

Dear Bud:

Kent asked me get your address and send his letter for him so I am taking the opportunity to enclose a note. I am sorry that we haven't written to you oftener while you have been away but our thoughts have been with you more often than you know.

This summer has been rather an unusual one for us. We are living with our folks and waiting patiently for our house to be completed. When you get home you will find us "far away from the maddening throng." We are simply thrilled to death about our hill and although a lot of people think we've gone a bit daffy we still think it's the only place to live. You will have to purchase a site and join us.

I have read quite a number of the letters you have written home and have enjoyed them immensely.

It is very evident that you are enjoying your work and I'm sure you are doing a wonderful lot of good. I do hope that Kent will be able to go on a mission next fall. It is very uncertain, as is most everything at the present. I'm afraid if he isn't able to go soon he will feel that it is too late. To my mind there can be no more profitable way to spend two years than on a mission for the church so I hope the way will be opened up so that he can go.

We are all well and happy, which means a lot: John hasn't forgotten "Uncle Bud" for he came home from Sunday ^{School} a few Sundays ago with the news that "Uncle Bud was at Sunday School". I argued the point with him but he simply insisted. He said "Uncle Bud has come home from Africa, cause I saw him at Sunday School."

We hope it won't be much longer before you really are at home once more. We'll all be mighty glad to see you.

With love and best wishes.

Celestia, Lynn &
family.

Cango Caves South Africa

January 1933

The early morning sun shone brightly down on the small municipality of Oudtshoorn this January day of 1933. I was only too pleased to leave my restless dungeon of the previous night, and mount the pillion seat of our A.J.S. motorbike, bound for the Cango Caves, a distance of approximately twenty miles. The sun had not as yet reached its zenith, and the overhanging clouds and faint breeze afforded a most pleasant early morning ride up thru the beautiful Cango Valley. Like an oasis in the desert, this one narrow strip of land on each side of the small stream that runs thru that vicinity, made possible the cultivation of tobacco, alfalfa, maize and other like vegetation. Running wild on the alfalfa fields were flocks and flocks of old, young, male and female ostriches. This vicinity was formerly the greatest and richest ostrich raising industry in the world.

After about forty minutes of winding and twisting in and around the mountain passes and curves of the Kloof Canyon, we approached the entrance to these world renown caverns, located in the Zwartberg range of mountains. It is considered by geologists that this one mountain, in which the caves are located, is absolutely porous throughout. As yet, this theory has not been proved, although explorations have penetrated five miles in, and still could continue to open up new caverns by breaking thru the adjoining walls.

I was greatly impressed by the picturesque setting to the entrance, at the end of this winding road and which is about 500 feet above the valley floor. Here under the bluff of the overhanging ledge, has been built a tea and refreshment room from the surrounding rocks, which fits into the surrounding view nicely. From under this bluff one can look directly up thru the chimney hole, to the blue sky above. Grass, flowers and shrubs have been planted here with seats placed here and there for the convenience to the waiting visitors.

After obtaining your ticket from the generating plant office, the guide will then lead you to the entrance of the cave, which is barred by iron bars and padlocked. The signing of an identification card and a responsibility waiver is signed relieving them of any accident, if one happens. The visitors register is also open for those who could care to sign, which I did with great pride, and especially in signing my place of residence.

At first, the moist, damp air is noticeable, especially in entering the first chamber called, "Van Zyl's Hall." It was in this chamber that a wounded buck sought refuge from the "Boer" hunter, Van Zyl in about 1790. It was in this manner that the caves were discovered, and first entered by a white man. What a weird and uncanny feeling must have come over this man as he peered thru the inky darkness, with possibly no other light than a few matches or a pitch torch, to bring into mysterious relief, these grotesque, odd formed and shaped formations of millions of years duration, and formed in the bowels of nature's wonder land. Even in the days of candles, these formations were viewed with awe and amazement, but now man has piped artificial daylight into this dark abyss and is able to reveal the hidden beauty of every nook and corner and with enough light to bring forth the natural beauty in its splendor and brilliancy.

As we stand beneath one single lamp, peering into the darkness trying to distinguish forms in the darkness, to our amazement and utter astonishment, hidden lights flare up from their concealed location, bringing forth with great brilliancy, the most beautiful and natural tinted and shaded columns, reaching from ceiling to the floor, perfectly hung drapery panels, draped from their hangings in the ceiling and finished off with tassels dangling from their ends. I was so taken with amazement and surprise at the grandeur and beauty, and partly the disappointment I felt upon first entering the cavern and in not seeing at first as much as I had expected, that I have quite forgotten really what was first pointed out by the Afrikaanse guide.

Over there lying in a mud hole was the exact duplication of a pig, rooting around in the mud. The wandering eye drifting casually to the ceiling, beholds the emblem or trade mark of Oudtshoorn, a plumed ostrich, its long neck and legs and a colored plume in its wings. What a beautiful image, it is none other than the well known Madonna. In museums and public places of England, I have seen that face before, yes sir, the guide says it is the bust of King Edward.

As my eye catches a glimpse of the sparkling waterfall, leaping into the floodlight, I prick up my ears, with intent of hearing the gurgling roar of the water as it strikes the chasm below, but lo, it is of

stone, a petrified frozen falls.

In another corner of the chamber, trimmed in golden colors with a background of great folds and folds of curtains, is found the elevated throne from which the rest of the cavern looks up to. On both the sides and in front of the throne, is found large, small, and partially formed columns upholding the roof above.

Continuing along the uneven passage, which probably at one time was the bed of an underground river, I climbed a few steps into the Church. Here I climbed into the round, hollow pulpit and was all ready to deliver a real sermon, when I was interrupted by the guide who began playing the pipes of the organ, by running his fingers across them. The Church could not be complete without a baptismal font, which was located in plain view, near the center of the room, evidently placed in a conspicuous place to remind all individuals as to its pre-eminence as a religious teaching and practice. In all of the larger and complete churches, it would not be complete without the one permanent fixture and ever regular and familiar face—the caretaker, with his little cap perched on the top of his head.

Retracing our steps down the Cathedral steps and thru a narrow and wet passage, my attention was called to the dark chasm that lay to the right. In leaning over the rail and peering down, a most beautiful array of color was brought out of the gloom by the guide turning on the colored lights to this Rainbow Chamber. Its name is derived from the profuse and abundance of coloring found here. The first lights were very dim and appeared as one of the never forgettable sunsets of South Africa. The full and complete set of nature's color box were blended into this undescribable setting of old "sol," as he finishes his close of a perfect day in glory and splendor.

I have never been to Switzerland, as yet, but I was told that the next scene would portray a moonlit night in Switzerland. If it really is as beautiful as this reproduction was, by all means I do want to spend a short night in such beauty. The guide next turned on the plain white lights, which made very little difference in regards to color, but added greatly to the light and shading. He here remarked that he preferred the plain lights over the color, for it revealed nature's handiwork at its best and was natural, just as nature intended it to be.

Yes, I was next invited into the Bridal Chamber. Where the bride was I could not tell, unless on her honeymoon. Never-the-less, there was her four posted bed, all spread ready for a good night's rest upon her return.

To a person with a vivid imagination, the Fairy Chamber would have been a second heaven to them, for there among the curl-le-ques, the finger projections, the ever conceivable odd shapes and forms, could be picked most any kind of animal or fowl, even the wounded deer that Van Zyl followed into the cave was found hanging from the ceiling, its body in one spot and its perfectly shaped head in another. As a fairy land is usually next to impossible to describe, so also are the varied formations of crystal in this fairy chamber. Situated all along on a round stone-like table, lay a helmet of some ancient giant fireman, who in his rush to leave the cave, had left it. It was a bit tarnished and unpolished, but a little muscle-grease and polish would have made it next best to new.

Hark! do I hear the sound of some ancient native tribe, being called into a council of war, by the sound of a tom tom? Fooled again, it was only the guide striking the "Salvation Army" drum. It was nothing more than a large, thin, oyster shell-like projection, from the side of the cave.

Some of the most delicate coloring I have ever seen, in the way of pink, orange and shades of each, were those rocks which had a light shining thru them.

A small window near the floor of the cavern, revealed another chamber about thirty-feet below. To get below it was necessary to take the chute or devil's slide, which reminded me more of a dirty clothes chute than anything else. At first I thought the lady in front of me would spoil my opportunity of trying out the slide, by temporarily getting stuck fast in the doorway. Finally she squirmed thru and down she went to the bottom, like a rock rolling from a high cliff. In this chamber, the outstanding views were the snow-white, and fluffy clouds of salt floating around in the ceiling. Rock salt crystals were very prevalent here also.

If I had not been accustomed to the "real silk hosiery" and such advertising in the modern magazines, I would have been shocked to tears, to see here in the great wonderland, the modern mode of advertising silk hosiery, on a lighted screen in the cavern. Looking back thru the long, straight and narrow passage-way, called "Lover's Lane" which we had just recently traversed, on what was apparently a silver screen, appeared the beautiful and well proportioned legs of a lady, in silhouette. Standing on a pedestal, in the next chamber, was a modern dancer in the act of a whirl. Her one foot was being used as a lever to push her body around, as evidenced by the raised heel and slightly bent leg, her pink, full skirted dress

whirling above her knees.

In story books of fairy tales you read about the huge, beautiful spacious halls, with its many steps contained in the artistically designed staircases and its overhead balconies, looking down into the courtyard. But it was here in the Grand Hall of the Cango Caves that I realized seeing those painted image pictures. In fact, I think many of those authors and artists must have made a visit to these caves in order to get the material to incorporate in their stories. You have all heard of the great, round columns reaching from floor to ceiling upholding the high roof of these great rooms. Here we find many such columns, particularly two which are more prominent than others and have been given the name of Lot and his wife. Another, in the shape of a "lighthouse" has been given that name.

It has been three winters since I was in the land of ice and snow and ice-cycles; and probably I have forgotten the many shapes and sizes and kinds of ice-cycles, but I really have never seen the variety of these stalagmites and stalactites, as we found in this, the Ice Chamber. It was a very small room, and with its dazzling frost-like walls, really gave the impression of being in a refrigerator room. High up on the ceiling and on the walls, showed this room was being used for commercial purposes, mainly for the storage of perishable fruits and vegetables, for there were formations like carrots, onions and etc.

In my young and short life, I have never had lumbago as yet, but after crawling thru narrow and squatty Lumbago Alley, I have decided if the way I felt after getting out of that alley was due to lumbago, I never want to "enjoy poor health" by having lumbago.

I next found myself in the Blue Room, which gets its name from its predominating color. Here the once unknown underground river had washed an oyster shell from somewhere, and is of such high quality, that it is nearly transparent. When a light is placed on the opposite side, a most beautiful color is brought into relief. A few ladies handkerchiefs are very noticeable as they dangle from the top, and not

only are they white, but also pink in color.

In the Crystal Room, besides the variety of crystals, a large typical Japanese umbrella has been spread, with its handle or stem sticking in the ground. Under the umbrella are sheltered literally hundreds of tiny Japs, all seeking protection and shelter from climatic conditions overhead.

Formerly, it was necessary to go by ladder down forty feet to King Solomon's Mine, but now it has been linked up by a hand made passageway. All is tinted with gold. Solomon's Throne Room. High up in one corner is the bust of Queen Victoria. Golden folds of drapes and other rich furnishings adorn this stateroom.

By ascending an iron ladder up and over a slippery clay bank, we are allowed into the Devil's Reception Room, where we could not be received by him, for he is out. I take the liberty to continue thru the remainder of his domicile. To the left of the reception room, behind a great white curtain fold, is his bed chamber. Climbing thru a tiny hole in the ceiling, I entered into his ice chamber, and talk about a cold reception, I surely received one here; for all around the wall, was overhanging ledges of ice, so solidly frozen that a 210 pound person could chin himself from the edge of it. Or if you desired you could walk around on it without any fear of it breaking or melting, for it was imitation ice and snow. Last but not least, I was permitted to thrust my head into his workroom, for as yet he had not come back to straighten-up his room, and it was all in an awful state of confusion and disorder. Everything seemed upside down. From here a thin person could wiggle thru the Devil's Chimney, which led back into the Reception Room.

Leading from these last rooms or chambers are many passage ways leading to somewhere. To where, it is difficult to say for very few of them have been followed to their end, and others are not open all the way to man. In time, when all of these passages are opened to man, more and a greater variety of these wonderful natural sculpturing and handiwork of nature will be opened up to man's eyes.

Lorenzo Marques (now Maputo, Mozambique)

"A Corner of Europe in Africa," February, 1933

Wednesday afternoon about 7:00 p.m., I noticed the ever-green covered bushland break, and soon the boat began to follow a straight line for this opening. It was not long before we were being guided up the harbor mouth, by the aid of red and green lighted buoys, up past Ponta Vermelha and Mahone Point, into the inner harbor. The harbor is located at the mouth of three rivers: the Matolla, Tembe, and Umbelusi rivers. On coming around the point, the lights of the city could be seen, as it lay directly behind the bluff, very well protected. A row of lights extending around the point revealed a boulevard for automobiles and also an electric street car line that connected the Beach Resort with the Town. By nine o'clock we had docked along an up-to-date dock, and by ten o'clock we were headed towards town, bareheaded in shirt sleeves, no ties, old gray flannels, and perspiring "to beat the band."

I was very much surprised to see some of the modern buildings just recently erected, an up-to-date "talky," the Scala; neon signs; a full line of Heintz 57 varieties of goods displayed and sold.

The first outstanding thing which attracted my attention more than anything else upon going into the city was the mosaic inscriptions in the sidewalks and on the buildings. The sidewalks, the City Square, and the courtyards of the main buildings are all constructed with small white stones, set very closely together, with four leaf clovers, squares, curves and many other designs worked artistically in with the white and black cobble stones. The panels of the houses and buildings are also designed with mosaic figurines and always carry the name of the house in large letters high over the front door or porch. All porches are screened to avoid mosquitos.

After winding down one of the small, narrow, dark alleyways, we came into the well lighted main street, with not only pedestrian walks next to houses, but also on each side of the middle, main roadway, with a row of trees down the center. If you are not careful in walking along the sidewalk, you may step into the planting area provided for the watering of the trees. In the residential districts, there are no sidewalks next to the houses, but all are located near the center of the road.

As we walk down the street, strains of music greet our ears, and upon rounding a corner, we come to a garden square with a peculiar shaped building in

the center. Randomly placed throughout this square are reed tables and chairs with olive-skinned men and ladies sipping refreshments, on this sweltering hot evening. The majority of the men are dressed in white suits, some with coats, others without. Color, variety, and the latest Parisian styles of dresses are worn by the women folk. Just as I was gazing at a most beautiful olive-skinned brunette, a tall, dirty-looking Arab, dressed in a long-loose nightgown, which nearly touched the ground, obstructed my view as he approached our table to inquire into what kind of refreshments we would take. He understood English, so I obtained my desired lemonade, which only cost me nine pence.

If there is any business to be transacted in the mornings, it must be done between the hours of 8:30 and 11:00 a.m. In the afternoon, the hours are from 1:30 to 4:00 p.m.

The small, round-shaped buildings along the sidewalks are called Kiosks.

About fifteen minutes' ride from town on the tram car is situated a most picturesque bathing resort by the name of Polana. It is beautifully situated beneath the overhanging red bluffs and verdant green banks. The large white pavilion and bathing cubicles are located on the snow white sands of the Indian Ocean. To the right of the Pavilion is a typical south sea picture—two rows of cocoanut palms rearing themselves in an effort to tower above the overhanging cliffs and sending a beautiful reflection into the nearby ocean-blue water. As a small breeze begins to blow, and the waves begin to playfully lap upon the white sands, it fills one's blood with that carefree feeling, mixed with a desire to swim in the waters,



John H. Smith, Clarence D. Taylor, and Clarence Randall at Lorenzo Marques, Indian Ocean. 1933.

lie on the warm sand, and just sleep. Then when you awaken and get hungry, all you would have to do is retire to a nearby tree and obtain enough fruit to satisfy your hunger.

Directly in front of the Pavilion is a network of wire which forms an inclosure making it perfectly safe from sharks, which invade these waters. In the middle of this inclosure is a large concrete stand for the purpose of diving at various heights. To the left of the Pavilion lies the Yacht Clubhouse. It is a large pavilion with a pier extending out from it, with beautiful laid out grounds of flowers, trees, and a tennis court.

As our route to the beach was by going thru the residential district to the top of the bluff and then walking down to the beach, our route back to town was by taking the tram which circles the point into town.

For such a hot country and a small city, I have not seen such an appealing little park as the Botanical Garden was. It is small but well taken care of, containing a great variety of tropical trees and shrubs. A small zoo is also kept here, including a lion and lioness, which are so large and so fat, that it appears to me as a perfect specimen of the African variety. The two well-kept leopards cannot be equaled, in my judgement, for their markings. Other animals include: deer, a six-legged goat, ostrich, monkeys, alligators, and others.

One lily pond was so filled with lilies that the water could not be seen. Beautifully constructed pools with fish and spraying fountains were scattered all throughout the park.

The people are largely of the Portuguese race, with some British and Orientals. Here, there, and everywhere you see the barefoot, khaki-clad, red-capped native walking the streets with a police club in his hand and a large, brass belt around his waist. He directs traffic in the morning, but is relieved in the afternoon by a white uniformed officer.

The people, on a whole, are very accommodat- ing, especially to strangers, even so much that they will do all in their power to relieve you of all the money possible. Prices are very high, but they make them higher by actually "robbing" you.

The money unit is 100 centoves to a escudo, which at present rates equals two and one-half pence. I can readily see why they have such a small unit of money. When I went thru the market, the produce was lined up in small piles. Just a few beans in one pile, or a small amount of dried fruit, or vegetable; each pile costing only a few centoves. It is still on the gold standard. All paper money. I used a whole handful of paper money to pay the fare of the four of us from the beach to town. For a while I thought I was really rich, until the conductor came around and told me I did not have enough to pay my own fare, let alone the other three.

Zanzibar

February, 1933

ZANZIBAR! How that name has thrilled me from my earliest days of historical recollections. The land where your life is not your own, for this was supposed to be the rendezvous of all the South Sea Pirates and the hideout of the social outcasts of the world. To my imagination, it was situated at the very end of the earth, completely isolated from the rest of the world and with no communication other than by word of mouth. The necessary passport to enter being a character in ill repute. Such was the fantastical idea of my youth. How little I dreamed, that one day, I would be walking the streets of Zanzibar, and at dark, with no protection in the way of weapons, to protect myself.

Until—early one morning, February 22, 1933,

I arose earlier than usual and went upon deck to watch the already hot sun send out its blistering rays, and to my great joy, I beheld the city of fancy staring me in the face. Boat time indicated 5:45 a.m., but as yet no small passenger boats, nor vendors or merchants had come out to meet us; for Zanzibar time is the same as Union Castle time, that is about one hour behind the above boat time.

As the sun comes rising out of the east, all Mohammedans fall upon their knees and give obeisance to Allah. The same being duplicated at sunset. From this practice, the Arabian system of time begins with 12 o'clock with the rising of the sun, and 6 o'clock at noon, with 12 o'clock at sunset. From the well protected harbor, the little island looked as fasci-

nating as it sounds. Its low, squatty, white-washed buildings indicated age and history. One most interesting building looming up, later proved to be the Sultan's Palace, or at present the government building. Its huge, white spired tower with its black clock visible from all parts of the city. Its buildings with its three storied balconies all protruding out from the main part of the building and being held up by large, white columns, was something of an unusual architectural design to me.

After 12 o'clock (Arabian time) came the natives with their row boats, motor boats and tugs, to take passengers to shore. With these boats came the town's vendors to display and show their goods to those persons who stayed on board the boat. As soon as they came on board, they selected an area, then laid out their wares for display and sale. They and their display of goods stayed there until late at night, when they were forced to leave. Their selling prices were fabulously high in the morning when they first came on board, but before they left at night, they would sell for any price the buyer wanted to pay.

After breakfast, we boarded one of these twenty-foot row boats, which had a canvas awning over the back part of the boat to protect the eight passengers from the sun. Four colored boys each had an oar to row us into the landing docks.

The crooked streets were really one mass of crossroads and paths, leading in all directions. Many of the older and better doors were most beautifully encased in hand carved door lintels and beams. They were all very thick, at least three or four inches, and covered with sharp metal spines. As has been inferred, the city has no plan of being laid out, which accounts for its winding streets, some so narrow in places that only one car can barely squeeze between the buildings, while other smaller streets are too narrow for traffic, other than the bicycle or pedestrian. The newer and suburban streets are hard surfaced and plenty broad. I marveled at the way in which our guide, who was acting as chauffeur, was able to skim around some of those corners without knocking someone down.

A guide was hired, for an hour, to take us down into the Indian business section of the town called "The Bazaar." It is here that the merchants display all their wares in front of their shops. It was no uncommon sight to see fruits, vegetables, meat, draperies, hardware, etc., all being mixed in one window. These narrow streets, with the doors of the houses exiting directly into the street, were filled with a most terrible smell, which drifts into your face with a sickening effect.

The majority of the wares displayed by these Indian merchants were small trinkets and commodities from China, Japan, India, and European countries, which all had been landed duty free and therefore sold cheaper than obtainable in other countries. All kinds and types of tropical fruits were displayed for sale, but were unable to "whet" my appetite to buy. Bolts and bolts of brilliantly colored cloths, which are appealing to the Indian women and natives, were displayed on stands in the street or in the doorway of the shops. Never in my life have I seen so many sewing machines displayed in such a small area, as I saw in this vicinity. It seems that every other shop was a tailor shop with all the way from one to three or four sewing machines and all being used. Often the tailoring was just a side issue from their main business. If the selling business was slow, they would spend their time making up clothes. The Indians are fairly good tailors, very neat, fast and fairly good patterns. I had a Palm Beach Suit made for me within three hours after I had ordered it. It fits fairly well too. Cost for the materials and labor—\$5.

What a time I would have had in trying to sit down at one of their writing desks, here in the Bazaar, and try to write a letter. The desks are made up of a platform between a foot and a half to two feet up front from the ground. On top of this, a shelf is placed about a foot and half above the platform and serves as the writing desk. The writer sits down on a cushion on the platform, folds his feet under him, then takes his pen and commences to write on the paper in front of him. Such is the method of correspondence by the Indians of Zanzibar.

After walking around the hot and dusty streets all morning, I was so hot and dry that I would have been tempted to snatch a piece of ice that a native boy was transporting in a glass of water, had we not spotted a nearby mineral water shop.

This Arabian owned mineral water manufacturing establishment appeared very clean and contained all up-to-date, modern equipment. The flavor of the lime drink was so refreshing and invigorating that one drink of this beverage was insufficient, so a second ice cold pineapple drink was ordered. In all, they had a variety of about ten different flavors and cost only a penny and a half a glass.

In my mind at the present, the notorious Zanzibar had received its reputation as being the greatest and the last stronghold of the Slave Trade. It was not until 1897 that slavery was finally abolished. As a sign or symbol that it was forever done away with, the Church of England erected a small chapel in which the altar was placed over the old slave whip-

ping post. The Slave Auction Block was removed and in its place a tree was planted, which now is a very fine and beautiful tree, inviting one to seek its shelter for protection rather than fearing this spot when occupied by the Auction Block, as did the slaves. The front part of the chapel is rounding in shape, having eleven windows of colored glass, representative of the original twelve Apostles. The crucifix over the pulpit is made from the wood of the tree at Lake Bangweolo, under which Livingston's heart lies buried. From where we were standing, it appeared there was one old building of two stories height, which appeared much like the probable slave cells.

In the afternoon, our guide obtained a taxi for us for an hour to go out to Bububu, where we could see the cocoanut groves and see how they cured them before exportation. In this vicinity were also the clove trees from which three quarters of the world's supply is obtained. Naturally this is the leading industry on this island.

Planted in between these clove trees and coconut trees are banana trees, paw-paw trees, sugar cane and many other varieties of tropical vegetation. These great plantations are chiefly owned by Arabians, while the island is controlled by the Sultan, under the British Protectorate.

It was here in Zanzibar that I first saw an Indian bullock with its huge hump on its back, just at the point that the neck and body join. It is very handy for trying the harness on. We passed many that day hauling grass from the plantations to the villages, driven mostly by a squint-eyed, pointed-faced, olive-skinned Arabian.

One of the most interesting parts of this tour was the visit to the old Sultan's Palace, which at the present is all in ruins and is deteriorating very rapidly. As I understand, it was an ideally situated target for the warships in the bay. It was bombarded in 1896 and all that remains, at the present time, is a few columns and one hallway from which leads six small six by ten foot rooms. These small rooms were formerly occupied by the Harem. On the other side of the hallway were two rooms adjoining each other, one of which led into the bathroom. Mounting six or eight steps brought you upon the top of the four foot baths, one on each side. At the present, these rooms are very dark and dreary, and now have become infested with flying and clinging bats. The roots of trees on the outside, as well as those growing on the top of the ruins, are sticking thru the roof and walls, making the place very weird and mysterious.

The Palace must have been plenty large in order

to accommodate the one hundred members of the Harem as well as all the servants. The grounds were very large and spacious, and contained two very beautiful lily ponds, which today are as beautiful as ever, even more so in their wild state.

Near the vicinity of the old palace ruins, the present Sultan has built him a very nice, large, white palace overlooking the bay.

While passing the present Sultan's residence in town, we were attracted by the purring of an automobile at his front porch. Soon the guards on the porch and those at both gates came to attention and saluted as a bugle sounded. Out walked the H.H., the Sultan of Zanzibar, in person. He stood at attention and saluted until the bugle sounded, and then noting we three foreigners standing outside of the bared fence, he acknowledged us by the wave of his hand. He then stepped into his car and drove out thru the south gate. As his car rolled past us on the street, he again waved his hand to us. Not so bad. We would have liked to have had an interview with him, but found out he was attending a dinner dance at the African Hotel and would not be back until late.

His dress was of white trousers, white shirt, and white turban, with a light-black swallow-tailed coat. His complexion, as near as I could see, was a beautiful olive color, but was mostly hidden by the well-trimmed, bushy, black moustache and beard. He is the sole ruler in Zanzibar and has many other possessions elsewhere.

He has one unit in Mombasa which is rented for him. The English Government acts as a protectorate over his possessions. His flag is a plain scarlet red. As a joke, it is often told that he is very slow. Formerly the Sultans had as many wives as he could afford. The present Sultan has only ten. Perhaps he has his hands full with just ten wives.

One of the most interesting and novel sights was to see this olive-skinned, squint-eyed, pointed-face, lean, barefooted Arab, dressed in his loose, white tunic, go marching up the main street, followed by six, gaudily dressed and veiled women following him in single file.

An Arab can have as many wives as he can afford. Usually the purchase price is in the form of a certain number of cattle.

The long, white robes worn by the men are very odd.

Along the equator, the sun gets very hot and you are warned not to get in the sun without a sun helmet or two felt hats, one on top of the other. Often in seeking the shade of a building to cool off and

where there is no circulation, it feels much hotter than actually being right out in the sun's rays.

The majority of business is carried on with tourists, who are charged very high and fabulous prices early in the morning, as compared with the prices you pay for the same article just before the boat leaves.

The natives in this vicinity are of the Swahili tribe.

The ever sweet, sickening smell of cocoanut and the aromatic smell of spices could still be detected many miles out into the Indian Ocean upon our departure.

The Old City of Jerusalem

March 1933

Jerusalem, as a city, dates back to the time of King David, when he desired a suitable place to build a city for his people, so he drove out the native tribe of Jesubites from around Mount Moriah and commenced building a city for his people to live in. No doubt he made some kind of fortifications, but it was his son, Solomon, who, carrying out his father's plans, erected the present city wall foundations and also built a beautiful and costly Temple to his Lord.

In the reconstructed city, there were seven gates, six of them open to traffic; but the seventh is sealed and will not be opened until the second appearance of the Savior. These are all of later construction, for Jerusalem has been destroyed, completely to the ground, seven times, and has been captured and taken over seventeen times.

Looking towards the north, the direction from which all strangers approach to the city, stands a rugged, high and invincible gate in the rock wall which surrounds the city, by the name of Damascus Gate. It bears the design of early Crusader and Roman architecture. No vehicle can pass thru this gate. In times past the two heavy iron armored doors were closed at sundown and were not opened again until the next morning. At the present, this gate is used by the shepherds to bring their flocks from the hills into the city.

This particular morning of March 15, 1933, we passed thru this gate into Crusader Street, with its arches, and cobblestone road. We wound around these crooked streets until we came to the heavy, wooden gates of Bab-al-Silseleh, or the entrance to the Temple area or Harem, where the Mosque of Omer is located.

This Al Harem-al Sharif area is one of the oldest historical sites in the world. Its identity with the site of Solomon's Temple is beyond dispute. The accepted belief is that it was here that David built an altar

to the Lord and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings.

The site is sacred to the Moslems, for it was here that the Prophet Mohammed, on his trusty steed, was translated into the heavens. In the year 637 A.D., while the Calif of Omar occupied Jerusalem, he cleaned up the rubbish and rubble in this area and built a mosque beside the great bare rock. So Jerusalem is a holy city to the Moslems as well as to the Christians.

With the capture of Jerusalem in 1099 by the Crusaders, they occupied the Harem area. They turned the Dome of the Rock Mosque into a church and erected an altar on the rock itself. One can still see the steps carved in the rock, leading to the altar they erected, but which was later removed. It was here that the Order of Knights of Templar was formed. In the nearby Solomon's Caves or Stone Quarries, the Masonic Order or Lodge was organized.

The Crusaders transformed the nearby Mosque of Al-Aqsa into a royal residence known as the Palace of Solomon and the vast substructures below the southeast corner of this area, were used by the



Clarence D. Taylor, Clarence Randall, and John H. Smith at the Dead Sea, Palestine, 1933.

Knights as a horse stable and were called Solomon's Stables.

When Saladin captured the city in 1187, he removed all traces of the Templars' occupation and restored the area to its former use as a place of Moslem worship. Evidence of his restoration can still be seen, for the area has remained in Moslem hands ever since.

The Moslems realize the importance of this temple area, as well as the numerous other mosques they have converted from old Christian churches. And they, like the other churches of this vicinity, have turned these sacred, historical edifices into a commercialized business. Entrance to this Temple Area was 20 piases or 4/0 plus 2 piastes for moc-casins to go into the Dome of the Rock Mosque. Persons must abstain from smoking and dogs are not allowed in any part of the Harem Area.

Entrance can only be obtained between the hours of 7:30 and 11:30 a.m. (Friday excepted, for that is their Sabbath and no strangers are permitted). 12:00 noon begins their midday prayer when all good Moslems get out their prayer rugs and face towards Mecca and pray.

In the outer courtyard are many olive trees dating back to the time of Christ, three dead sycamore trees, and many small, dome-shaped buildings. Also in the outer courtyard is the old Crusader Church of St. Mary, now the Mosque of Al Aqsa and nearby the subterranean stables of Solomon. One small, square-shaped, iron-barred windowed building, with a dome top, was the building reserved for a chief or priest, or high official, to be washed and anointed when they died. The majority of buildings now are of Arab architecture.

Passing thru the Arcades we had a close up view of the 177-foot diameter octagon Mosque and its beautiful dome, surmounted on top by the crescent. The outside of the building has been covered by blue, purple, white, inscribed and designed, glazed

tile. Some designs bear passages from the Koran. Due to careless workmanship, many of the stones and tile have been replaced haphazardly which detracts from the detailed beauty of the structure. The building is absolutely different from any other Mosque that I have seen.

It has four entrances, each of which faces one of the points of the compass. The south entrance or gate fixes the direction in which prayers are to be said, namely in the direction of Mecca.

Most of the Moslems slip out of their sandals or shoes and go into the Mosque barefooted. We were required to slip a canvas, paddle-like overshoe on over our shoes, before we could enter the sacred edifice. As one enters, it is quite dark and until our eyes became adjusted, we could see very little. Hundreds of Persian rugs form a covering over all the floors; large glass chandeliers with burning wicks suspended in olive oil, furnish most of the lights.

There were beautiful arches and beams of cedar wood covered with gold trimmings, which to me were the most outstanding things of beauty here. Three of the arch-shaped windows date back to the 5th century. The beautiful marble stone walls had all been put in place to cover the Crusaders workmanship.

Directly under the huge lighted dome, three separate and distinct periods of workmanship can be found. The lower portion, that of the Persians. A little above the Persians, that of the Crusaders. The completed dome is that of the Arab or Bedouins.

Directly under the dome is a huge, yellowish rock, completely surrounded by an iron woven fence of about six feet high. This rock caps the top of Mount Moriah. Tradition states that it was upon this rock that Isaac was bound by his father, Abraham, to be sacrificed, but was delivered by the command of the Lord and a ram was found nearby and used in his stead. (Many of the stories related by the guides are color stories rather than true historical facts.)

It was on this rock that David built an altar and offered sacrifices. And it was from this rock that Mohammed left this earth and rode away on his trusty steed into heaven.

Coming and going across the courtyard were men carrying large skins of animals which had been sewed and tied at the legs and neck and which were used for transporting water from the large well-building in the middle of the courtyard.

Previous to our arrival in Jerusalem (Palestine) there had been a very dry winter and it appeared that a dry summer loomed ahead, for there had been very little rainfall, and the crops were very much in need



Jerusalem, 1933.

of moisture. The possibility of a famine was at Palestine's doorstep. Moslem, Greek, Catholic, Armenian, and all the other Protestant churches here, decided in favor of each praying for rain.

In answer to their prayers, the rain came on March 10th. With it came a cold wave which made it very miserable and uncomfortable for me, for I was not accustomed to the cold, having just come up from South Africa.

The sun shown warm and bright from over the Mount of Olives, so we decided to take advantage of the beautiful day and go to that small but important city of Bethlehem of Judea, just five miles from Jerusalem.

Before getting a taxi at the Jaffa Gate, we entered the Old City, where a most unusual funeral procession was wending its way up and out of the crowded street of David. In the front marched a robed boy carrying a large wooden and silver cross, followed by a man carrying the lid of the casket. In front of the bier marched about 15 or 20 Priests or Monks in their long, black robes and chanting and singing as they marched along. The casket was open for display, as it was carried through the streets to the awaiting black, horse-drawn hearse on the roadway. The corpse was dressed in white and decorated with flowers. Different friends were taking turns in carrying the casket upon their shoulders. The tear-stained mourners followed.

Money changers still exist and carry on their business, even as they did in the olden days.

As we emerged from Jaffa Gate and it became known that we were going to Bethlehem, we were immediately surrounded by a whole host of taxi drivers, each wanting to take us for prices varying from 5/0 to one piastre each. The way they rushed for us made me think that I was being attacked by a pack of hungry wolves, pulling and tugging and jerking me this way and that. All wanting to do business, but realizing that only one would be favored.

Traveling south for a distance of about four miles, we arrived at the Tomb of Rachael. It lies just off the roadside amidst an old and disused cemetery. Behind the rock fence are a few small tombs and piles and piles of loose stones. Some stones are stacked over some of the graves as markers.

The canopy which has been erected over the actual Tomb was just recently built—about 100 years ago. It consists of a square room 25 x 25 feet with a round dome. A like-sized porch adjoins the main room, but it is open by arches. A heavy iron-plated 2 x 4 door guards the entrance. As you stoop to enter, the characteristic incense perfume whiffs into your

nostrils. It is not very light inside, and is partially lighted by the ever burning lamps. Of the 12 larger lamps, only 5 were burning. Directly in front of the entrance was a stand holding about 40 glasses and which were filled with tallow grease with a piece of string protruding for a wick. There were three old fashioned chandeliers, but only one of them was burning at this time.

The walls were all covered with tapestries and banners, bearing many varied inscriptions and figures, as having been donated by certain individuals or groups. The ornamental work and the inscriptions were all hand worked and done in Hebrew.

Seats surrounded the main building where the tired pilgrim could rest and gaze upon the 10 x 4 ½ foot round-topped tomb which was in the center of the room and directly under the dome roof. Inside of this (or under) large, yellow, sealed vault, lay the remains of Rachael, the beloved wife of Jacob and mother of Joseph and Benjamin. Nothing adorns it, save two small ribbons and the thousands of tourist names.

Upon leaving the Tomb of Rachael, we continued on foot, winding our way along the (present hard surfaced) road, towards the city built upon the distant hill. It was a beautiful sight to look down into the terraced olive orchards, surrounded by the stone walls; or to view the rolling hills in the distant landscape brought out in relief by the background of fluffy, white clouds.

Bethlehem, the City of David, the birthplace of the Savior, is situated on the top of one of the many surrounding hill tops. Its present population is 6,200, mostly Arab, Jew, and Armenian. As we sat on the stone walls along the roadside and looked up at the closely terraced houses, we were fascinated by the interesting and substantial architecture. All of the buildings are built of the roughly hewn, common stone of the area; built in a square with flat roofs, arched window and doorways, with steps leading from the roadside up to the front door. All windows have bars. In the peasant section of the city, the camel, goat, or donkey occupies the ground floor, while the family lives in the upstairs section of the house.

All houses are terraced one above the other with an occasional break or plot of garden space that's not much larger than a 20 x 30 foot area. Arabian and Moslem groups live on one side of the city; Jewish and others live on the other side.

One distinct custom observed among the women folk of Bethlehem, and not found elsewhere, is that all married women wear a white cloth (usually

lace) over their fez or head dress.

Upon securing a guide, we entered a stone courtyard with church buildings on either side. A small 2 x 4 foot hole in a wall was the present entrance into the Church of Nativity, called the "eye of the needle." This church was erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine, during the third century A.D. It is the oldest Christian church in existence. When the Persians destroyed all churches, this one was spared. At present it consists of one wide aisle, supported on each side by 50 pillars brought from Damascus Gate in Jerusalem or Mount Moriah. In between these pillars and also through the rest of the great chapel, are innumerable lamps of all shapes, colors, and kinds.

The first chapel we entered was that of the Greeks. They have a most beautiful partition located at the front of the chapel. It is made of Lebanon cedar, overlaid with gold. To the left of the Greek Chapel, but on a lower level is the Roman Catholic Chapel. To the right is the Armenian Chapel. Policemen are always on duty in order to break up any trouble which may arise between the different sects.

Entrance to the original stable or cave, where the Savior was born, may be obtained from either the Catholic Chapel or the Armenian Chapel. Heavy tapestries cover up the bare walls; burning incense makes one choke, it is so thick. The walls and floor are covered with marble slabs. Ten Greek lamps, ten Armenian lamps, and nine Catholic lamps are suspended from the roof. Over a round limned hole in the marble floor is the spot where the Savior was born, and over which an altar is erected. To the right and a lower level is an inclosed marble stand

representing the exact place the manager was located before it was moved to Rome. It was here that Mary and Joseph commenced their journey with the Holy Child into Egypt. Fire has destroyed portions of the tapestries, but they are now protected against fire by sheets of asbestos under them.

In the same cave, but divided off by partitions and controlled by the Catholics, is the tomb where all the innocent babies were buried when King Herod had all the children killed in Bethlehem.

Another altar, with a large oil painting of Joseph and an angel whispering to him, marks the place where he, Joseph, was sleeping when he was warned by the angel to flee to Egypt.

St. Jerome, who lived sometime during the 4th Century and who translated the Bible from Greek to Latin (?) had to do it all in secret, which was in the chambers of these caves. The secret stairway leading down to his chamber is still intact. The Tomb of Jerome lies in these caves, as do the bones of some of his disciples.

From one of the largest towers nearby, we had an excellent view of the surrounding country. To the east could be seen the setting of the beautiful story of the service and love shown by Ruth to Naomi as they toiled in the field of Boaz, which is located about two miles from the town. Near also, is the field from which the shepherds saw the star and followed it into Bethlehem.

Souvenirs and ornaments of mother-of-pearl are outstanding here. Thick Arabian coffee is offered you in tiny cups, wherever you go. The cups are tiny, for the coffee is very strong.

A Letter to Elton Taylor

May, 1933

UNITED STATES LINES

On Board *S.S. President Harding*
In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean
May 2, 1933

Dear Elton,

Just at present I am having a trying time to write and keep in roll with the motion of the boat. I have had a wonderful trip so far, although during our

voyage in the Atlantic has encountered poor weather with plenty of high winds and high and rolling waves. But I am not bothered with "sea sickness," and I shouldn't be after nearly 90 days on the water.

I have seen so many new and interesting things and in so many different countries that if I began to write them down, I would use all the ship's stationery besides infringing on your valuable time to read.

After leaving Port Elizabeth and Durban, South Africa, in the Indian Ocean, we traveled up the East Coast of Africa on the German passenger and cargo

vessel, "Adolph Woermann," stopping at all major ports to mostly unload cargo, sometimes taking two or three days stop-over.

These ports included Lorenzo Marques, Beira, Mozambique; in Portugal East Africa. Also Dar es Salaam and Mombasa; in Tanganyika; and the Island of Zanzibar. Before entering the Red Sea, we stopped at Aden, the southernmost tip of Arabia. From the red sea we were pointed out the direction of Mecca and could see the Mountain Range visited by Moses. Dry, barren, desert sand lines both sides of the (big ditch) Suez Canal, as we glided along. We broke our journey at Port Said, the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, and went by rail to Palestine.

We stayed for about ten days in Jerusalem, seeing the old city and the many traditional spots of Biblical history. To me the most impressive was a visit to the Garden Tomb (the tomb of the Savior). We were pointed out the location where Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan, by John. The winding river with bushes on both sides of its bank reminded me very much like the Provo River.

Going down past the ruins of Jericho to the

Dead Sea, we took a swim and floated around like a cork. After getting out we felt more like a crusted cake of salt and had to take a fresh water shower to wash the salt off.

Cairo was the largest city I had seen since London better than two years earlier. It is a city with over 400 mosques, but is dirty, flies galore; poverty and hundreds of little kids begging money. The bazaars on the winding narrow streets were most interesting, selling merchandise made here as well as being imported from other countries.

It was great to get back into the European city of Christopher Columbus' boyhood days—Genoa, although old and dirty. Everything continued to look better as we continued our travel from Central Africa to Cairo, to Italy, to Switzerland, to Paris, then across the English Channel by air, to London and now to on our way to New York and then Home.

Will be seeing you soon.

Your globetrotting brother,

Clarence



Cairo, Egypt, 1933.



Clarence and LaVern Green, Muizenberg Beach.



John H. Smith, Clarence D. Taylor, Clarence Randall.

My Second Experience in Finding Relatives in Africa

On June 19, 1990, I received an air mail letter with \$1.80 Zimbabwe postage stamps, addressed to Henry Aldous Dixon Family Organization c/o Mr. Clarence D. Taylor, 2130 Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah, U.S. America. Also on the front was the notation, "Please forward or Return to Sender."

On the reverse side of the envelope was the sender's name, Mrs. D. Brummer, "Menslage," P.O. Box 343, Chiredzi, Zimbabwe, Africa. And a notation, "This was his address in 1979. By now he may have retired. Hopefully he is still alive."

Zimbabwe! The only place I was aware of by that name was the Zimbabwe Ruins, Solomons gold mines, up near Victoria Falls in Southern Rhodesia, or was when I was in South Africa in 1930-33.

Current research reveals Zimbabwe as a new Country name for Southern Rhodesia.

Its capital is Harare.

Chiredzi is a town about 400 miles from Harare.

"Menslage" is the name of a sugar farm in the "bush" country of Central Africa, owned by the Brummer family.

A copy of this letter is reproduced, but first let me give you a short preface of it:

Dawn Brummer, a non-Mormon, the writer of the letter, is a descendant of the Rev. William Boardman, my great, great grandfather. For more than twenty years she has been gathering information on the Boardman line, hopefully to publish a book. In her collection was a letter in 1933 from Clarence D. Taylor of Provo, Utah, addressed to the 1820 Settlers Archives, Grahamstown, Cape Province, South Africa requesting information on the Boardman Family.

The LDS Church has a branch at Harare and is part of the Zimbabwe Mission. Here she found a Microfische card listing my name, Family Register, Title of Books with available microfilm. She ordered a copy of the film from the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City of, "My Folks the Dixons." Here she used the names and addresses for sending the five letters.

The same day that I received this letter, I found I had one more copy of "My Folks the Dixons" volume I, also a copy of volume II, which I packaged

carefully and took to the Post Office. The quotation for air mailing these two books was about \$75, or by surface mail it would only amount to \$14. The books were sent surface mail and arrived in good condition. But upon examining volume II, it was discovered that one section of the book had blank pages. When Dawn Brummer mentioned this to me in her next letter, I immediately "dug" out another volume II and double checked each page before sending it to her.

In her letter she also mentioned another very good friend, married to a Boardman, in England. His name was John Bulmer, a keen genealogist, 80 years old, retired, and presently honorary treasurer of the Lancashire Parish Register Society. He had done a lot of research of the Boardmans in and around the Winwick Parish. He had helped her extensively, so she gave him my name and address and mentioned he would write to me.

Shortly after, I received a letter from John Bulmer mentioning that under separate cover he was sending a pedigree chart of the Boardman family he had researched in his area.

Soon after a mailing tube was received, and in it was a six foot long Pedigree Chart beginning with Thomas Boardman and his wife Judith Orford, 1716. There are 118 names with birthdate and deaths.

This Bulmer Pedigree Chart does not include the descendants of Judith Boardman Dixon, the second child of the Rev. William Boardman.

Judith Boardman Dixon gave birth to seven children. Only two of her children, Anne, the oldest child, and Henry Aldous Dixon, reached adulthood.

Anne Dixon Hartman had four children—a girl and three boys.

To show my appreciation to John Bulmer for this most valuable pedigree chart of the Boardman family, I made a list of Anne Dixon Hartman's descendants and inserted the list in the front page of Volume II of "My Folks the Dixons," with the notation that the descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon up to 1979 were listed in this book on pages 429-519, and mailed it to John R. Bulmer, Kenyon Hall, Winwick Lane, Croft, Warrington, U.K. W A 3 7 E D.

Copy of Handwritten Letter

MENSLAGE

P.O. Box 343

Chiredzi

ZimBaBwe, AFRICA

29 May 1990

The Henry Aldous Dixon Family Organization

c/o Mr. Clarence D. Taylor

2130 Temple View Drive

Provo, Utah U.S.A.

TAYLOR DIXON FAMILY

DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

The attached will explain it all.

Please do read it—circulate it—maybe someone amongst the many of you will take pity and answer this correspondence.

I am sending out a total of five copies with names and addresses, listed in My Folks the Dixons, 1979. Hopefully one of the letters will hit the jack pot.

Yours sincerely,

DAWN BRUMMER (Mrs.)

My apologies for the poor quality of the photographing. This is Africa!!!

From Mrs. Dawn Brummer

Menslage

P.O. Box 343

Chiredzi, Zimbabwe, Africa

29-5-90

BOARDMAN - DIXON

1820 SETTLERS

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, SOUTH AFRICA

For almost 20 years I have been researching my maternal ancestry.

Baby, a terrorist war, isolation on a farm in the Rhodesian, Zimbabwean Bush, all made for slow progress. Goals were achieved, new ones set, and so it continues. One clue leads to another, reawoke knowledge as a child, one letter in the Boardman file, address Utah, U.S.A. from Clarence Dixon Taylor, led to a visit to the Harare LDS Church, led

to microfiche, led to a microfilm, a treasure trove. (Aladdin Cave lamp had nothing to touch this treasure trove!)

And so whenever I am able to be in Harare, I lose myself into a wonderful world, called FAMILY, this one by courtesy of My Folks The Dixons—fascinating! What else can I say?

To return to the beginning, names and association prove to be a connecting thread down the decades. HA!? You may be asking.

A Boardman girl, Judith, married a fellow 1820 Settler, called Dixon, now my maiden name was Dixon (no connection).

To make it easier to understand

REV. WILLIAM BOARDMAN

	—Judith married John Henry Dixon—Party Leader	
James Hayes Boardman		Henry Fuller
William John Boardman		Sarah Fuller
Alfred Herbert Boardman		Ruth Stegmann
Millicent Magdalena Emma Boardman		Felix Brummer
Muriel Hester Fritz		
Dawn Denise Dixon Marries ———		Pierre Brummer
(me)		

So playing on names:

Boardman daughter married a Dixon (your line)

Boardman son eventually had a descendant who married a Dixon and had Dixon issue (me).

John Henry Dixon leader of Dixon Party and amongst whom was Henry Fuller his great, great grandson married one of the Boardman Dixon issue (me). Not of your Dixon line. So the name and association returned in 1966!

How terribly, terribly sad that parents could be so hard re a child's choice of religion. Surely all roads and paths lead to God? Henry A. Dixon was disowned by his father (thus mother couldn't take a different stance).

Another connection we have re Utah is (see above). James married Elizabeth Dixie and her Uncle Joseph Dixon "went to America and bought a large tract of land in Utah Valley and settled Negroes there."

My Folks The Dixons, someone made the comment re Dixie! it is a small world.

There are plans to publish a Boardman History to include all lines.

We are busy collecting data and strangely enough I have collected the most, even tho I am

living on a sugar farm in the middle of the Bush in Central Africa.

I found a second cousin of my grandmother here in Harare. She is in her seventies and what a treasure of letters she has given me. Upon sorting etc., I advised her that the paper was becoming brittle and fragile and also that the contents were of historical value. I suggested that we have photo copies made and donate the originals plus a set of working copies for research to 1820 archives in Grahamstown, C. P. South Africa. Now at least we do know that they are in safe keeping and accessible, the Boardman file is now one of the most detailed and bulging at the seam.

I am in constant contact with another member of the Boardman girls, her sister is Corine, Lady Baden Powel, daughter in law of Lord Baden Powel, founder of the Scout Movement.

Both Corine and Myrtle live in Australia and Myrtle has been so enthusiastic etc. By now we are to be found worldwide, this Boardman Family of ours.

Another chap in England, John Bulmer is married to a Boardman. He had done a lot of Boardman research, and is a honey re exchanging research notes and etc.

I have also assembled a very impressive collection of photographs despite the fact that during the Anglo-Boer War 1899-1902 people saw the British destroying farm houses, possessions etc. and placing the women folks and children into concentration camps (28,000 died) and although I come from Afrikaans and English stock, it is only now that I fully understand the reason behind the Afrikaans mistrust of and sometime hatred for the English. Anglo-Boer War certainly taught nations re concentration camps scorched earth tactics. Some families never regained their stable financial feet.

As I read, skim thru, their family history, I was awed by what another branch had achieved. I was fascinated by the diverse paths many had traveled, by the bonds retained, a sense of family.

Yes, your religious belief and rules do account for the major reason but if individuals aren't interested then no rules will maintain the bond.

What brings it home are the poems, prose,

songs, the words, etc., the conveying of a sense of pride, sense of family. The Elm Tree history and observations say it all. I haven't read it all, only skimmed thru.

I suppose the nicest compliment that I received was from a Canadian member of LDS (Why don't you attend the services? Why haven't you advised that you are a member?) Me a member, me? Services? But I do attend Church services. I am an Anglican. In our family we have about ten different sets of belief, i.e., members of different organizations, but only the U.S. branch are Mormons.

(But, Dawn, you research along our methods, you record dates similar to us, you hoard food etc. exactly as we do, you think along our lines.) O yes I do, I have an absolute thing re food, material and I am known for it here. Sometimes Pierre accuses me of making the shortages (Zimbabwe certainly has many shortages from tin foil to vehicles!)

I have been rambling on, I wonder if this letter will arrive amongst any of you. I am using addresses etc. as listed in 1979.

(a) Are the people still residents there?

(b) Are they still alive and with us?

(c) Are they even interested in this letter? Making contact? Is it possible to purchase a set of the books *My Folks The Dixons*? If so what price?

One of your members in the 2nd book wrote how lucky she was to have been born a member of the family, white, and in the U.S.A. and I agree. I am lucky to be me. I am happy to be me. I love Africa wars and all, and above all I know that the words of *My Folks* by Rhea Dixon Reeve apply to me and mine as well.

I am going up to Harare soon. I am going to meet more Taylor-Dixon people.

I am going to enjoy meeting you all, both past and present of course by now some of the future members of 1979 are present members. Do I sing, no, I croak like a frog, so do I hum (Getting to Know You, King and I).

Sincerely,

Dawn Brummer

Discovering My "Gold Mine" In Johannesburg, South Africa

My 1994 Genealogy Tour to Africa

The seed for this trip was planted back on May 29, 1990, when I received a letter from Zimbabwe, Africa. I did not recollect of there being such a place in Africa, when I was there in 1930-1933. There was a North and South Rhodesia, whose principle cities were Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Livingston.

In checking a current map, the Rhodesias have been divided into several new countries, Zimbabwe being one of them. Bulawayo is in Zimbabwe and the name of Salisbury has been changed to Harare and became the capital city, when the blacks gained control after the Civil War there.

On the front of this letter envelope besides my name and address was the notation, "Please forward or return to sender." On the back of the envelope was the sender's name: Mrs. D. Brummer, "Menslage," P. O. Box 343, Chiredzi, Zimbabwe, Africa. And another notation, "This was his address in 1979. By now he may have retired. Hopefully he is still alive."

ZIMBABWE! The only place I was aware of by that name was the Zimbabwe Ruins, reportedly the Gold Mines of King Solomon in East Central Africa.

"MENSLAGE," was the name of the sugar cane farm, near Chiredzi, the nearest town in the bush country of central Africa.

The writer of this letter was Mrs. Dawn Brummer, a non-Mormon who is a descendant of the Rev. William Boardman, 1820 Settler to Africa; my great-great grandfather. For more than twenty years, Dawn

Brummer had been gathering family history material of the Boardman family, hopefully, to publish a book. In her collecting was a letter written in 1933 from Clarence D. Taylor of Provo, Utah, addressed to the 1820 Settlers Archives, Grahamstown, Cape Province, South Africa, requesting information on the Boardman family.

In 1979, Henry D. Taylor, then one of the General Authorities of the Church, donated to the Church Genealogical Library, copies of "My Folks the Dixons." This book had been microfilmed and a microfiche card had been made and placed in all the Branch Libraries, even in far away Harare, Africa.

The LDS Church has a branch genealogical library at Harare, part of the Zimbabwe Mission. Here Dawn Brummer found a microfiche card listing my name; Family Register; title of books referring to the Boardman family; and available microfilms. She had the library order a copy of the film, "My Folks the Dixons" from the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City.

After reading and browsing through the film, Dawn wanted to obtain the book so she could refer to it at her home, rather than have to travel a distance of about 400 miles to spend a few hours reading the film in Harare.

Dawn selected five names listed in the film to which she sent five letters, hopeful that one would reply to her request in her letter. The letters were addressed to:



Earl Boardman, Clarence D. Taylor, and Ken Kartchner in South Africa.



Beaufort Vale, South Africa.

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY ORGANIZATION

1. c/o Henry D. Taylor—Salt Lake City
2. c/o Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S. Genealogical Dept.—Salt Lake City
3. c/o Clarence D. Taylor—Provo
4. c/o Robert N. Dixon—Orem
5. c/o Doris Dixon Christensen—San Jose, Cal.

The same day that I received my copy of this letter, I searched and found I had an extra copy of MY FOLKS THE DIXONS, Vol. 1, and also a copy of Vol II, which I immediately packaged carefully in a sturdy cardboard box and delivered to the Post Office. The quotation for air-mailing these two books was about \$75; surface mail was only about \$14, which became my choice.

An exchange of letters between Dawn and myself and other members of the family continued. On April 15, 1993 I received a large envelope containing copies of original Boardman documents and papers. The original documents were placed in the 1820 Archives at Grahamstown.

For the next four months I worked over these Boardman documents and added them to the Boardman material I had. I made an outline of what I would include in a Boardman book.

My outline would include a history of the Rev. William Boardman and each of his nine children if possible. I had material on the second daughter Judith and her descendants, but very little on any of the African Boardmans. So much would depend on the material from Africa.

By August 13, 1993, by using Judith Boardman Dixon and her descendants as a suggested outline to follow for each of the other children, I made three bound copies of this draft and sent one copy to Dawn.

Shortly before mailing this draft copy, my nephew Ken Kartchner observed what I was doing and suggested that instead of mailing this copy I should deliver it to Dawn in person. At my age of 84 that was impossible. For the next four months he often remarked that we should go on a trip to Africa.

Finally I ran out of excuses when in December he presented me with a suggested South Africa-Zimbabwe Genealogy Tour, made exclusively for Uncle Bud, to leave in December. He had worked this out himself. We would share the cost 50/50. Air fare to Israel would be paid by credits he had accumulated.

With a few alterations, including a visit to the Holy Land and the departure date on January 18, 1994, I accepted his invitation and sent a letter to Dawn of our departure from Salt Lake and our arrival in Johannesburg, South Africa. In this letter I mentioned that it was a major decision for me, nearing 85 years of age, to make.

Several days latter, early in the morning, I answered the telephone but could hardly make out what the party on the other end of the line was saying. It was really a poor telephone connection as well as I do not hear so well on the telephone. Then I heard, "This is Dawn Brummer." I became fully awake and asked her where she was. The answer was, "in Zimbabwe." She then proceeded to explain to me that she and her family were going to Mozambique and would not be home when we arrived in Johannesburg, but we would be met at the airport by her cousin, Beulah and were to remain at her home for four days before coming to their farm in Zimbabwe.

Less than an hour after this call from Dawn Brummer, I received another long distance call from Beulah Laughton in Johannesburg,, inviting us to stay with them in their home until Dawn returned from her trip. Dawn had called her, explaining the



Earl Boardman and Clarence D. Taylor.



Remnants of walls of the Rev. Boardman's school and home, Beaufort Vale, January 1994.

situation, and asked her to meet us at the airport and make sure we did not leave Africa without paying her a visit.

And what a royal welcome we received on Thursday morning, January 20th when we arrived at the airport at Johannesburg. Harold, Beulah's husband, had taken time off from his work and she and Harold drove us to their home in Parkview where they treated us as members of their family for the next four days. I think the Laughtons were surprised to see two Americans coming down the airport runway, one with a backpack leading the way for another older man wearing a top coat, trudging along carrying a suit case and a brief case. I think they were expecting to greet a boy pushing a wheel chair with a white-haired, 85-year-old man in it.

It was here in Johannesburg that I found my "Gold Mine." Beulah showed us a Boardman family chart she was working on, with about 1,400 Boardman family names. There were no descendants listed on the chart of Judith Boardman Dixon (the Utah Boardman family). Most of the Boardman families were from Africa but there were some in Australia, England, Canada, and other places.

Upon leaving Johannesburg and Africa on Thursday, February 10th, Beulah had prepared a duplicate copy of this Boardman chart and gave it to us. We intend to enter it on a computer and send a disk to both Beulah and Dawn. I also left my copy of "My Folks The Dixons," Vol. I and the outline copy "Rev. William Boardman and His Family" with Beulah.

After visiting with Dawn and her family and then onto Victoria Falls, where Ken bungi jumped off the bridge (about 350 feet above the water), we flew from Bulawayo to Johannesburg where we rented a car to continue our genealogy tour of South Africa.

Cradock was a most important stop. It was here in 1932 that I visited Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon's nephew, William Hartman, and Florence McDonald Radford, his neice. Since the death of Florence, I had lost track of the Radford family. After visiting with the Town Clerk, we called at the Radford's last known address inquiring as to their knowledge of the Radfords. Annetjie Kersop, a school teacher, listened to our inquiry and informed us she did not know the Radford family. After explaining our purpose in locating them, she volunteered to inquire as to their whereabouts. That evening we heard a knock at our hotel door and it

was Annetjie who made a special trip to inform us that one of her friends furnished her with the new address of two of the Radfords living at Sedgefield.

The next morning when we called on the Town Clerk, D. J. Coetzer, he informed us that one of his friends, Graham Whyte, a long-time resident of Cradock, could give us information on the Radford family. We went to the Whyte home, where Mr. and Mrs. Whyte were most friendly and informed us that their daughter married Mervyn, the youngest son of the Radford family, and they were living in Sedgefield, in the Cape near Cape Town.

Grahamstown, the birthplace of Henry Aldous Dixon, the area of the 1820 Settlers Locations, and now the home of Earl Boardman, brother of Beulah Boardman Laughton, and his wife Norma. Beulah had made all arrangements by telephone for us to stay at Earl's home.

We made one visit to Lawrence and Dorothy Dixon, living in the Coombs Valley, near the Clay Pits (formerly the source of clay for the natives), in hopes of there being a common ancestor. No such luck.

Earl Boardman provided us with one of our choice experiences by taking us to Beaufort Vale, the location and home of his ancestor, the Rev. William Boardman. Some of the walls of the house (and school room) are still visible.

On our leaving Grahamstown the next day, we were directed to Waai Plants, the location of the John Henry Dixon 1820 Party. There is no evidence of a settlement here. It was here I lost my Leica camera's light meter.

Our next important stop was at Uitenhage Cemetery where Judith Boardman Dixon was buried. An older resident informed us that the older section which was unkept and overgrown with weeds and neglected had been leveled off and now planted with grass. That was where Earl's grandparents were also buried.

On the Garden Route, in the forest area of the Cape, partway between Port Elizabeth and Capetown and near the port of Knysna, is the Village of Sedgefield, a holiday and retirement resort. Here we found Joyce and Sylvia Radford living at Hamerkoshaat 9 (P. O. Box 158) and Mervyn and June Whyte Radford. living at Swallow Drive 34.

Mervyn is a retired professor and was out of town when we called. We visited with Joyce and Sylvia for a couple of hours before continuing on to Cape Town.



David T. McCleod, Florence McCleod Hartman, and William Hartman, South Africa.



Joan Humphris, Helen Humphris, Laura Hamlin Humphris, South Africa.



Charles H. Humphris and Laura Hamlin Humphris, South Africa.



Toposcope at Bathurst Cape Memorial, South Africa to honor 1820 Settlers.



Toposcope seen close up.



Memorial brass plaque for the 1820 Settlers.

Military Service

Army Service, A Memoir

1942–1945

I have been requested to write of my experience in World War II. I do reluctantly, as for me, there is no good comes from war, other than retaining one's liberty, only resulting in destruction, heartache and sorrow. A period of waste, loss of life, pain, and suffering. To me, a period of time to be forgotten.

A brief outline of my 44 months in the Army Service:

January 9, 1942, I went to the Recruiting Office in Salt Lake City to get as much information about the Armed Services as I could. The recruiting officer told me that they were enlarging the Reception Center at Fort Douglas, and if I would go up and talk to the Adjutant, Major Egan, it might be possible to be assigned there. I went right up to Fort Douglas and had an interview with him and he told me if I would immediately enlist there would be an opening for me in the Reception Center. I returned to the Recruiting Office and was sworn into the Army of the United States and assigned to the Reception Center at Fort Douglas, Utah. My pay was \$21 per month, with \$5.20 deducted for Government Insurance. About four months later it was increased to \$30.



Camp Pickett, VA.

After my processing, shots, tests, physical exam, outfitted with new G. I. clothing, a meal in the mess hall, I was assigned to a cot on the second floor of Headquarter Company barracks. Lights out at 9:00 p.m. Next morning at 6:00 the bugle sounded to roll out of bed, get dressed and report for roll call in the front of the barracks, in the pitch darkness. After breakfast and cleaning up the barracks, I reported to the Record Section to assist in processing the new recruits who came from the States of Utah, Idaho, Nevada and part of Montana.

A couple of days after reporting at the Reception Center, I received orders to pack-up

and report to Camp Roberts in California for basic training. The day after arriving at Camp Roberts, I spent the morning with instruction of defense and use of the bayonet on a "dummy" in the field. That afternoon I received orders for me to pack-up and be ready to return to Fort Douglas the next day. That was my basic training.

Several times, while I was at Fort Douglas, I was assigned to accompany a group of new recruits to their assigned camps in the United States. On one of these trips, after delivering the new recruits to Camp Carson, Colorado, I was able to visit with Alice and Roy and boys in Denver. Another trip took me as far as Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The next January; when more able bodied soldiers were needed on the front lines, limited service (handicapped by eyes, teeth, feet, hearing, etc.) were accepted and assigned to the jobs at the reception center, thus relieving the able bodied to be transferred.

Camp Butner, North Carolina was a collecting camp and where I received orders to report to Camp Pickett, Virginia for re-assignment, which was to Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida, for amphibious training. What a disappointing spot this was. It was about twenty miles out of Tallahassee, in an out of way spot on the sandy coast. It consisted of tar paper, one story huts, sand floors and with two pot belied coal stoves for heating, canvas cots to sleep on, no sheets, two blankets. There was only cold water to wash, shower and hand wash our uniforms after a dirty day's work in the field. At this time it was too early to swim in the ocean, but we had to learn to survive in flames of oil fire on top of the water in nearby cold ponds.

At Camp Gordon Johnston, I was assigned as a Cannoneer in the Cannon Company of the 109th Regiment of the 28th Division, a Pennsylvania National Guard Unit, formerly commanded by General Omar Bradley. Their insignia was in the shape of the State, colored red. (The bloody bucket.) After about a week I was assigned as Company Clerk.

Late that summer the 28th Division was assigned for duty in the European Theater of War, rather than

the Pacific which we had been training for. We left Camp Miles Standish, near Boston and embarked from Boston Harbor on a motor vessel, which developed engine trouble the first day out, so we returned to the harbor and was transferred to a luxury liner which had been converted to a troop ship.

The state rooms on the boat were comfortable and pleasant, but the storage holds of the ship had been converted to sleeping quarters by installing rows of pipe frames and steel springs, no mattresses, about ten or twelve rows high, with only about two and half or three feet between rows. Anyone on the higher bunks who became sick, everyone below immediately knew about it. Ventilation was very poor. Only two scanty meals a day was served with very inferior food, even weevil in the morning cereal.

After zig-zagging across the Atlantic for seven days, with no lights visible at night above deck, and even smokers were denied smoking on deck at night during the trip, to avoid being spotted by enemy submarines, we arrived in Glasgow, Scotland.

Boarding English trains we ended up at the Southern tip of England where we were temporarily billeted in the old stone castle of Randolph Hearst.

We spent the winter in the Margum Castle in Wales, near to the village of Port Talbot, Wales, which was to the west of Swansea, Wales.

June found us camped at a tent camp outside of Tidworth, England, on the shore of the English Channel awaiting Invasion Day. It was rumored that the 4th Division or the 28th Division were candidates for the initial landing wave on the French beachheads. The 4th Division received the call for the landing on Utah Beach. The 28th Division landed on the Omaha Beach in Normandy, France a few days later.

From the Omaha Beach, the 28th Division worked its way through the hedgerows of Normandy, across the farm lands and through the bombed out cities of France, becoming the first organized unit to convoy through the City of Paris, France.

We traveled from the border of Switzerland into Holland and from the beaches of Normandy into Germany. On the Christmas week we were billeted

in a shoe factory in Wiltz, Luxembourg. Here we received our Christmas packages and letters and which most of them were left behind when we were forced to hurriedly vacate.

In our traveling over such a variety of locations, we were often attached temporarily to the First Army or another Division, even once we came under the command of the French Army.

We were on the front line that was so thinly protected and it was here the Germans made their last major assault. As the line began to bulge and break, orders were given to retreat. I was fortunate to catch the last service company truck which carried us back into France for re-grouping, thus avoiding being taken as prisoners of war.

For the next few months we served as the army of occupation in several of the smaller and outlying German cities.

The fall of 1945 we returned to Fort Dix, N. J. where we were given a furlough, before being re-assigned to the Pacific Theater.

Arriving at Fort Douglas, Utah, I became eligible for discharge through the points of accumulation of length of service and my age of 36 years of age.

I was honorably discharged from the United States Army on September 12, 1945 with a clean and whole body—no wounds—a sound and alert mind, with gratitude for a safe return to my home and family.



WWII Battle Clusters from North France, Normandy, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

Service Co. 109th Inf.APO
October 7, 1944
Belgium, Europe

Dear Mother and Family;

Censorship regulations have been relaxed to the extent that I can now give you a few details of my whereabouts during the past year. After leaving Camp Pickett, Va. we traveled by train to Camp Miles Standish, near Boston, Mass. We embarked on a boat at the Boston Harbor and went out beyond the harbor, but due to a minor adjustment, we came back into the harbor, dis-embarked and returned to Miles Standish to await the repair or while other arrangements were to be made.

After several days waiting we again put on our packs, carrying on our backs a complete change of clothes, two blankets, overcoat, raincoat, shelter half and tent pins and rope, an extra pair of shoes, our pack and eating utensils, gas mask, extra socks, handkerchiefs, and our rifle and steel helmet. It was really a load to carry and was almost too much when we had to carry our barracks bags onto the boat later on.

We went by train into Canada to Halifax where we boarded another large boat and went un-escorted, weaving our way across the Atlantic Ocean for six days and black-out nights. We arrived at Greenock, near Glasgow, Scotland.

From here we were sent off on the Flying Scott railroad, by a Scottish Band at the station and given a bag lunch for our destination Southward. That night was our first real experience of total blackout on land, although strict blackout restrictions were enforced on the boat.

After a restless night trying to sleep sitting up, in those small English compartments on the small trains, we arrived at our destination and were taken by truck to one of Randolph Hearst's Castles, here in St. Athens, Wales.

This ancient Castle with its moat around the walls, its towers, draw-bridge, lookout and battle stations, is very well preserved and has been completely modernized by Hearst. There is running water, electricity, and in some sections even heating facilities. There are dozens of modernized, tiled bath rooms in the Castle. Some parts of it still have the traditional early English Furnishings. Of course only the officers were permitted to live in the Castle, the enlisted men were billeted in sheet metal huts in the surrounding woods. To restore the Castle to its present condition has cost thousands of dollars. I only stayed at St. Athens that morning, for we were taken by truck to another Castle near Port Talbot, Wales, where we were to call our home for nearly eight months. This Castle was called Margum Castle, and is the castle of which I have written you about before and of which I sent pictures to you.

From Port Talbot, South Wales, we moved across the Bristol Channel to an old World War I camp, called Camp Tidworth. It is located close to Salisbury. Here we had to live in Pyramid tents, but we were fortunate enough to have canvas cots and straw ticks. We were lucky to have Nissen Huts with electricity, to work in.

It was here on these chalk hills we were living on "D" day. About (CENSORED) later we boarded the small boats which carried us onto the OMAHA BEACH on the Normandy soil, where the first invasion point was made.

Here we saw the harbor that was made by partially submerging large cargo vessels to form a break-water, so that the small tenders could be loaded with cargo and land their cargo on the beaches. Unluckily a (CENSORED)

(CENSORED)

(CENSORED)

(CENSORED)

From this time until day before yesterday we have slept on the ground in pup tents. How long we will be indoors again there is no telling.. It seems that when we are outside it rains and is very cold and just as soon as we move inside the weather clears up and the sun shines.

It was really a great celebration when our Regiment marched (rode in trucks) through the streets of Paris, down to the Arc de Triomphe.

From the French Border we moved into Luxemburg, our troop being on German soil. Now we are located in Belgium and soon have to be headed for Berlin.

I do hope we can bring this war to a close before the bitter, cold weather sets in.

I am well and getting along all right. Give all the folks my best regards. Keep well and happy, Granny.

Love,
Clarence

This form will not be replaced
if lost or destroyed SAVE IT.

ARMY SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL TAYLOR, CLARENCE D	ARMY SERIAL NUMBER 19 072 716	GRADE Tec5	DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 9 Jan 42	SEX M	DATE OF BIRTH 11 May 1909
PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES (Street and Number - City - County - State) 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah County, Utah					

HIGHEST GRADE COMPLETED 16	LAST YEAR OF ATTENDANCE 1937	HIGHEST DEGREE RECEIVED B.S.	MAJOR COURSE OF STUDY Accounting Business Administration	NAME AND ADDRESS OF LAST SCHOOL ATTENDED Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah
OTHER TRAINING OR SCHOOLING				
COURSE None	NO. HRS.	COURSE	NO. HRS.	COURSE

SERVICE SCHOOL		COURSE	WKS. OR HRS.	RATING	ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM			
None					INSTITUTION WHERE ENROLLED None	CURRICULUM AND TERM (COURSE OF TRAINING PURSUED)	NO. OF WEEKS	GRADUATED YES NO

CIVILIAN OCCUPATIONS	
MAIN OCCUPATION (TITLE) CLERK, GENERAL JOB SUMMARY Kept personnel, inventory and other office records; used alphabetical filing system; had an expert knowledge of office practices and procedures; did some bookkeeping and types at the rate of 50 words per minute; also acted as a fire insurance agent.	SECONDARY OCCUPATION (TITLE) NONE JOB SUMMARY
NO. OF YEARS 5 LAST DATE OF EMPLOYMENT Jan 42 NAME AND ADDRESS OF EMPLOYER Dixon, Taylor, Russell Company, Provo, Utah	NO. OF YEARS LAST DATE OF EMPLOYMENT NAME AND ADDRESS OF EMPLOYER

MILITARY SPECIALTIES									
ASSIGNMENTS									
YEARS	MONTHS	GRADE	PRINCIPAL DUTY	ARMY CODE NO.	YEARS	MONTHS	GRADE	PRINCIPAL DUTY	ARMY CODE NO.
0	3	Pvt	Basic Training	521	0	9	Tec4	Clerk General	055
0	9	Cpl	Clerk-Typist	405	0	10	Tec5	Mail Clerk	056
0	4	Tec4	File Clerk	355					

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATION AND CIVILIAN CONVERSIONS (Shown by title)

CLERK GENERAL: Supervised four clerks in regimental office work such as keeping records, putting out special orders, typing correspondence, and general office procedure; operated mimeograph machines and typewriters.

RELATED OCCUPATIONS: Clerk, General; Clerk, General Office.

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATION AND CIVILIAN CONVERSIONS (Shown by title)	

* THIS INFORMATION BASED ON SOLDIER'S STATEMENT. (Indicate by * any items not supported by military records)	
DATE OF SEPARATION 12 Sep 45	SIGNATURE OF SOLDIER <i>Clarence D Taylor</i>
SIGNATURE OF SEPARATION CLASSIFICATION OFFICER <i>W. T. DODGE</i> W. T. DODGE, 1ST LT, ASD	
W.D.A.G.O. FORM NO. 100 15 July 1944 Separation Center, Fort Douglas, Utah	

Army Separation Qualification Record issued September 12, 1945.

Uncle Bud's Military Dress Hat

Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.

During World War II Uncle Bud was drafted into the Army and served in the European Theater. He has never talked very much about his experiences there. I was told that he was in the Battle of the Bulge, which was one of the brutal Allied battle disasters of the war. I have to believe that some of those experiences were horrendous and that he must have decided never to share them.

All the while he was gone our family prayed for his well being. It was really good to have him back home again when he received his honorable release. On his return he gave me one of the most cherished gifts of my life. It was his dress hat with a khaki colored, flat, woolen top and a shiny black brim with a



Henry and Tony.

little leather strap across the front. The front above the visor was just tall enough for the golden metal emblem of the Army. Close in importance to the hat was the gift of a chevron rank stripe from his uniform. I wore both of these as I dug foxholes in the sagebrush fields of "Taylor" hills. There the battles of Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal raged and were fought again and again, but now with some of the real trappings of authenticity.

In the photograph I am wearing Uncle Bud's dress cap. My brother Tony is wearing a light colored hat from Woolworth's or some place comparable. I'm sure my folks got that one to keep peace in the family when Bud gave me his.



More military hats with Arthur and John Nelson.



War games and military hats with Dee (Henry) and Tony.

Stories & Essays

Henry A. Dixon's Account of an Iceberg Collision, From His Journal

Aboard the S. S. "Arizona," Friday, November 7,
1879

"About 8:45 p.m. engines stopped and we felt a sudden shock; we were about having our evening prayers. Before we could do so we rushed on deck thinking we had struck a vessel, when lo and behold we had struck an immense iceberg. We were going at the rate of 16 knots an hour.

The force was so great as to completely stove in our bulkhead or bow, leaving about 20 tons of ice on the forecastle bulkhead. Broke both anchors—one chain was tested to hold 12 tons. Shocking site to behold. A very large hole in her, just above the water edge. Four thousand gallons of water in the bulkhead. Two or three sailors buried in the ice in the forecastle, some time before they could get out. One hurt very badly.

It was a clear night; the iceberg looked similar to a bluish-white cloud looming up about 50 feet. An awful grand sight.

The boats were ordered to be loosed from the davits ready if needed. Considerable excitement on board. A Presbyterian minister with satchel in hand was ready to look to No. 1. Some of the women were terribly excited.

We were from 240 to 250 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. Steaming eight or nine knots an hour, notwithstanding her situation.

The "Arizona" steamship of the Guion Line, is built in seven compartments. All luggage was removed aft to lighten her. I called the boys together during the excitement and prayed the Lord to enable us to avert calamity, that it might be no worse. We exercised our Priesthood, prayed for a calm and that we might live, also all on board get to our destination, also the vessel.

Went below to our cabins; prayed frequently according to the order of the Priesthood for a calm sea and no wind, as this is apparently our salvation temporarily.

During the night we went on deck and while alone, rebuked winds and waves. We have a calm sea. Prayers answered. Also prayed for a vessel to come

to our rescue, if necessary, and wisdom to be given the Captain, and Prince of Power and Air to have no control at this time. Committed ourselves to God.

In talking to some of the passengers, I promised no lives should be lost or ship either, in the name of the Lord."

St. John's, Newfoundland, Sunday, November 9,
1879

Iceberg-Ship Collision

11:00 p.m. This morning at 8:00 o'clock, pilot came aboard and took us into port. Very rocky coast, only one entrance to bay and that very narrow. Rocks on either side. Inside a nice, comfortable harbor completely land blocked. Must have been over 150 vessels of all sizes at anchor. People flocked down to the wharf by thousands.

Several boats filled with small boys; saw more boys than since I left home, all healthy and strong. I suppose them to belong to fishing smacks or schooners. The population appears to contain a great many Irish people, contains about 49,000 of the Island's 96,000. The streets are very crooked, in steps as it were, along the hillside.

The damage done vessel was greater than I anticipated. The break extended below the water mark the whole length of the keel."

Monday, November 10, 1879

"I took a walk into the country for about three or four miles. Beautiful scenery, farm houses, meadows, and timber. Beautiful lake and beautiful harbor. In the evening writing home, also sending a few newspapers.

November 11th.

Writing on back of 25 cards, Articles of Faith, "Any person desirous of further information relative to these principles, until Thursday, November 13, 1879, address Elder Henry A. Dixon, St. John's.

After that date, to William Budge, Esq., 42 Islington St., Liverpool, England."

Comments on the above incident by Maria D. Taylor:

"While on a visit to Price, Utah, in September 1930, my son Elton was telling me he spoke of this incident in Fast Meeting and a gentleman arose and said, "In the mouth of two witnesses all things shall be established."

This Brother Potter stated that he came home on that same vessel sometimes later. He talked to the Captain and also the crew and they all said it was nothing short of a miracle.

He said he saw the vessel while in the docks for repairs and there was a hole in it as large as a good sized room.

He was told that at the time of the accident, word was taken to the owner of the ship, Mr. Guion, who asked if any Mormons were aboard. They told him there were four. He went back to bed and said he knew the vessel would land safe, for forty years they had been carrying Mormons, no ship was lost. It paid them better than insurance."

Note: This incident was reported in the *New York Times*, November 10, 1879, the *Windsor Magazine*, August 1891, as well as the *Millennial Star*, December 1, 1879.

"The Teachers' Magazine of the Church"

THE INSTRUCTOR

135 South State Street Salt Lake City 11, Utah
January 17, 1963

Clarence D. Taylor
Dixon Taylor, Russell
Provo, Utah

Dear Brother Taylor:

We wish to express our appreciation to you for your article, "When the Winds Obeyed", which appears in the January, 1963, issue of The Instructor.

Under separate cover, an honorarium check for \$15 and two copies of the January issue are being sent to you.

Again, Thank you

Sincerely yours,
Boyd O. Hatch
Boyd O. Hatch
Managing Editor

BOH/dm

CORPORATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS 70 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH				ACCOUNTS PAYABLE	
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B024-1-161-50		REQ 01/17		\$ 15.00	
Voucher for Check Received for ARTICLE IN The January 1963 For "When The Winds Obeyed" Page 3 Henry A. Dixon's Missionary Experience.					
CHECK NUMBER 824865	FOR CREDIT TO THE ACCOUNT OF SUNDAY SCHOOL HONORARIUM			CHECK AMOUNT \$ 15.00	

Letter and payment from the INSTRUCTOR for "When the Winds Obeyed."

When the Winds Obeyed

When the Winds Obeyed

by Clarence D. Taylor*

It was called the most remarkable steamship—iceberg collision on record in an 1891 issue of *Windsor Magazine*. Somehow the badly damaged *Arizona* managed to make it to Port St. John, Newfoundland, and land safely all its crew and passengers, after the ship had collided with an iceberg in the wake of an angry, storm-tossed sea.

Behind this story reposes an example of faith and of the power of the priesthood, for the Lord did provide for His servants in their time of need and blessed them with His authority to carry out the mission to which He had called them. Henry Aldous Dixon held such authority and used it during this incident.

He was a South African convert of 1856 and a man of great faith and humility. Elder Dixon and three other missionaries—Joseph Vickers, William H. Coray, and J. L. Jones—were aboard the *Arizona* bound for Great Britain. As the elders prepared for evening prayers, the ship's engines suddenly stopped and a great crunching noise of crumbling timbers and sheet metal rang through the cold, clear night.

Rushing on deck with all the other passengers, the missionaries beheld an immense, blue-white mass of ice on the forecastle deck in front of the bow of the vessel. The ship *Arizona*, traveling at full speed, had struck an iceberg. The force of the collision was so great as to cave in completely the ship's bow and to break off and pile up more than 20 tons of ice on top of the deck. Both anchors were broken; and the anchor chains, tested to hold 12 tons, were severed. The huge hole in the bow, 30-feet deep by 20-feet wide, extended below the water mark; and the break extended along the whole length of the keel. More than 4,000 gallons of water filled the front compartments; and several of the sailors were buried in the avalanche of ice when it settled on the forecastle decks, so that it took some time to dig them out.

With such a huge hole in the ship's bow, the front compartments filled with water, and with the weight of 20 tons of ice on the front decks, the sea had to be calm to enable the captain and crew to get the ship to the nearest port without sinking.

The four elders frequently knelt together and prayed for the safety of the ship and passengers. But this night of tragedy was unusually special. It demanded great faith and the blessings of the Master.



With righteous faith and in exercise of the Holy Priesthood, Elder Henry A. Dixon went alone on deck and there rebuked the wind and the waves and prayed for a calm sea.

Thirty-six hours later the ship limped into Port St. John. The prayers of the Elders had been answered; and the promise which Elder Dixon had given the passengers that no lives would be lost, that the ship would safely reach port, and that all would reach their destination in safety, had been fulfilled.

In the middle of the night of the accident the owner of the vessel, Mr. Guion, was informed of the collision. He inquired if there were any Mormon missionaries on board. He was told that there were four. He then informed those around him that he knew that the vessel would land safely and that they were to have no further worries or fears. His steamship line had carried Mormons for 40 years and had never lost a ship on which missionaries were passengers. Carrying Mormon missionaries was the best insurance he could buy, Mr. Guion said, and with that remark he returned to his bed to sleep.

(For Course 3, lesson of March 31, "Jesus Organized the Church on the Earth"; for Course 5, lesson of January 6, "Faith"; for Course 13, lesson of March 10, "Priesthood"; and for Course 19, lesson of March 31, "The Atonement.")

*Clarence D. Taylor is the grandson of Henry Aldous Dixon. Library File Reference: Priesthood—Melchizedek.

A Christmas Gift

One of my joyous and satisfying Christmas seasons was the year my sister Ruth received her first girl's bicycle.

Uncle John and Aunt Sophia Smith Manson lived directly thru the block, on 4th West, from our home at 256 North Fifth West.

As boys of our family attended to their chores in the big brick barn, morning and night, we could look over into the Manson backyard.

Aline Manson, their only living daughter, since Muriel, a younger sister, had been stricken with diphtheria and died, was my age. The little girl's bicycle owned by Aline was generously shared with the children of the neighborhood to learn to ride a bicycle for the first time, including myself.

Eventually this little girl's bicycle was damaged, and Aline, having grown out of the small bicycle class, no longer had a desire to have it repaired, so it was discarded to the backyard.

After several years of abandonment, I took the courage to visit Aunt Sophia and ask her if she would sell me this damaged bicycle in her backyard. I thought I could repair it so that my little sister Ruth could learn to ride it.

Aunt Sophia readily agreed that they had no further use of it, and that I could have it for free, for hauling it away.

In examining the bicycle, it appeared to need a new front wheel, two new tires, a new paint job and removing some rust on the handle bars and sprocket, and new hand grips.

I explained my project to William D. Norman, Master painter in the DTR (Dixon Taylor Russell Company) paint shop, who described in detail to me what I should do to prepare the bicycle frame for painting and then after I did a first class job of sanding and removing rust, he would personally apply red paint and when dry would apply some gold striping to it.

My next call was to Ray Snow's bicycle shop. Here I showed him the one wheel which could be straightened by tightening the spokes and agreed to order one new front wheel together with two new tires.

By Christmas eve I assembled the freshly painted frame with the two wheels, the new handle grips, and to me it looked better than a new bicycle.

Not wanting to get snow on it, I persuaded the DTR delivery man to put it on their truck and deliver me and the bike home after dark.

I don't recall the events of that Christmas Day, but I do remember the many years after that of the fun and good times Ruth and her friends had with that little girl's bicycle.

An Adventure of a Lifetime

Myrtle I. Calder, 1988, Oak Hills, Provo

One morning during this last Christmas holidays, I watched my friend motor up the hill in her four-wheel-drive vehicle. Nine inches of snow had fallen during the night, but the car made the climb without faltering. As I saw her car negotiate the hill with ease, my thoughts turned back to the Winter of 1948—the year of the “big snow” as we always referred to it. In those days, before the production of snow tires, even a couple of inches of snow gave us a problem.

The winter of 1948 was our first winter on the hill. The big storms started that year on December 17th, with a major blizzard pounding at us on New

Years Day. The next morning we awakened to see a most beautiful sight—four and five foot snow drifts as far as we could see. We shoveled a path, and it was like walking in a tunnel to reach the street. Deep snow drifts covered the road; it would be impossible to get the car out for several days.

My husband, Hamilton, was an adventurer with an optimistic attitude toward everything he wanted to do, and he loved the challenge of keeping the car on the icy road. He handled the driving back and forth to work and school, enjoying every minute of it. I was just the opposite. On December 17th I hung up my car keys and took them down on Feb-

ruary 18th, the day the sun came out and the snow melted like magic.

After living within walking distance to town, Church, work and school, moving to this area was a major adjustment for us. However, we were well aware of the life-style we had chosen when we first became interested in living on the hill, and we found life in this rural area brought many new and interesting experiences.

The Liechty family had lived in the area for many years, and welcomed us with open arms. Our dear friends, Henry and Alta Taylor and Lynn and Celestia Taylor had moved into their homes in 1932. Clarence "Bud" Taylor owned his home here; in fact we lived in his home for five months while they finished building ours. With these wonderful neighbors, we felt secure and happy here. I leaned heavily on my close and dear friends Alta and Cess.

Finding ourselves on a telephone line with ten other families was a shock at first, but we learned to use the telephone only when the call was urgent, never spending time on non-essential topics. Our telephone number was 052R 11, and Central rang one long ring and one short ring when the call was for us. We heard only six of the customer's rings; they managed to ring six on one set-up and five on the other set-up to make the eleven connections. But the eleven customers could hear all the conversations. Every telephone north and east of Carson's Market (which was then Muhlestein's Market) was on our "party line."

Already accustomed to picking up our mail at the Post Office, we kept the same routine and didn't miss home delivery of mail. In August, 1943, we had rented P. O. Box 96 at the Provo Post Office, and even at the present time our business mail comes to this same box.

Each father transported a load of children to and from the schools; we worked out a schedule. Our children fondly remember those daily trips. Janet rode with Uncle Lynn Taylor, Jim with Uncle Henry Taylor, and the college students on the early schedule went with Uncle Ham Calder.

Natural gas was not available to this area when we came here. We could have chosen to heat with oil, but coal worked out exceptionally well in our case. The coal man filled our bin each Fall and this supply kept our stoker going until Spring, at a cost of around \$100.00.

Four families made heavy demands on the small cistern in Rock Canyon, and we frequently ran out of water. At this point, one of the men would go to the canyon and fill the tank. As the area developed,

the water system was upgraded to a point where there was a constant flow into the cistern, but we still had no water treatment. Samples of the water were sent regularly to the State of Utah to be tested. In the winter the ratings were generally on the plus side, but in the Summer they sometimes came back marked "Not fit for human consumption."

I decided I should bring water from town for drinking and to use in the preparation of food. The easiest place for me to fill the water bottles was at my father's home on North University, but some of the time when I was in a hurry I tried to find a closer place. A service station worked out quite well until the attendant became curious enough to ask me what I did with all that water, and I simply couldn't bring myself to tell him our water was not pure enough to drink. Where would you have gone in 1949 to fill half a dozen gallon jugs with water?

Eventually we did get on the City system, and this was a big day to celebrate.

Water had become such a precious commodity in our lives that I stood with amazement the day they first filled our swimming pool. I was spellbound at the sight—never before had I seen so much water in one place on our hill! We counted our blessings.

We knew before we moved here Provo City was not in a position to give us any help keeping the roads open in the winter. One of our many blessings was that Clarence Taylor (Uncle Bud) owned a Jeep with a snow plow on the front. Uncle Bud labored diligently to keep ahead of the snow. He made a single lane to each home, then worked in the driveways when he had a moment of day-light left. He plowed before work in the morning, after work at night, and all day on Saturdays. The children were in seventh-heaven when Uncle Bud would let them ride in the Jeep with him. He became the most popular man on the hill—everyone loved him.

It was a great day when Provo City took over the roads, and I'm sure Uncle Bud appreciated their help more than any of the rest of us.

Over these past 40 years we have been aware of the major role our neighbors play in our lives. It has taken a great deal of effort on the part of everyone in the area to bring our standard of living up to its present height. I'm sure we all agree it has been worth the effort.

I look back to those early days when my adventuring husband would say to me "Just wait, one of these days there will be homes all over this area." And when his dreams came true, we looked back and agreed that our life on the hill had far overshadowed any other adventure we had undertaken.

Athletics on Sandy Alley

Athletic competition in the Provo Third Ward and on Sandy Alley, Fifth West, was an integral part of growing up.

As early as 1895 the young men and women of the Ward rented the Horton Hall, on Fifth West and Center Street and purchased gymnastic equipment for their use in it. Later this equipment was moved to the newly constructed Third Ward Amusement Hall, of two stories, and additional equipment was added to the full sized basketball court.

The North Park with its baseball diamonds and open air swimming pool was located within the boundaries of the Ward.

Uncle Tom Taylor constructed and maintained a clay tennis court in the center of the block, to the east of his home.

In later years, when the Ward Gym was not available to the kids of the Ward, they would gather for a limited game of basketball on one basket, or just shooting practice, in the hay loft of the big red brick barn of Arthur N. Taylor. It was here that Buck and Sanky Dixon sharpened up their basket shooting ability. There were two large beams spanning from the walls and its supporting posts, which made it necessary to shoot the ball over the beams or around the posts in order to make a basket.

In the spring of the year, especially after a BYU track meet, the kids of the Ward would gather at the rear of Uncle Walter Dixon's house. Here under the direction of Buck and Sanky, they had erected high jumping and pole vaulting standards; and they had dug a broad jumping pit, and cleared a shot-putting field where a large rock served as the shot. Heavy bamboo poles, used in shipping rugs, were obtained and used for pole vaulting and for the cross bars in high jumping.

The foot races were designated in number of blocks or parts of a block and run on the sidewalks around the block. Two captains were designated who then chose their team members. Often one day was insufficient to run off all the track events, as had

been witnessed at the BYU track meet, so the meet was continued the next day.

All the grade schools of Provo had a baseball team, and the old Timpanogos School, located within the boundaries of the Ward, was no exception. In the summer time, the cutting of grass on the front lawns, became a full day's task due to the interruptions for baseball practice, and catching and pitching on the front sidewalk.

Wildwood was where we all first learned to play tennis; then if we became good enough, we would get to play on Uncle Tom's tennis court or the Allen's court on East Center, or the BYU or Provo High courts. Then the better tennis players, like Buck and Sanky and Hunt Manson would be invited and allowed to play on the private Knight Woolen Mills Club clay courts.

Uncle Roy Dixon had a membership in the Woolen Mills Club and used it for his early morning recreation, together with creating interest and enthusiasm with younger people in tennis, by inviting them to often play with him in the early mornings. Many is the time I have been overjoyed with this experience.

Through the encouragement and association with Buck and Sanky, from the time I was taken to the BYU Men's Gym as a youngster, and with no ticket but with hopes of being allowed entry to the Gym to hang on the exercise ladder or sit on the rafters or stand in the corners, basketball has been my favorite sport.

This one night we were standing near the doorway of the Gym hoping someone would give us a ticket. Two couples came along and seeing us wishfully standing by the door, one couple gently pulled me between them and walked me past the ticket taker and then told me to hurry and get up on the ladder while there was still room.

I was never on the starting team lineup, but I did win my letter in basketball and football at the Provo High School.

Avoid That First Drink!

The sorrow and heartache of Sarah DeGrey Dixon's widowhood at the early age of thirty-nine years, which left her with six sons and one daughter and an unborn child, was great but not as great or heartbreaking as the trials that she had to endure with her third son and his thirst for "drink." Grandma Dixon often repeated, "If only he had not taken that first drink."

Having been plagued with this craving for drink, this son would often be trapped in one of the saloons in town. When Grandma Dixon would get word of this, she would put on her little black hat, her brown shawl, and trudge to town and the saloon. If possible she would try to get him to come outside and talk to her, if not she would go into the saloon and try to persuade him to go home with her. Sometimes she was successful, but more often he was in no condition to leave with her and she had to return, broken hearted and alone.

This son was a wonderful man when he was himself. He built the home at 270 North Fifth West for his mother and family. As an outstanding and successful contractor, he provided work for his younger brothers. He built several of the finest com-

mercial buildings in town. He was idolized by all the children of the neighborhood, and especially by his younger sister. He was the developer and manager of the Dixon Brickyard.

His death was brought about by his willingness to stop his own work in order to help other workmen who needed help in moving a large machine at the Heber City Power Plant. He came in contact with a hot wire which killed him.

Time after time, his craving for drink embarrassed his mother and caused her undue heartache, but this was her son and she did everything in her power to help him with his problem.

Several times he realized his condition and took the "cure" which lasted for a week or two, then back to the "monkey on his back."

Other members of the Dixon family having seen the distress, the embarrassment, the sorrow and heartache heaped on their mother; and the change of personality to their brother, reflected in their lives the abstinence and hate of "drink" and their teaching to their children the dreaded curse that can follow from taking that "first drink."

Detroit Trip for the Dodge Car—1935

In 1935 we needed a new car but did not have the extra cash to buy one. We had two cars, a 1929 Chev. coupe and a sporty 1928, Buick sedan. The Buick was a "gas hog" and the Chev. an extensive overhaul job.

I was given permission by the folks to sell or trade the two cars for a new car. There was not enough value in this trade.

Arnold Taylor offered \$300 for the Buick which we accepted. The garage would give us more for a trade-in on a new car than we could get by selling for cash. Ralph Naylor of the Naylor Auto Co., also offered to allow us \$115 as freight saved by picking the car up at the factory. He also made me the proposition if I would get two other boys to go with me

to Detroit, we could drive out three Dodge trucks loaded with three passenger cars on the trucks. One of the passenger cars would be ours. We would pay all expenses to and from the factory at Detroit. He also agreed to purchase \$300 in merchandise from DTR which we could turn as a credit. The expense of the trip and the remaining balance would be paid by us.

The deal was made and we ordered a 1935 Dodge metallic blue four door sedan to be delivered at the factory and loaded on one of Naylor Auto trucks.

Two school friends, Berlyn Williams, a neighbor, and Reinwald Liechty, one of Lynn's priests in the Pleasant View Ward, accepted my invitation to

accompany me to Detroit. Neither having been that far east they jumped at the chance for a free trip (all expense paid) to Detroit and return.

The three of us boarded the bus at Provo on March 13, 1935, going thru Cheyenne on the 14th, Omaha on the 15th, having supper at Windsor, Canada on the 17th, and staying at a hotel for one night in Detroit. I am sure this was the first experience any of us had in staying at a large hotel.

On March 18, 1935 we went to the Dodge factory where they gave us a sight-seeing trip thru the factory. We then picked up the three trucks loaded with three passenger cars at the "will call" lot and started west for home.

We traveled practically night and day to get home, where we arrived on March 22nd, dirty, tired, but happy to be back home with no major mishaps.

The breakdown for cost of our 4 door sedan and trip expense:

To Naylor Auto for Dodge Sedan	\$ 993.72
Bus fare for 3	76.20
Truck #1 and Sedan—Oil, Gas, Misc.	52.73
Truck #2 and Sedan—Oil, Gas, Misc.	43.21
Truck #3 and Sedan—Oil, Gas, Misc.	45.28
Heater for our sedan	9.75
Misc. Exp.	6.72
Total	1220.89

PAID BY THE FOLLOWING;

Freight saved by factory delivery	115.00
DTR Credit by Ken	40.00
DTR Credit by Ruth	172.00
DTR Credit by Clarence	88.00
Transportation for truck #1	50.00
Transportation for car and truck #2	100.00
Transportation for car and truck #3	85.00
Chev. Coupe trade-in	165.00
Cash from sale of Buick	300.00
Cash from A.N.T. Fund	25.00
Cash from Clarence	87.61
Total	1220.89

Father's Rocking Chair

Clarence D. Taylor

My father, Arthur N. Taylor, was a very reserved man, never one to display his love, openly, to members of his family.

When I was just a child, I was troubled with an inflamed ear and toothache. At such times, after father came home from work, and we finished supper and all the chores had been completed, and I was still crying and fussing, Father would have Mother warm a piece of flannel cloth and place it over my aching ear or tooth.

Father would then hold me in his arms, rocking back and forth in the old rocking chair and would sing two of the few songs he knew: "Catch the Sunshine," and "Put your Shoulder to the Wheel."

The love, the music, the heat and the motion soon had me comfortable and off to sleep.

This old rocking chair is one of Alice's prized possessions. She had it reupholstered and refinished, but it does not rock for the rockers were removed.

Gathering Leaves

While raking and picking up leaves this fall, it reminded me of doing the same thing about sixty years ago while living on Fifth West.

Each fall it was my responsibility after school to go directly home and rake and gather all the leaves in the neighborhood, load them into a little "express" wagon, and haul them to the big brick barn in the rear of our house. At that time we had only one or two and not more than three cows in the south section of the barn; including our Shetland pony.

It was understood that the west corner of this section of the barn was to filled, clear to the ceiling, if possible. This was to provide bedding for the animals during the cold, wet, winter weather.

I am sure this leaf gathering project was not so much for saving money by not having to buy straw, as it was for providing a worthwhile job for me to do after school, which otherwise would have been

wasted and which may have provided a time for some mischief.

This typifies my father's philosophy of providing directed worthwhile jobs for his boys, especially leisure time, even if it costs money. Better still if it accomplished two purposes.

"Make two blades of grass grow in place of one."

That big pile of leaves in the corner of the barn was quite an inducement to get my baby sister, Ruth, to go with me some evenings, to do the milking. She would get up on top of the pile, roll around, bury herself in the leaves, and really have a good time. After she would tire of that, I would sit her in one of the windows where she would be targeted by a stream of milk from the cow instead of hitting the milk bucket, under the cow. She would enjoy that even if her face was soaking wet, and would come back time and time again.

Music Appreciation Contest

In order to graduate from Provo High School, one of the requirements was to take a half unit of fine arts. To be permitted to take a music class, the pupil had to take an audition before the music teacher.

I appeared before Ernest Paxman, the music teacher. After several attempts to follow the piano on the music scale, he suggested I would be much happier in taking an art class, to fill my requirement for graduation. Although I hardly know one note from the other, I have always enjoyed popular music and later, light classical.

While in the grade school and Jr. High, one of the extra projects furnished to all the public schools for the pupils was participating in the contest and that made it possible for me to know and appreciate, in a limited way, some of the better music.

Ethel Rogers Taylor (Sessions) was employed by the Superintendent, H. Aldous Dixon of Provo City Schools, to provide a program which would acquaint all pupils with the best in music.

She did this by first going to each school in the upper classes and playing to them records of selected music on a phonograph. And associating the name and interesting events in the author's life to the music.

As a climax and an incentive to take the program seriously and learn, remember and use, a date just before graduation was set for a school-wide Music Memory Contest. This was to be held in the Provo Tabernacle with a live orchestra to play the music numbers. Each number would be identified by each student by writing down the name and composer of the number played and handing them to judges to count and determine the winner. Cash and other prizes were to be awarded to the winners. As I remember, Anna Smoot became the First Prize winner.

As an aid to the students, the music stores of the city cooperated by allowing the students access to their music rooms to play the records of their choice in order to associate the music with the author and

remember them.

A list of about one hundred well-known music numbers and composers had been selected and copies distributed to all students for their study.

I, for one, still recall the name and sometimes the composer when I hear some of the music played in that Music Memory Contest.

The Scroll

Before moving out of our home on Fifth West, I searched every available spot, from attic to cellar, trying to locate the "SCROLL," but to no avail. This visual aid depicted the Life of Christ in colored pictures. I was never able to find what happened to it.*

This scroll had a great impact for good on the children of our household and neighborhood by providing thousands of hours of self entertainment in bringing to life the story of Jesus to both old and young. At this impressionable age, one picture expressed more meaning and was remembered much longer than a thousand words in a lecture. Year after year, we never tired of having a show and looking at these same pictures in the scroll.

This scroll was a black, rectangular box measuring about 24 inches high by 30 inches wide and 6 inches deep. A portion of the lower back would lift open to form a leg and support itself in an upright position. By lifting up the cover on the front and letting it drape over on the top and back, it exposed a theater type screen.

On the side, at the top and bottom were two small key slots which connected onto the concealed rollers on the inside, at both the top and bottom of the box. On these rollers was a continuous roll of

heavy picture paper printed in color, and it rolled from one roller to the other. When about 20 pictures of the Life of Jesus were rolled on the upper roller, then a z-shaped key would be inserted in the key slot on the lower roller and by turning it, the birth of Jesus in the manger would appear in the screen area. When the last picture showing Jesus hanging on the cross between the two thieves appeared, that was the end and you would take the key out of the lower roller slot and place it in the upper key slot and rewind the pictures onto the upper roller, ready for the next showing.

It was not unusual that there would be five or six showings before getting tired and putting it away for another day.

When hearing the stories of Jesus in Sunday School or reading the Bible or story books of the life of Christ, these visual aids brought a mental picture to mind and became more real.

**I can tell what happened to the scroll! It was borrowed by my father, Lynn D. Taylor, Clarence's older brother. I remember it well in our home between Second and Third West on First North. We moved from there when I was five and I don't remember it after that. —John Arthur Taylor*

Our Shetland Pony "Lightning"

One of the happiest Christmases I can remember was when I was about nine or ten years old. Part of my daily chores was to mix bran meal with skim milk and feed it to a young calf each morning and night. For lack of room in the big barn, we were keeping the calf in the unoccupied chicken coop of Uncle Arnold Dixon's, which was located just north of the barn.

Before I could open my Christmas presents, I was required to take care of my chores, and on this particular morning, I was to have Ken help me.

No person could be more surprised or delighted, for when we went into the coop, there was a little six-month-old, black and white Shetland pony with the calf. Of course all the other members of the family were right behind us to assure us this was really

our pony and his name was "Lightning."

Father had always been very good and helpful to Uncle Ashted Taylor (in fact, Uncle Ashted has often remarked that, "Arth was the only dad that I knew") and he wanted him to have one of his best Shetland ponies. I think Elton used to get as big a "kick" out of this pony as the rest of us. Even before he was broken to ride, he would want to show us how intelligent he was and would bring him into the house. Later when I would ride him to the Lake Farm and there was no bridge to cross the river, Elton would practically pick him up and put him in the boat and row him to the north side of the river where the pony would jump out on dry land.

As a colt we would put him in the Lake pasture with the other horses. He was so small that he would run under their bellies, nip them on their legs, and be out of their reach when they tried to kick or bite him. The swampy lake pasture had many bog holes where the heavier horses became stranded in the mud and had to be hauled out. Not so with this pony, for he could go anywhere without the danger of bogging down.

Adjoining this pasture was Uncle Jim McClellan's sugar beet farm. A net wire fence separated the pasture from the beets. The bottom of the net wire fence was about a foot and a half above the ground. In order for this pony, "Lightning" to get over to those sweet sugar beets, he would lay down on his side near a post and work himself under the wire by using his feet as a pry against the post. One shout from Uncle Jim and away he would go to the other end of the field and back to the pasture.

While still a colt, and in the fall of the year, and at other times, when we would bring "Lightning" from the pasture to the big barn on Fifth West, Uncle Jim would tie him alongside "Old Joe," one of his sorrell team of "Peggy and Joe." He would drive to town as if it were the best thoroughbred horse and colt in the country.

When I was working for Janet and Joseph Munk on their farm outside of Logan, Utah, Ken, who

was with me, became sick and had to return home to Provo. Father realized I would be lonely out on the farm without Ken, so he had a large crate made big enough to accommodate our Shetland pony, "Lightning." They loaded the pony into the crate and put him in the baggage car of the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad line (Interurban). At Salt Lake, the crate and the pony were transferred to the Bomb-erger Electric Line. At Ogden the crate and the pony were transferred to the Utah Idaho Electric Railroad bound for Logan where it arrived the same day. When we went to the depot in Logan to get the pony, they had taken him out of the crate and he was grazing on the grass in the parking lot.

Each Saturday night I would ride him from the farm at Benson into Logan where we would stay over Sunday, and I would ride him back to the farm Monday morning. This was necessary for there was no one on the farm to take care of the pony over the weekend.

At the close of the summer, we loaded "Lightning" back into the crate and shipped him back to Provo on the Electric Railroads.

The pony was smart and clever in attempting to do what he wanted to do. Many is the time we would be loping along the road, and he wanted to stop and eat the green grass along the road or for some other reason, so he would suddenly, and with stiff front legs, stop. Unexpectedly the rider would be thrown forward, often over the pony's head to the ground. Or if he did not want to go in the direction the rider wanted him to go, he would try to brush the rider off by rubbing up against a post, or a fence, or anything solid. If the pony was frightened by some thing on the side of the road, he might suddenly side step, throwing the rider off balance and to the ground. I am sure this was often intentional and not by fright.

So that more than one person could enjoy the pony, we would often put a set of tugs on him and hitch him to a little red wagon loaded with kids, or hitch him to a string of sleds in the winter time.

The Testimony of a Pioneer

About Henry Aldous Dixon, ca. 1883

He walked slowly but firmly up the steps that lead to the pulpit. His manner was sure . . . cautious . . . and with determination. As he approached the rostrum in the center of the chapel, you could almost feel the humility and sincerity that radiated from his person. The slight smile on his face, the brightness of his eyes, and the glow of his countenance made you feel good inside.

Everyone loved and respected Brother Dixon. He had served his community well and had been a friend to all. Yes, he had served his God with all the power he could gather. He was now approaching the eve of his mortal existence, but he still had the vigor of youth in his voice, wisdom of the ages in his thoughts, and the determination of the matured in his actions. He could hold his own in the paths of jests and wisdom. He could compete with the young and old in contests of thought and deed. He was the ideal of the community.

"Dear Brothers and Sisters," he began with the pause for thought, but with a full and energetic manner. "I stand before you this night an old man, one that has seen mortal life at its fullest with its instances of sadness—but I stand before you a happy and a content man. To those who know not God, to those who understand not the ways of righteousness—I am nearing the end of existence. But those who know of the Creator and fully comprehend his purposes, know that I am just about to enter into the glories of eternity, regardless of degree or sphere."

A short pause, time to collect his thoughts and to classify them, and then he continues. "I wasn't born in this valley nor among these hills. At one time they were strangers to me, though there emanates from them a feeling of security and friendship. No, my home wasn't here; it was in a far distant land—a land of beauty and sunshine. My family were settlers there and had established themselves quite securely."

Again there was a pause. One that showed that he was carried back to the days of his youth when his family resided in a small valley just outside the "dorp" (as he would call it), Uitenhage, Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. The reflections caused a smile to come over his face and happy tones ringed in his voice as he continued.

"My father was a stern man, just as most of the patriarchs of that day were. We, my brothers, sisters,

and I, were bound by his word. My mother, who interceded when father attempted to inflict punishment, was devoted to her family. There was a bond of love existing, especially between my mother, my older sister, and I, that gave us peace."

A short pause for breath and then he said, "However, this family unity changed, changed when by chance I was walking down a street of Port Elizabeth, where I was for a short holiday, and I heard a noise of a gathering crowd. Some were hissing and some were booing and some were yelling for quiet. But above all I could detect the voice of a young man expounding the principles of a religion, which after I had listened, filled my soul with entrancing joy. I stayed and learned more of this doctrine—this doctrine of Mormonism."

"Upon returning home I told my parents of what I had heard, but to my sadness they took it lightly; in fact, they returned my enthusiasm with ridicule. Even my mother and sister were unaffected. I continued to study and I learned that this was a doctrine of truth which had been revealed from heaven. I knew that I had found the way of salvation."

Brother Dixon stopped. In his eyes there were tears and a slight quiver in his voice. "I . . . desired to join this group . . . but was met with refusal from my parents. And though I begged and pleaded, the rebukes became stronger . . . until the hatred which my father had for my newly found philosophy burst forth in fits of rage. Never-the-less, I remained faithful, and when I reached the age of twenty-one, I announced to my family that I had been baptized into the Kingdom of God. I shall never forget the look on my father's face. The blood rushed to his head as if to strike, and then gathering his emotions, he calmed down. 'This day you have chosen between your family and the filthy Mormon lot. You will leave this house for it is no longer your home. The barrier that now exists between you and those among whom you were reared cannot continue. Therefore take it with you at your earliest convenience.' He left the room; Mother, weeping, followed after, screaming for him not to be so harsh."

"So I left Uitenhage, left the people of South Africa, left a land that I loved. Yes, the ties were strong, but with the decision my father had rendered, I felt that I could no longer be happy there but had to be

severed in my search for something greater and far more enduring.”

“I journeyed across the wide expanse of water that separated me from those I loved and the Zion of the Latter Day. With a few that chose to come with me, I arrived in Liverpool and there joined a large company of Saints that were migrating. We arrived in Boston, then traveled via railway cars to Iowa City. On the way, I viewed the remains of ‘Nauvoo the Beautiful,’ where the destruction and persecution were still evident. It was then that I began to realize that my sacrifice was not so great. For they had been forsaken by their loved ones, driven from their homes in the middle of winter, and heaped with persecution that will forever leave a black spot on my newly acquired country.”

“I journeyed across the 1500 miles to Salt Lake City by ox wagon, following the path of the exodus of modern Israel escaping from bondage. All along the way were the graves of men, women, and children that had died in the great trek for freedom of worship. I saw the remains of the resting places of those that were trapped in the Willie Handcart Company. I paused beside the big rock that protected them to a certain degree from the winter gales of snow, rain, and hail. I stood where their testimonies were sealed in blood—testimonies of the thing that was most dear to them.”

“I stopped long enough to assemble with the masses outside of the Valley, who were ready to protect this hard earned liberty, even if it meant death, from the armies of the United States who were on their way to exterminate their faith ‘for which martyrs had perished.’ By now the testimony of the Divine was firmly implanted in my bosom, a testimony for which I would gladly die.”

“My stay in the fortress in the mountains was glorious. To mingle with those of common belief and to be at peace with the world was a moment I had dreamed of during the year that it took to reach Salt Lake City after leaving the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.”

“My stay there was not long, for I was soon sent to the southern part of the state on a mission to help establish one of the many communities that the Saints were settling in. And then, I was called by President Brigham Young to return to the land of my birth, to my forsaken country, to preach the message that had brought joy and happiness that I had never known before.”

“Yes, I returned to South Africa to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and once again to see my family that had disowned me. My mother received me with open arms and my father was more friendly, a friendliness that faded from light interest in my message to the revival of the hatred that once he had had. He gave me to understand that I was to leave, saying that if it had not been for my mother I would have never stepped across the threshold again. So, bearing my testimony to the divinity of the work with all the power that I had in me, in the name of Jesus Christ and in the name of the God of Israel, I took my leave and departed, never to see my family again. I felt that I had done my duty to them, so I served my mission honorably and returned home with the spirit of testimony burning within me. I was sorry for those that I had left behind me, yes, but the knowledge of the eternities could never be taken from my soul.”

“For I know that this work has been divinely bestowed upon the souls of men. ‘For the Spirit of God like a fire is burning, the latter-day glory begins to come forth. The visions and blessings of old are returning and the angels are coming to visit the Earth.’”

NOTE: The person who wrote this article is unknown. It was obtained by Henry Aldous Dixon II of Ogden, Utah, from Bro. Archibald F. Bennett; Bennett obtained it from Henry S. Todd in June 1960; Todd obtained it at Uitenhage, South Africa, in 1954 from his missionary companion who cannot be identified.

Clarence Dixon Taylor, 1966

Waste Not, Want Not

Pioneer days were hard for most families, but to Sarah DeGrey Dixon, a widow with a family of eight children under twelve years of age to provide for, it became a herculean task.

In order to make financial ends meet, Grandma Dixon had to be most frugal. It became an everyday principle which remained with her all her life.

Even when she would eat with our family, she would caution us children to help ourselves to only the amount of the food we were sure we could eat.

“Make sure your eyes are not bigger than your belly.”

After eating she would gather all the dishes and scrape them thoroughly clean. Anything she could save and use she would store away for another meal. Everything else she would put aside for someone’s dog, pig or cow.

One of her choice sayings which she lived by was, “Waste not, want not.”

Goldbrickers & Brickerhaven

Stewart Falls

The Uinta Forest map calls it Stewarts Cascades, this crystal stream that spills from steep ledges, southwest of Aspen Grove and west of Brickerhaven. It provides a beautiful and refreshing sight in Provo Canyon's North Fork.

The Cascades are one of several scenic landmarks along the "back" or easterly side of Timpanogos—vistas unknown to people who have viewed Timp only from the Utah Valley side.

With rugged peaks, snow-packed cirques, and forested hills, it's no wonder the area is sometimes called "the Alps of Utah"!

Unlike Bridal Veil Falls, just over the mountain to the south in Provo Canyon, Stewart Cascades cannot be viewed from a highway. State 80, the paved road up North Fork is part of the Alpine Scenic Loop which connects with American Fork Canyon, but it offers no view of the falls.

There are precious views of Stewart Cascades from some home areas, generally quite secluded.

To old timers who have known and climbed the mountain since their youth, there are seven levels of cascades as the water tumbles down from springs and melting snow. But the viewer from ground level sees only two, with falls of about 200 feet and 40 feet respectively, as estimated by Henry (Hank) Stewart.

The flow generally ranges from about 60 second feet during "high water" in June to 4 or 5 second feet at the lowest stage in winter, Hank says.

The scenic panorama looking up from the canyon floor or down from the Timpanogos ridge includes such landmark features as Big Provo Cirque, Stewart Cirque, Hidden Lakes, Elk Point, Emerald Lake at the foot of the famous Timpanogos Glacier, and Aspen Grove.

The Stewart's presence in North Fork began as early as 1899 when Andrew Jackson Stewart and sons Scott P., John R., and Andrew J. (Andy) began surveying for the federal government. Scott and John both had careers as surveyors and engineers. Andrew became a medical doctor.

Scott and John practiced their profession together for many years, with offices in Provo's Knight

Block in one period. Later John surveyed Timp Haven Ski Resort. Ray spearheaded an installation of a rope tow at first, then a T-bar, and later taking Paul Stewart and Junior Bounous as partners, constructed a chair lift. Ray and Junior relinquished their interest to Paul in 1960.

Timp Haven was purchased in the late 1960s by movie actor, Robert Redford, and associates, who have expanded and modernized the operation as the Sundance Ski Resort.

For a time during the Timp Haven era, Paul's wife, Hilda Farrer Stewart operated a cafe at the site. Still earlier, Ray's wife Ava Beckstrand Stewart provided hamburgers and other goodies for hungry visitors while her husband managed the ski slopes.

Paul, who installed the water system and built the lodge, eventually purchased the interests of Ray and the others of the Scott Stewart family. His sale to Sundance encompassed about 2,300 acres.

Redford also acquired most of the acreage of the John Stewart descendants, including the property on which the actor's new home is located.

Altogether, the Stewart families at one time had between 3,000 and 4,000 acres homesteaded or purchased outright. Holdings now consist mainly of homes and/or lots owned by individual family members.

Many beautiful homes have been built in the North Fork residential areas.

Grazing cattle on the open range was one of the very early practical uses of the North Fork of Provo



Stewart Falls.



Stewart Cirque.

Canyon.

The road up from Wildwood was primitive for many years. Ray Stewart says the lively stream between the highway and the mountain used to meander as elevation permitted. The road crossed the creek five times between Wildwood and Stewart Flats—four bridges and one ford.

Paul Stewart grazed sheep on the canyon range for 38 years. Sometimes he had to protect his flock by trapping coyotes and bobcats.

The Stewarts farmed about 40 acres at “Big Field” near the present Redford home. They also farmed a smaller area at “Middle Field” where Lawrence and Eleanor S. Olsen presently have their pasture.

In August 1921, the North Fork Investment Co. (mostly the Stewart families) gave 20 acres of land at Aspen Grove for a BYU “Alpine Summer School,” established under Y President Franklin S. Harris.

The first summer session was held in 1922, with army tents for the student. Other students were transported from the Provo campus each day by bus. In 1934, cabins and about 20 frame campus buildings were erected.

The Alpine Summer School was terminated after the 1941 season, when World War II brought on gas rationing.

North Fork Investment Co. proffered 10 acres for a Boy Scout Camp in the canyon. Rulon W. Doman of Salt Lake City, former Utah National Parks Council executive, says the camp operated from about 1925 to 1947 when the new Maple Dell

Camp took over.

The investment company also provided land for the MIA Girls Canyon Home, with a small fee involved. BYU now owns the building known as Timpanogos Lodge.

The University’s former summer school property and other acquired acreage comprise the site of present-day Aspen Grove Family Camp operated by the Y Alumni Association since 1963.

Then Alumni Director, Raymond E. Beckham, initiated the idea for the camp and gained the approval of President Ernest L. Wilkinson and the Board of Trustees. The camp is a most popular and worthwhile adjunct to the university program.

According to a masters thesis by the late Douglas A. Doxey, a former camp director, Beckham and the Alumni had to raise about \$150,000 to build the initial camp and pay \$37,000 for 30 additional acres of land acquired from the Stewart Canyon Corporation. Further land purchases were made later.

In tribute to Beckham’s dedication and leadership, Doxey quoted another official as saying: “A lesser person would have quit from sheer disappointment and discouragement.”

Memorable in North Fork’s history is the Timpanogos Hike. It was started in 1912 by the BYU Physical Education Department and finally discontinued about 1970.

Andrew J. Stewart I, grandfather of Scott, John and Andrew, helped survey Provo City lots as early as 1851 and was one of the first merchants here, according to J. M. Jensen’s *History of Provo*.

Scott’s wife, Myrtle Maiben Stewart, had a small store here at Aspen Grove as early as 1921.

The waterfall scenes in the movie “Jeremiah Johnson” were the Stewart Cascades.

In the words of Carol Jean Gibson, who has hiked to the falls many times: “They’re one of my favorite spots on earth.”

Excerpts from “The Alps of Utah,” by N. LaVerl Christensen, *The Herald Magazine*, December 26, 1984.

"Goldbrickers" and "Brickerhaven"

With so many members of the Dixon and Taylor families being the pioneers in organizing, acquiring, developing, and being owners in this corporation, a history of its origin may be of interest.

Lynn Dixon Taylor writes: "In the spring of 1918, BYU was asked to send a contingent of men to an Officers' Training School at the Presidio in San Francisco, along with most of the other universities of the Western States. Several of the younger faculty men joined our group (who were mostly freshmen) and we joined the camp which was already in progress. We were scattered thru the entire regiment. The camp was disbanded in September and we were returned to the BYU campus to form the nucleus of the SATC [Student Army Training Corps]."

"The Armistice was signed in November and we were mustered out shortly after. We resumed school-work and classes and most of the fellows still wore their uniforms during the year. Several of us who had been very close friends were drawn even closer by our Army experience and we decided to have a series of social affairs. The only clubs in school at that time were geographical clubs such as the Arizona Club, the Canadian Club, etc. We organized our club and someone suggested a name—a new term just coined—which was very familiar to us from our Army experience and somewhat of an epithet as well. When anyone tried to pass the buck or by-passed an unpleasant detail he was called a 'goldbricker.' It was customary to facetiously call each other 'goldbrickers.'"

"The new Club was given this name and became a recognized social club on the campus. Notices of meetings were read along with other announcements from the rostrum. We had a reporter on the Y News and a page in the Banyan. At that time we had a membership of approximately twelve men. We began having initiations and we really thought they were something."

"Other clubs began to be formed and the school authorities decided they were obnoxious and must be abolished

from the campus. In accordance with the request of President Harris, our group agreed to discontinue its organization in school. Arrangements were made for a big funeral. The dance programs were edged in black and an appropriate obituary was inscribed. In front of the orchestra, a coffin was placed with a large gold brick inside. One of the dance numbers was a formal march of the mourners to the tune of a funeral dirge. The next day a coffin was discovered in the hallway of one of the office buildings downtown and it created quite a furor. The boys who had rented the coffin had failed to return it properly."

"That was Saturday night. The next day was Easter Sunday and we resurrected the club down at the Roberts Hotel. Inasmuch as several of us had been graduated from school and were working downtown, we reorganized the club as a downtown club with regular luncheon meetings at the hotel. The students who had belonged were dubbed 'Nuggets' and were special guests. In fact at all luncheons and dances they were 'paying' guests. Thus the club functioned off the campus until it was invited back under the school's social unit system."

"Certain occasions became important annual affairs. Perhaps the climax became the annual canyon weekend. Prospective members were goated the last week of school and staged the canyon party. They did all the cleaning, bed making, and cooking for the entire group. Each night they put on a program for the



Bricker Festival: Alice and Clarence, left. Earl Jones, right.

entertainment of the group. The last night they were taken thru the final rituals. These parties were held at Wildwood and were wonderfully successful."

"The good time enjoyed at these canyon parties developed into an urge to buy some property where old Brickers could build cabins and perpetuate the school time comradeships which had become so close. Twenty-five acres of choice property at the back of Timpanogos, above the Mutual Girls' Home was purchased on a contract and payed out monthly with the regular club dues. A number of summer homes are now located on this site known as 'Brickerhaven' and the old time friendships still persist."

In May of 1926, three members of the Gold-bricker Club, an off-campus organization, but comprised mainly of BYU students, were delegated to meet with Scott P. Stewart, Secretary and Treasurer of the North Fork Investment Co., owners of approximately 2,000 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. These three members, Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor, were charged with the responsibility of selecting the most desirable site in all North Fork on which a summer haven or retreat could be established with summer homes for the alumni and a club house or lodge for the unmarried active school members.

January 18, 1927, a contract for the purchase of 15.8 acres of land from the North Fork Investment Co. was signed by Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor.

It was not until July 19, 1928, that the Articles of Incorporation for Brickerhaven Country Club, a non-profit corporation, was filed with the Secretary of the State of Utah.

In the summer of 1930, members of the Utah and Sharon Stakes and a group of fifteen Brickers were able to complete a rough graded road up to the white clay deposits, which was about halfway to the newly acquired Mutual Girls' property.

With the advent of the Depression and other

factors, it was not until 1938 before an automobile road was constructed to the east line of the Brickerhaven property. A roughly graded road along the creek, then circling back among the trees on the upper level was bulldozed in June of 1938.

The following year the first cabin to be built at Brickerhaven was started by Lynn D. Taylor. For culinary water, he dug into the south hillside and developed a spring which he piped into his cabin. Kerosene lamps and candles were used until 1951 when the electricity was made available by the extension of the power lines from the Mutual Girls' home. Clyde and Sarah Dixon Summerhays had just built their summer home. Clyde and Lynn each guaranteed to pay a minimum payment of \$30 per year for the next five years in order to get this power.

At the annual stockholders meeting held at Brickerhaven on August 19, 1950, the stockholders authorized the officers to proceed to amend the Articles of Incorporation. The Amended Articles of Incorporation was accepted by the Secretary of State and a new certificate was issued October 28, 1950.

1. Briefly, this amended articles of incorporation changed the name from Brickerhaven Country Club to Brickerhaven Corporation.

2. It amplified the purpose and objectives of the non-profit organization.

3. It added the office of vice-president and defined his duties.

4. It provided for a Board of Trustees to consist of between five and nine members. Their three-year terms of office were to be staggered.

5. Qualification of new membership consisted of at least a two-thirds favorable vote of existing members. Previously membership was limited to members of the Brickers or Nuggets Club.

6. Action to be followed for termination of membership.

7. Period of existence was changed from 50 years to 99 years.

With the filing of the plat of lots and in order to meet the County zoning ordinances, a new arrangement of lots was necessary. Where formerly there were 100 lots, the new plat provided for only 30 lots.

Beginning in 1961, the total acreage of Brickerhaven has been enclosed with a chain link fence, with locked gates on both the east and west ends.

Among family members and relatives who pioneered Brickerhaven were:

Lynn D. Taylor
Rulon S. Dixon
Victor R. Taylor



The river at Brickerhaven.

[illegible]

Elmer Baddley
 Fred Markham
 Paul S. Dixon
 Henry D. Taylor
 Fred W. Dixon
 Donald M. Dixon
 Clyde J. Summerhays
 Harold W. Brown
 O. Kenneth Taylor
 Grant A. Fisher
 Ivan W. Nelson
 El Roy Nelson
 Richard McKay
 Clarence Taylor

Dwelling Contruction

L. D. Taylor	1942
Summerhays	1950
Brown	1951
Keeler	1952
Austin	1958
Christensen	1961
Clark	1964
E. P. Taylor	1965
Mayfield	1967
E. R. Nelson	1967
H. D. Taylor	1968
Edwards	1969
Firmage	1970
McKay	1977

Brickerhaven History

In May of 1926, three members of the Gold-bricker Club, an off campus organization, but comprised mainly of BYU students, were delegated to meet with Scott P. Stewart, Sec. & Treasurer of the North Fork Investment Co., owners of approximately 2,000 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. These three members, Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor, were charged with the responsibility of selecting the most desirable site in all North Fork on which a summer "Haven" or retreat could be established with summer homes for the Alumni and a club house or lodge for the un-married active school members.

These three members spent several days hiking to all of the choice sites on the Stewart property in the North Fork. Scott P. Stewart had been very kind to them by spending so much time in showing them the different sites and allowing them to make their selection of any location. After their choice of a site, they were privileged to designate its boundaries. The site where the Mutual Girls Home was later built, was passed up in favor of the present location of BRICKERHAVEN. The club accepted the selection made by these three members by paying a \$25 "earnest money" option for about 15 acres of land. This option was made on November 5, 1926.

January 18, 1927, a contract for the purchase of

15.5 acres of land from the North Fork Investment Co. was signed by Lynn D. Taylor, Wm. J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor. The purchase price was \$1,100.00; \$225.00 down, four payments annually of \$283.33 at 7% interest.

To meet the annual installment payments for the purchase of this property, each Bricker was to pay \$1.00 a month. The monthly Club dues were \$5.00 and \$1.00 of this was earmarked for land purchase. The other \$4.00 was for parties, luncheons and Club expenses.

It was not until July 19, 1928 that the Articles of Incorporation for Brickerhaven Country Club, a non-profit organization, was filed with the Secretary of State of Utah.

By March 5, 1927, the following six members had paid in full their \$25.00, which was the value of one share of stock in the canyon project:

Mark K. Allen
 Paul S. Dixon
 Thomas Pyne
 Wm. J. Snow, Jr.
 Henry D. Taylor
 Lynn D. Taylor

By September 1, 1927, two more members,

Robert K. Allen and Victor R. Taylor had paid their \$25.00. At this time a drawing for lot choice was as follows:

1. Lynn D. Taylor
2. Henry D. Taylor
3. Wm. J. Snow, Jr.
4. Mark K. Allen
5. Paul S. Dixon
6. Robert K. Allen
7. Thomas Pyne
8. Victor R. Taylor

Other members who had contributed and were paying monthly payments to the Canyon Project, and were considered active participants in the year 1928 were:

Lot choice

- John Allen
- 10 Joseph Allen
- 4 Mark Allen
- 5 Robert Allen
- LeGrand Anderson
- 11 Robert N. Anderson
- Stewart Anderson
- 19 Elmer R. Baddley
- Loren C. Bryner
- Karl Bunnell
- 16 LeRoy Bunnell
- 20 Merrill J. Bunnell
- William Buttle
- Harry Candland
- A. Sherman Christensen
- Willard Clarke
- Harrison Conover
- Don Corbett
- Bruce Cox
- Donald M. Dixon
- 5 Paul S. Dixon
- Rulon S. Dixon
- 14 William F. Edwards
- LaVern Green
- Marion Halladay
- Kenneth Handley

* Lot choice

- 13 Thalman Hasler
- A. Rex Johnson
- 12 Wesley Johnson
- 15 Dix M. Jones
- Clyde Keyte
- LeLand G. Larsen

- 21 Donald P. Lloyd
- 18 Wesley P. Lloyd
- Julius Madsen
- Max Mangum
- 9 Aldous Markham
- U. Lynn Miller
- Fred M. Moore
- C. E. "Star" Nelson
- Rulon Nuttall
- James Poulton
- 7 Thomas Pyne
- R. Thornton Snow
- 3 William J. Snow, Jr.
- Clarence D. Taylor
- 2 Henry D. Taylor
- 1 Lynn D. Taylor
- 8 Victor R. Taylor
- 17 Vern Tolboe
- Vernal T. Worthington
- David Hart
- Ike Hart

*1930 Paid-up Members

By February 17, 1930, the names of Harold W. Brown, Ralph B. Keeler and Eugene Allen were added to the list of paid-up members.

At the July 1930 Annual Stockholders Meeting, an assessment of \$7.50 a share was levied against the stock of the Brickerhaven Country Club in order to "provide funds for incidental expenses such as stock certificates, letters, blue prints, taxes and etc.; and to cover final payment on the property." This assessment letter further states, "It is of interest to note that \$950 of the purchase price has been paid and there only remains \$180.00 to be paid. There are thirty-six paid-up stockholders. The outlook for the property is bright. The Y.L.M.I.A. has purchased property just below ours and they are beginning a road that will make our property accessible."

By September 6, 1930 sufficient cash had been received from the assessments to send the North Fork Investment Co. a check to pay the balance of the sales contract for the purchase of 15.5 acres of land near the Stewart Cascade. The North Fork Investment Co. drew up a warranty deed to the Brickerhaven Country Club, transferring title to 15.5 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. This deed was signed by John R. Stewart, president and Scott P. Stewart, Sec. & Treas.

With the property now in the name of the Brickerhaven Country Club, a definite assignment of lots to each paid-up member was accomplished by

bringing the "choice of lot" list up to date and each member designating his selection. Order for choice of lots were:

1. Lynn D. Taylor
2. Henry D. Taylor
3. William J. Snow, Jr.
4. Mark K. Allen
5. Paul S. Dixon
6. Robert K. Allen
7. Thomas Pyne
8. Victor R. Taylor
9. J. Aldous Markham
10. Joseph K. Allen
11. Robert N. Anderson
12. Wesley Johnson
13. Thalman Hasler
14. William F. Edwards
15. Dix M. Jones
16. LeRoy Bunnell
17. Vern Tolboe
18. Wesley P. Lloyd
19. Elmer Baddley
20. Merrill Bunnell
21. Donald P. Lloyd
22. U. Lynn Miller
23. Clarence D. Taylor
24. Karl Bunnell
25. Ralph B. Keeler
26. Vern Worthington
27. Loren C. Bryner
28. Kenneth Handley
29. Fred L. Moore
30. Don Corbett
31. R. Thornton Snow
32. John Allen
33. A. Rex Johnson
34. David Hart
35. Harold W. Brown
36. Eugene Allen
37. Stewart Anderson
38. C. E. "Star" Nelson

Later additions were:

39. Harold Candland
40. Sherman Christensen
41. O. Kenneth Taylor
42. C. R. Peterson
43. Floyd Millett
44. Ralph Reed Olsen
45. Clyde Summerhays
46. Grant A. Fisher

In the summer of 1930, members of the Utah and Sharon Stakes and a group of fifteen Brickers were able to complete a rough graded road up to the white clay deposits, which was about half way to the newly acquired Mutual Girls property.

With the advent of the "depression" and other factors, it was not until 1938 before an automobile road was constructed to the east line of the Brickerhaven property.

To assure privacy at Brickerhaven, permission was obtained from Scott P. Stewart to erect a gate on his property at the turnoff point where the road turned east and went up the hill to the Mutual Girls Lodge.

It was during these "depression" years that money was extremely hard to raise. Taxes, surveying bills and other expenses accumulated and were overdue. The small assessments made were not immediately paid by all the members. To forestall a law suit with the surveyor for an extra amount of work he had performed and which had not been previously paid, this survey bill was assumed and paid by Lynn and Henry Taylor.

In August of 1930 some of the Brickers in New York refused to pay their assessments until a list of nine questions, pertaining to the Corporation, were answered to their satisfaction. They also desired representation on the Board of Directors and requested advance information pertaining to all matters to be taken up at the regular stockholders' meetings.

The requested questions were answered in a letter from the President, Lynn D. Taylor and the Secretary & Treasurer, R. T. Snow, dated September 3, 1930. This letter closed with the following paragraph: "We are hoping and praying that we shall receive by return mail not only your checks, but much more important, a rousing vote of confidence in your officers whom you did not elect."

That September 3rd letter was greatly appreciated and supplied the wanted information and action, for all, immediately sent their assessment checks.

In June of 1938, a B. D. Palfreyman bulldozer was hired to extend the road from the Y.W.M.I.A. turnoff to the Brickerhaven property. It then continued following the creek to the west boundary line where a U-shaped dugway was constructed to connect the lower area with the upper bench area. A rough roadway was outlined by the bulldozer as it pushed out bushes, small trees and leveled a road grade on this upper bench area. Most all lots now had an access road to them.

The following year, Lynn D. Taylor commenced to build his cabin at Brickerhaven. For culinary

water, he dug into the south hillside and developed a spring which was then piped into his cabin. When he first moved into his cabin he did not have electricity but had to use kerosene lamps and candles. In the spring of 1951 the Utah Power & Light Co. extended their power lines from the M.I.A. Girls Home to supply power to Lynn D. Taylor and a new cabin built by Sarah Dixon and Clyde Summerhays. Lynn and Clyde were requested to guarantee a payment of \$30 per year for the next five years. Brickerhaven paid \$521.00.

Realizing the need for additional land at the east entrance of our property and also for a buffer area to the south of the property, a sales contract was made with the North Fork Investment Co. on December 1, 1939 for the purchase of 5.62 acres of land.

With the acquisition of this additional land, contracts for the sale of three more shares of stock were made to Floyd Millett, Kenneth Taylor, and C. R. Peterson.

Over the years, some of the old members who had moved from Utah and had established homes elsewhere, lost interest in the Brickerhaven project. Others had not kept up their assessments and others had not paid up in full on their original stock purchase, dating back to the time they had left school.

To clarify this tangled "state of affairs," a letter dated November 18, 1949, signed by the Brickerhaven President, Lynn D. Taylor and which had been duly authorized by the Board of Trustees, was sent to all active, inactive, delinquent and other persons who may have acquired an interest in the Brickerhaven Country Club. A form was enclosed for checking the desired status of the member. This blank form was to be filled out, completed, signed and returned along with any unpaid assessments, on or before January 15, 1950.

On March 9, 1950, the following is a list of surviving stockholders of the Brickerhaven Country Club and their priority choice of lots:

1. Lynn D. Taylor
2. Henry D. Taylor
3. William J. Snow, Jr.
4. Mark K. Allen
5. Paul S. Dixon
6. Robert K. Allen
7. Victor R. Taylor
8. Fred L. Markham
9. Joseph K. Allen
10. Robert N. Anderson
11. William F. Edwards
12. Wesley P. Lloyd

13. U. Lynn Miller
14. Clarence D. Taylor
15. Ralph B. Keeler
16. Vernal Worthington
17. Loren C. Bryner
18. Fred M. Moore
19. R. Thornton Snow
20. Harold W. Brown
21. C. E. "Star" Nelson
22. Harold Candland
23. A. Sherman Christensen
24. O. Kenneth Taylor
25. C. R. Peterson
26. Floyd Millett
27. Ralph Reed Olsen
28. Clyde J. Summerhays
29. Grant A. Fisher

At the Annual Stockholders Meeting held at Brickerhaven on August 19, 1950, the stockholders authorized the officers to proceed to amend the Articles of Incorporation. The Amended Articles of Incorporation was accepted by the Secretary of State and a new certificate issued October 28, 1950. Briefly this amended articles of incorporation contained the following:

1. It changed the name from Brickerhaven Country Club to BRICKERHAVEN CORPORATION.
2. It amplified the purpose and objectives of the non-profit organization.
3. It added the office of vice-president and defined his duties.
4. It provided for a Board of Trustees to consist of between five and nine members. Their three years terms of office to be staggered.
5. Qualification of new membership consisted of at least a two-thirds favorable vote of existing members. Previously membership was limited to members of the Brickers or Nugget Club.
6. Action to be followed for termination of membership.
7. Period of existence was changed from fifty years to ninety-nine years.

Forty foot lots were shown on the original Brickerhaven lot plat. In July of 1937 the width of the lots was increased to sixty feet. At this time it was agreed that any un-assigned lot could be selected by a member who wanted to change from his present selection. The selection to be allowed on a members choice of lot priority. This was when Henry and Lynn changed from their choice of lot on the South Bench to their present location on the creek.

On June 26, 1960, the following motion was accepted by the Trustees of Brickerhaven Corporation: "Whereas the new zoning laws of Utah County requires the formation of enlarged lots and the filing of a plat plan of lots with the Planning Commission and the Utah County Recorder; whereas in order to comply with the new ordinance, the size of the lots at Brickerhaven must be increased in size. Resolved that the Plat of new lots as shown on the annexed plat, prepared by I. Dale Despain, with the metes and bounds to be thereon indicated; be hereby approved and the Secretary be authorized to file the plat with the Planning Commission and with such other County Officers as required by law. Be it further resolved that where the re-arrangement of lots made necessary by the zoning ordinance, and as indicated on said plat makes it impossible to provide for the number of lots as originally planned and results in a decrease in the number of lots in a given area; the existing assignment will be deemed to apply."

Once again the lots were increased in size from the former ninety foot frontage lots and which necessitated some of the lower priority list members to re-locate and select another lot. Where originally there were more than one hundred lots, it was now narrowed down to thirty lots with various widths and depths all depending on the anticipated location of the house. The completed plat was filed with the Utah County Recorder, as required. Immediately, property taxes sky-rocketed from around \$22 for all the Brickerhaven property to over \$600 a year.

A permanent culinary water right had been one of the foremost objectives of the Club since its beginning. Investigations had been made into the possibility of buying shares of stock in an irrigation company in the valley and exchanging for water in the canyon, or of buying Deer Creek Reservoir water, or in locating a primary water right and buying it. After years of searching, Jean Hoover, who had bought one of the original Hoover Ranches in the Deer Creek area, was converted to the proposition of selling Brickerhaven a small portion of his primary water right in the Provo River, in 1961. The point of diversion of this water was then changed from its original source to the Bricker Spring, which was south and west of Brickerhaven. This spring had previously been dug out, developed and a small cement collection box constructed which flowed into a four inch cast iron pipeline and which ran 1,744 feet down to the Brickerhaven property and overflowed into the creek. From this four inch line, a two inch galvanized metal pipeline serviced the upper bench

area and another two inch line serviced the lower area. In 1953 the total cost of this water project amounted to \$6,495.41.

With the Brickerhaven property located in the middle of the Stewart property and with the knowledge that there would be cattle and sheep grazing on the Stewart property; from the beginning, it was a known fact that eventually the Brickerhaven property would have to be fenced on four sides to keep the livestock out. The officers realizing that it would work a hardship on the stockholders to fence the whole area in one year and costing about \$5,000, decided that each year a section of fence would be installed, thus spreading the cost over several years.

In 1961 the east gate was installed. In 1963 the east chain link fence was installed for \$481.23. In 1964 all of the west fence and a portion of the south fence was built for \$1,425.10. Another section of the south fence and a portion of the north fence was constructed in 1967 for \$1,907.38. In 1968, \$1,884.36 completed the remainder of the fence. The total cost of the net wire fencing project was \$5,293.02.

The perennial problem of water washing the dirt and gravel off the roads, coupled with the cars flipping and pushing the gravel from the wheel tracks to the center of the road or off to the side of the road and which required continuous road work and repairs to keep in good shape, prompted the Corporation Officers to investigate the cost and feasibility of hard surfacing the road, as a solution to their problem. In 1967 an allotment of \$2,000 was set aside for hard surfacing the road. This amount laid a hard surfaced road from the east gate to the Clyde Summerhays lot. The next year, \$2,500 was allotted to complete the hard surfacing up the hill to Ethelyn Taylor's lot on the upper bench and continuing from Clyde Summerhays' lot to El Roy Nelson's lot on the lower road.

On August 3, 1968 at the Annual Stockholders Meeting held at Brickerhaven, the members of the Brickerhaven Corporation accepted and adopted twenty By-Laws for the governing of the Corporation.

The headings of these By-Laws were:

1. Membership
2. Rights of Members
3. Duties of Members
4. Membership Meetings
5. The Board of Trustees
6. Meetings and Activities of the Board of Trustees
7. Officers

8. Duties of Officers
9. Committees
10. Duties of Committees
11. Special Duties of the Building Committee
12. Building Restrictions
13. Use of Lots
14. Expenses
15. Security
16. Hunting and Fishing
17. Assessments
18. Liability Insurance
19. Sec. & Treas.—Annual Report, Exec. Committee—Report on Proposed Budget
20. Amendment of By-Laws

Construction Dates of Brickerhaven Dwellings

1. Lynn D. Taylor	1942
2. Clyde J. Summerhays	1950
3. Harold W. Brown	1951
4. Ralph B. Keeler	1952
5. Gregory E. Austin	1958
6. A. Sherman Christensen	1961
7. Leigh William Clark	1964
8. Ethelyn P. Taylor	1965
9. Craig Mayfield	1967
10. El Roy Nelson	1967
11. Henry D. Taylor	1968
12. William F. Edwards	1969
13. Edwin R. Firmage	1970
14. Richard L. McKay	1977
15. Roy Humpherys (Remodeled) Leigh Clark	1978
16. Boyd Helquist	1979
17. Ivan W. Nelson	1979
18. Harold A. Hintze	1981
19. Richard Dean	1990

20. Mark K. Allen 1991
21. E. Dee Olpin 1991

Brickerhaven Stock Transfers

	From	To
Aug. 1, 1939	J. Aldous Markham	Fred L. Markham
Aug. 26, 1953	Floyd Millett	Ariel R. Davis
Nov. 3, 1956	Wesley P. Lloyd	Gregory E. Austin
Dec 9, 1955	Paul S. Dixon	Ivan W. Nelson
Oct. 10, 1960	Harold A. Candland	Blaine R. Porter
Apr. 8, 1961	Fred M. Moore	Leigh William Clark
Nov. 3, 1965	Corporation	Craig Mayfield
Feb. 3, 1967	C. E. "Star" Nelson	El Roy Nelson
Oct. 23, 1968	Ralph Reed Olsen	Edwin R. Firmage
Aug 9, 1969	William J. Snow, Jr.	Richard L. McKay
Jan. 4, 1973	Robert N. Anderson	E. Dee Olpin
Dec. 31, 1976	Ariel R. Davis	Steven R. Davis
Feb. 24, 1977	C. R. Peterson	Nelson D. Abell
Oct. 8, 1977	Leigh William Clark	Roy Humpherys
Aug. 19, 1978	Blaine R. Porter	Roger B. Porter
Dec. 4, 1978	Ralph B. Keeler	Monte B DeGraw
Mar. 28, 1981	Victor R. Taylor	Delenna T. Taylor
July 2, 1981	R. Thornton Snow	Harold A. Hintze
Aug. 6, 1983	Harold Brown	Violet J. Brown
Apr. 10, 1984	Delenna T. Taylor	Bill J. Anderson
May 16, 1985	Robert K. Allen	David L. Nelson
Feb. 26, 1986	Nelson D. Abell	H. Hal Visick
June 1989	Joseph K. Allen	Harrison Horn
July 1989	Grant Fisher	Laura Dean Young
Oct. 1989	Roy Humpherys	Taylor Hartman
Dec. 1989	David L. Nelson	Stanford Ricks
July 1990	H. Hal Visick	Jon Moe
Aug. 1990	Harold Hintze	Lawrence Halonen

—Clarence D. Taylor, 1991

After 42 years as secretary and treasurer of Brickerhaven, on May 20, 1991, Clarence D. Taylor, one of the original members of Brickerhaven Country Club (Brickerhaven Corporation), resigned. To-date, Clarence D. Taylor and Mark K. Allen are the only surviving original members of Brickerhaven.

1952 Goldbricker Dinner Talk

By Lynn Dixon Taylor

I feel it's necessary to preface these remarks with an apology to those who were at the Dinner last year when I was asked to report on some early histories of the Bricker Unit. I ask your kind indulgence because this will be somewhat of a repetition.

I have frequently been asked where the name "Goldbricker" came from. In the spring of 1918

BYU was asked to send a contingent of men to an Officers' Training School at the Presidio in San Francisco along with most of the other universities of the Western States.

Several of the younger faculty men joined our group (who were mostly freshmen) and we joined the camp which was already in progress. We were

scattered thru the entire regiment. The camp was disbanded in September and we were returned to the BYU campus to form the nucleus of the SATC. Two companies were formed; our company housed in the Maeser Building, the other down in the Women's Gym. (By the way, President Wilkinson was a member of my company in the Maeser Building.)

The Armistice was signed in November and we were mustered out shortly after. We resumed school-work and classes and most of the fellows still wore their uniforms during the year. Several of us who had been very close friends were drawn even closer by our Army experience and we decided to have a series of social affairs. The only clubs in school at that time were geographical clubs such as the Arizona Club, the Canadian Club, etc. We organized our club and someone suggested a name—a new term just coined—which was very familiar to us from our Army experience and somewhat of an epithet as well. When anyone tried to pass the buck or by-passed an unpleasant detail he was called a “goldbricker”. It was customary to facetiously call each other “gold-brickers.”

The new Club was given this name and became a recognized social club on the campus. Notices of meetings were read along with other announcements from the rostrum. We had a reporter on the Y News and a page in the Banyan. At that time we had a membership of approximately twelve men.

We began having initiations and we really thought they were something. I'll mention only one, but I think it is quite typical. The Y was just beginning football and had no gridiron. The games were held over at the North Park—where the Timps now play baseball. At one of the important games, we had some of our goats stage a half time show. My youngest brother had a pint-sized Shetland stallion, a very spirited and amorous little fellow, not as high as this table. There was a National Guard Cavalry unit with stable where the City Power plant now is. One of the boys borrowed a fractious steed from the stable and the stage was set for a tournament.

My very distinguished brother, Henry, now Stake President and Provo Chamber of Commerce President, dressed in a bathing suit—a big ladies hat with a plume—a pair of knee high rubber boots and a pair of leather gauntlets, straddled the Shetland stallion. He had a bamboo fishing pole in one hand and a wash-boiler lid for a shield in the other. Rulon Van Wagenen, similarly attired, was mounted on the Cavalry horse.

We had a trumpeter blow a fanfare and the two knights charged—the Shetland from the south—

the charger from the north. The trumpet blast, the crowd, and the excitement frightened the Cavalry steed so badly, Van had to grab him around the neck and hang on for dear life. The Shetland mistook the gelding for a mare and with an excited whiney proceeded to chase the big horse all over the park.

As a matter-of-fact, the half time was more interesting to the big crowd than the game. I remember that first year that as New Year's eve approached we were in a quandary as to where we could have our party. Someone came up with the suggestion that since a new “Little Theater” was being built in the old College Building, it would be an ideal place.

A new maple floor had just been put down and the size of the room was perfect. We knew that if we had the effrontery to ask for its use, we wouldn't have a chance. On New Year's eve we all went together to a show at the Paramount and then moved to the Campus, slipped into the little theater with our orchestra, pulled the blinds and had a real shindig. It broke up about 4:00 a.m. and we got to bed just before daylight. We got back there about noon and cleaned out the ankle deep confetti and other evidences of the celebration before anyone discovered the traces of what had happened.

We had a character in the Club known as “Abe” Dixon. Abe now lives in Salt Lake and is a mutual cousin of Buck and myself. He was always a hefty lad—he's a conservative 250 pounds now—and was always the life of the party. He had an old model T Ford—one of the first in town and he called it “Inertia.” It was always driven through the gate on the lower campus and tied up to one of the trees on the lawn with a piece of cord string. It had no key and all the “Brickers” used it whenever they wished. It was quite a sight to see “Inertia” dodging through trees and along the walks, around the buildings, with a load of guys and gals.

Each spring, Girls Day was celebrated. “Aunt Alice Reynolds,” the counterpart of your Dean of Women today, had charge of the arrangements for this day. It was customary to nominate several girls for Queen and elect the winner the day before the event. When the nominations were completed it was discovered that Abe Dixon's name was entered. All the Brickers got out and worked and Abe polled by far the biggest vote. Aunt Alice wrung her hands and pled for justice.

The highest girl was finally named Queen and Abe was featured as “King.”

Other clubs began to be formed and the school authorities decided they were obnoxious and must be abolished from the Campus. In accordance with

the request of President Harris, our group agreed to discontinue its organization in school. Arrangements were made for a big funeral. The dance programs were edged in black and an appropriate obituary was inscribed. In front of the orchestra a coffin was placed with a large gold brick inside. One of the dance numbers was a formal march of the mourners to the tune of a funeral dirge. The next day a coffin was discovered in the hallway of one of the office buildings down town and created quite a furor. The boys who had rented the coffin had failed to return it properly.

That was Saturday night. The next day was Easter Sunday and we resurrected the Club down at the Roberts Hotel. Inasmuch as several of us had been graduated from school and were working down town we re-organized the Club as a down-town club with regular luncheon meetings at the hotel. The students who had belonged were dubbed "Nuggets" and were special guests. In fact at all luncheons and dances they were "paying" guests. Thus the Club functioned off the campus until it was invited back under the school's social unit system.

Speaking of funerals, I am reminded that these were rather frequent celebrations for the Brickers. There was a rule that whenever a Bricker was married he was to be given an appropriate "funeral" and dropped from the Club. Black-edged dance programs were always used, dedicated to the memory of a stalwart Bricker who had succumbed to the wiles of some female. I recall one such given to Dan Keeler who was to marry Virginia Christensen. The obituary went something like this: "Here lies a Bricker of noble renown, He fought against lickie but GIN ran him down."

Certain occasions became important annual affairs. Perhaps the climax became the annual canyon

week-end. Prospective members were goated the last week of school and staged the canyon party. They did all the cleaning, bed making and cooking for the entire group.

Each night they put on a program for the entertainment of the group. The last night they were taken thru the final rituals. These parties were held at Wildwood and were wonderfully successful. It was here that the loving cup contest developed. I'm reminded of one little incident. Abe Dixon's fiancé was on a mission and he had asked another girl to go to the party with him. We ganged up on him the last day while loving cup nominations were being made and insisted that he had won, hands down. Some impassioned oratory supported his candidacy, while Abe squirmed, and stuttered and tried to plead innocent: As a matter of fact, the girl he had taken was upset because he had been so distant.

The good times enjoyed at these canyon parties developed into an urge to buy some property where old Brickers could build cabins and perpetuate the schooltime comrade-ships which had become so close. Twenty-five acres of choice property at the back of Timpanogos, above the Mutual Girls' Home was purchased on a contract and payed out monthly with the regular dues. A number of summer homes are now located on this site known as "Brickerhaven" and the old time friendships still persist.

High ideals and sterling qualities have characterized the hundreds of Brickers who have been members, and today they are holding high places in business, government and their church. I'm certain that all you as true Brickers appreciate the responsibility you have of carrying on a good name—one that started as an epithet and developed into a name that means distinction and integrity.

Goldbrickers' First New Year's Eve Party

Taken from a 1952 dinner talk given by Lynn D. Taylor

I remember that first year of 1917 as New Year's Eve approached, we were in a quandary as to where we could have our party. Some one came up with the suggestion that since a new Little Theater was being built in the old College Building (on lower campus), it would be an ideal place. A new maple floor had just been put down and the size of the room was per-

fect. We knew that if we had the effrontery to ask for its use, we wouldn't have a chance. On New Year's Eve we all went together to a show at the Paramount and then moved to campus, slipped into the theater with our orchestra, pulled the blinds, and had a real shindig. It broke up about 4 a.m. and we got to bed just before daylight. We got back there about noon

and cleaned out the ankle-deep confetti and other evidences of the celebration before someone discovered the traces of what had happened.

By 1923 other clubs had been formed and the school authorities decided they were obnoxious and must be abolished from the campus. In accordance with the request of President Harris, our group agreed to discontinue its organization in school. Arrangements were made for a big funeral. The dance programs were edged in black and an appropriate obituary was inscribed. In front of the orchestra a coffin was placed with a large gold brick inside. One of the dance numbers was a formal march of the mourners to the tune of a funeral dirge. The next day a coffin was discovered in the hallway of one of the office buildings downtown and created quite a furor. The boys who had rented the coffin had failed to return it properly.

That was Saturday night. The next day was Easter Sunday as we resurrected the club down at the Roberts Hotel. Inasmuch as several of us had

graduated from school and were working downtown we reorganized the club as a downtown club with regular luncheon meetings at the hotel. The students who had belonged were dubbed "Nuggets" and were special guests. Thus the club functioned off the campus until it was invited back under the school's Social Unit System as Unit #1 "Nuggets" in 1928.

High ideals and sterling qualities have characterized the hundreds of Brickers who have been members, and today they are holding high places in business, government, and the church.

Note: The Goldbricker insignia, which is on our pins, shield, and ring, was created and designed by Lynn D. Taylor.

Of the twelve original members (to our best knowledge) the following are still living: J. Aldous Markham, Ralph B. Keeler, Glen Crandall, Elmer Baddley, Grant Crandall, Reed E. Holt, and Clarence O. Edwards. Deceased members: Rulon S. Dixon, Vernon C. Tolboe, Lynn D. Taylor, Marion R. Taylor, and J. Lyman Brown.

"Goldbrickers Forever"

1961 Dinner Dance Program, Willow Creek Country Club

When in 1928 Brigham Young University established the Social Unit System, the Goldbricker Social Unit (Nuggets) was the first to affiliate and became known as Unit No. 1. This, however, was not the birth of the Brickers, for this club was already eleven years old.

The story of Goldbrickers began near the close of World War I, or, we might say, even before that; for the foundation of the club was built on a life-long friendship of a group of young men. The formal organization of Brickers had its first stirring of life on the tiny peninsula that helps form San Francisco Bay where the famous old Army Fort, the Presidio, stands. On July 30, 1910, a group of BYU students left Provo for the Presidio Training Camp for military training and the "Y" men kept close touch during the summer of intensive training. It was when they were ordered to report back to Provo to organize two companies and train others that the Goldbricker Club was organized. A number of the men were meeting together frequently and pooling their funds for parties and outings.

Gradually, and quite naturally, the men had

formed a closely-knit group. Recognizing this fact, it was in the fall of 1910 that they announced the formal organization of the Goldbricker Club, deriving the name from the familiar army term. The little fraternity had evidently mastered the art of by-passing the routine drudgery during their army days and had revived the term for a more lofty purpose in civilian life.

The twelve men who drew up the Goldbricker Charter are:

Clarence O. Edwards, J. Aldous Markham, Rulon S. Dixon, Vernon C. Tolboe, Lynn Taylor, Ralph B. Keeler, A. Rex Johnson, Ralston Irvine, Elmer Baddley, Reed E. Holt, J. Lyman Brown.

Their reason for forming the club was based on three qualities they all had in common—high ideals, a thirst for success, and a sincere desire for fellowship. Most of these men were outstanding in student politics, athletics, debating, or some other school activity. Through the years, the men who have worn the Goldbricker Shield, in most cases, have done so under the same qualifications and purposes as the founders. Above all, Brickers have shared and cher-

ished the fellowship of this social fraternity.

The Bricker unit was successful and popular right from its infant days and was active in all school functions, even having a full column in every edition of the "White and Blue" "student newspaper." But these happy days on campus were not to last. With the development of other clubs came the abuses of the University standards, resulting in the banishment of all clubs from the campus in 1923. However, because of the strong ties between its members, the Bricker unit reorganized to fit an off-campus situation and continued to function; those members still in school were silent partners, but took part in all parties and assessments.

So strong were early members feelings towards "Brickership" that they took steps to perpetuate their association after graduation. In 1926, the site for Brickerhaven Country Club was selected and a sales contract made for the purchase of fifteen acres of beautiful land just below the Stewarts Cascades in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. This area has provided a summer retreat for Bricker alumni who have built cabins there and is also the scene of the annual three-day outing known as Bricker Haven attended by the Brickers and their dates.

When the school again opened its arms to social units in 1927, the Brickers, realizing the value of being affiliated with the University, went back on campus. However, as the school required that the name be changed, the Brickers did so and came to be known as the Nuggets. This new name was

retained until 1934.

The latest chapter of the club's history began in 1934 when the name, Gold Brickers, was restored. Since that time the activities and ceremonies of the unit have changed very little

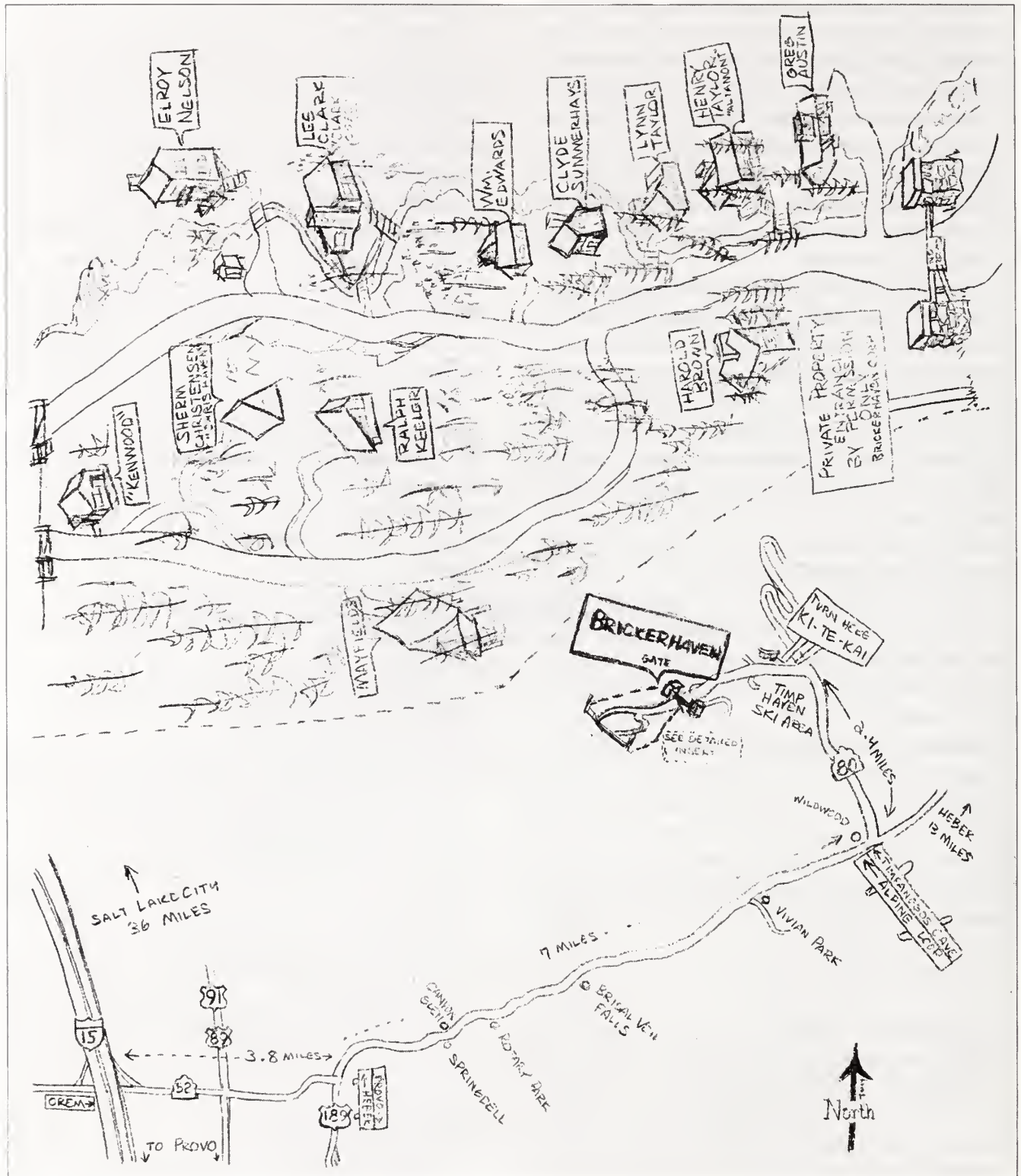
The Goldbricker Shield sums up in five dramatic points the life and fibre of Brickerhood. This shield, which has never been changed since its origin, is made up of a knight's helmet, gold brick, and a cross. Its meaning, however, is much more comprehensive. The twelve black bars forming the background of the shield represent unity and brotherhood, as characterized by the twelve charter members. The gold brick represents the Golden Rule. The six opals represent the six cardinal points of the Bricker Code: Individual Growth, Sociability, Refinement, Scholarship, Fellowship, and Morality. The cross of the shield represents Reverence to God.

Although modern-day Brickers are constantly striving to improve and build their unit, they hold steadfastly to the ideals and traditions of the charter members and above all, to the Goldbricker Code, the application of which has been an inspiration to active members and alumni for more than four decades.

(Copied from the dinner-dance program of 1961 which was held at the Willow Creek Country Club in Salt Lake.)

(The original Goldbricker Shield and pin were designed by Lynn D. Taylor.)

Sketch Map of Brickerhaven



Artist unknown.

Family Business Enterprises and Trust

History of Taylor Brothers Company

George Taylor, a pioneer to Utah and Provo in 1863, opened a photographic studio at approximately 250 West Center Street and in 1866 was the first photographer in Provo.

To supplement his photographic income, he started selling furniture pieces made by the Cluff Brothers at their factory located on the ground floor of the Cluff Hall, the corner of 2nd North and 2nd East. This furniture was made by hand and sold by George Taylor on a commission basis. George Taylor proved to be an excellent salesman and decided to become a merchant dealing in furniture.

Being without capital to start his furniture-selling venture, he was required to borrow the necessary money at an interest rate of 24% per annum. Desiring to stock a greater variety of furniture than that manufactured by the Cluff Bros., he made the acquaintance with Henry Dinwoody of Salt Lake City who sold him the additional furniture he desired to put in his stock at Provo.

The Cluff Brothers must be given the credit for the stimuli provided to get George started in the furniture business and for him to continue in business and become the successful merchant he became.

Having no delivery wagon, it was no unusual sight to see George Taylor and one of his sons delivering a load of furniture on their backs, from his store to the customer's home.

Although the George Taylor Furniture & Music Store continued to prosper and grow, George retained his photographic shop in connection with the Furniture & Music Store until 1890.

With the passage of the Edmund Law in 1882, it became necessary for George Taylor to go on the "underground" to avoid being apprehended by the "federal agents" for having two wives. For five years he had been able to keep out of the reach of the "feds" by living with the Poulton family and other friends in Provo and Utah County. On one occasion he was hanging a picture in his store, when a "fed" sneaked up behind him. To avoid being caught, George had to outrun his pursuer by going clear to the river bridge at the top of Fifth West, before he could shake him.

In about 1886, after having evaded the "federal agents" for five years, he was finally arrested by an agent named Norrell, who had represented himself as a traveling salesman taking orders for merchandise to re-sell in George Taylor's Furniture & Music Store.

At the trial, there was no complaining witness so he was set free without a sentence or fine.

Previous to his going on the "underground," George had transferred title to his business and property to his oldest son George Taylor, Jr. He did this to avoid his property being confiscated by the Federal Government in case he was arrested for being married to two wives.

In November 1886, George Taylor made a separation agreement with his second wife, Henrietta, and made a division of his property. Each wife was given the home she and her family were living in. To Eliza he gave five acres of land between 7th and 8th West on 4th North, and a lot on the corner of 7th West and 5th North. To Henrietta, he gave the five acres of farming ground in the Southwest part of Provo called the "fort fields." He then moved into one of the rooms of his sister's son, George Henry Hickman, at about 245 West Center Street, which was owned by John Beesley.

There had been some conversation relative to the sale of the George Taylor Furniture and Music Store by George and Henry



George Taylor Sr.

Southworth, who owned a general merchandise store in the old "Round House" on the corner of 5th West and 1st North. Mr. Southworth had offered George \$10,000 for his merchandise, fixtures and building. George was seriously thinking about the sale and also contemplating a trip to England with the proceeds.

Inasmuch as title to the property and the business had been transferred to the oldest son, George Taylor, Jr. as to avoid possible confiscation by the "feds" and since the sons of Eliza had worked with their father in building the business, they thought it only fair and right that they and their mother should have first chance to buy the business; so the boys, through their mother, offered to pay the same price (\$10, 000) that Mr. Southworth had offered to pay. The offer of \$10, 000 was refused by George Sr. Since he did not have title to the property and the business, he knew he had to work out some kind of a deal with the family, so he agreed to sell the business, including the land, building, and stock for \$11,000. The new purchasers were: Eliza N. Taylor, George Taylor, Jr., Thomas N. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, and John D. Dixon, doing business as Taylor Bros. Co.

To raise this \$11,000, the First National Bank agreed to underwrite the following settlement whereby George Taylor was paid for his mercantile business in Provo: \$3,000 cash was paid at the signing of the agreement. Four bank-guaranteed notes of \$2,000 each were given by the purchasers, each bearing interest at 10% per annum. One note was to be paid off every three months and all were to be paid within one year. All notes were paid promptly as agreed.

The Taylor Brothers Company was then incorporated under the state laws of Utah in 1890 with "Grandma" Eliza Nicholls Taylor as president, George Taylor, Jr., as vice-president, John DeGrey Dixon as secretary and treasurer, Arthur N. Taylor as a director, and Thomas N. Taylor as a director and manager.

Taylor Brothers Company was incorporated for \$50,000 with a paid up capital of \$30,500. The land, buildings, and stock of merchandise taken over from George Taylor were set up on the books at \$22,000—\$11, 000 of which went to Eliza Nicholls Taylor. She mortgaged her home and the 5-acre "promised land" farm and contributed this to the corporation, bringing her total investment up to \$14,000. George

Taylor, Jr. put in \$5,000, Arthur N. Taylor (who was still in school) \$1,500, Thomas N. Taylor \$5, 000, and John D. Dixon \$5,000. This made a total of \$30,500 subscribed and paid-up stock.

The name "Taylor Bros." was derived from the original three brothers: George Taylor, Jr., Thomas N. Taylor, and Arthur N. Taylor, and the two younger brothers, Walter G. Taylor and Ashted Taylor, who joined the company after 1890.

The year of incorporation was a boom year for business. A normal year's business volume amounted to between \$13,000 and \$14,000. Sales volume for the year 1890 amounted to \$50,000.

Such prosperity and youthful optimism encouraged them to expand, so a three-story brick building was constructed, one of the first on Provo's Main Street. Things went along smoothly and successfully for a few years, then the depression of 1893 struck. For the next few years it was really a struggle for this new and growing corporation to meet its obligations and stay solvent.

James F. McClellan, his wife, Hattie Taylor McClellan, Arthur N. Taylor, and Walter G. Taylor went to the gold mining area of Montana where they worked in the ore mills, sending their wages back to the struggling corporation to help defray their expenses and keep the business doors open.

In the beginning, furniture, carpets, organs, and wallpaper were the main lines of merchandise. Later, stoves, hardware, crockery, and all household items were added. In 1913, Walter Needham of American Fork joined the organization and a dry goods (fabrics) department was added. A year later a men's clothing department was added.

After "weathering" the depression of '93, Taylor Bros. Co. continued to grow physically as well as fi-



Taylor Brothers Company employees in 1904.

nancially. A three-story building 106 feet wide fronting on Center Street, the original site of the small store first started by George Taylor, and extending nearly one-half block long to the north, was built. Years later a special warehouse building of two stories and over one hundred feet long was built adjacent to the northwest corner of the main building.

Eventually Taylor Bros. Co. expanded their

operations in the way of branch stores in Eureka and Spanish Fork. Albert F. Dixon, a well-liked and long-time employee, was manager of this Spanish Fork branch.

Taylor Brothers Company had records of serving families of four generations, and in many cases, son, father, and grandfather had all furnished their homes from Taylor Brothers Company.

Dixon Taylor Russell Company Financial History

When Eliza N. Taylor bought the furniture business from her husband, George Taylor, Sr., in 1890, it was her hope and ambition that she was furnishing work and a livelihood for all of her five boys, hence the name Taylor Brothers.

Knowledge and love for horses attracted her eldest living son, George Jr., to a life of buying horses for the U.S. Government and later in buying and selling horses for himself. That lured him from the family business and he made a very comfortable living.

After a very severe illness, Walter G. was forced to choose a career in the out-of-doors. He became a fruit grower and later in life a pleasure resort owner (Geneva Resort).

A dairy farm appealed to Ashted over a business career and he settled down on a dairy farm on the banks of the Provo River.

Thomas and Arthur stuck with the furniture business and developed it into the leading department store in Southern Central Utah. They both had a family of boys and could see that it would be very difficult to provide jobs in one company for all the boys. So after their mother's death, Arthur sold his interests to Tom in order to devote his full time to reclaiming flood lands on the shoreline of Utah Lake at the mouth of Provo River.

About a year after retiring from the furniture business, an extra wet season brought flood waters down the Provo River, resulting in the washing out of the dirt dike on Utah Lake and flooding most of the farm lands in the Skipper Bay Reclamation project.

Several of the older employees of Taylor Brothers store came to Arthur requesting that he join them in buying up an ongoing furniture store or start up a new business. They chose the latter and the new

organization carried the last names of the three largest stockholders and officers. They were the name of the vice-president, Dixon; the name of the president, TAYLOR; and the name of the secretary, RUSSELL. Hence the name: DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL, Home furnishings. The Utah State Charter bears the date of October 6, 1921 as its date of operation.

In this new organization, Arthur's older boys were immediately given the opportunity of working. Later all six of his sons plus one daughter were employed, most remaining with the organization until it was dissolved in 1964.

At the time of Arthur N. Taylor's death, he and his associates had developed a vigorous and profitable and well respected home furnishings business with ten branch stores in Central, Southern, and Eastern Utah. They had survived the "depression" of 1929-1933. Although the extreme pressure had eventually extracted the health of Arthur N. and resulted in his death, he left a well respected name and a challenge to his boys to become honest, hard working, and successful business men.

While still employed as an officer (vice-president in Taylor Bros. Co.), on April 5, 1921, Arthur N. Taylor sent the following letter to his brother Thomas N. Taylor:

Dear Bro. Tom,

In regards the matter of selling my stock in the Taylor Bros. Co. and the Taylor Investment Co. that I was asking you about some time ago. I desire to say that I am of the same mind and desire to make the following proposition: I will transfer my 50 shares of Taylor Bros. Co. stock and my share in the Taylor Investment Co. to you for \$50,000.00, (fifty thousand dollars), 68 feet of ground on the south side of Center Street south of the F. & M. Bank (Farmers &

Merchants Bank), and the Dodge car.

I have figured the values over, and believe this will be a fair proposition to you as well as to my self, under the present conditions. You can see from the list of inventory that I gave you how I arrive at this value.

Trusting this will be agreeable and satisfactory with you. I remain as ever,

Your brother,
s/ Arthur N. Taylor

The above proposition was accepted by Uncle Tom. So now with a 68 x 125 ft. building lot on the southeast corner of Center Street and Third West, he had Joseph Nelson, the architect in the upstairs offices of the Bank Building, begin to draw up plans for a new three story brick building.

The building was completed in time for the new Dixon Taylor Russell Co. to open its doors for business to the public, on November 1, 1921.

The cost for this building by Arthur N. Taylor was made possible thru a mortgage to Halloran-Judge Trust Co. and assigned to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

By the fall of 1921, merchandise for the new furniture store was rolling into Provo by the railroad car lots. Additional space to store this new merchandise was needed, so J. W. Dangerfield provided this need by renting the DTR Co. part of his basement under the Royden House Hotel.

Soon after, a closer and larger warehouse was needed. John D. Dixon had a vacant lot called the Church Lot (identified by its previous owner), which was between the Menlove Photographic Studio (adjoining the DTR building to the east) and the Consolidated Wagon & Machine building east of this 55.5 foot vacant lot.

This small brick building, east of the three story DTR building was owned by E. A. Menlove. Mr. Menlove

was approached by J. W. Dangerfield and Arthur N. Taylor (Dangerfield & Taylor, partnership) wishing to purchase his property. Mr. Menlove was not interested. They then went to him again with the proposition that they would build him a like building thirty five feet east adjoining the Consolidated Wagon and Machine building. He still was not interested.

The purchase contract for this 55.5 foot Church vacant lot by Arthur N. Taylor and J. W. Dangerfield from John D. Dixon:

October 1, 1922

55.5 feet @ \$200 per foot	\$ 11,100.00
Less mortgage held by James Eldredge	4,500.00
Total	6,600.00

J. W. Dangerfield paid by Farmers & Merchants Bank Stock:

Certificate #129 for 2 shares	
Certificate #128 for 2 shares	
Certificate #45 for 5 shares	
Certificate #46 for 5 shares	
Certificate #44 for 2 shares	
Paid by J.W. Dangerfield 16 shares @ \$200	3,200.00

A. N. Taylor

Certificate #17 for 10 shares	
Certificate #18 for 5 shares	
Certificate for 2 shares	
Paid by A. N. Taylor 17 shares @ \$200	3,400.00

Total	6,600.00
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Dangerfield & Taylor (a partnership) then excavated and built on the vacant Church lot a one

story, brick building, divided into three separate store units on the street level and a full basement beneath.

A hand operated elevator was installed to the basement transporting the large crates of furniture—



Dangerfield and Taylor Store buildings on West Center Street.

stoves and other heavy merchandise—to this new, basement DTR warehouse. The three retail store units on the street level were rented.

During the depression in 1932 when the Farmers & Merchants Bank closed its doors, Uncle Arnold Dixon had a note, which the re-organizers were putting extreme pressure on him for payment. Maria then asked her husband Arthur, if he would let her mortgage the home and pay off the loan at the bank. The note was retired and the mortgage was later transferred to the Government Home Owners Loan Corporation.

By December 1935, just four years later, E. A. Menlove had extended his studio building south 75 feet and had added a second story to the building where he moved his photo studio to the upstairs front with a three room apartment behind it to the rear. This, evidently overextended his financial situation and he came to Dangerfield & Taylor now ready to sell. This they bought and assumed the \$7,000.00 mortgage to Halloran Judge Trust Company and assigned to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The DTR Co. continued to grow by opening up branch stores in Springville, Payson, Nephi, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Price, American Fork, Heber, and Helper, and later in Orem. A large warehouse was built on Fifth West and Fifth South having a railroad spur line to unload trainloads of merchandise directly into storage.

All of the children of Arthur N. Taylor, with the exception of the youngest daughter, Ruth, were employed and helped to make it such a successful business.

Arthur D. was employed from the date of its organization as office and advertising manager.

Lynn D. joined in 1923 as drapery department manager.

Elton L. opened the Pleasant Grove store as manager in 1925.

Henry D. started as furniture salesman in 1929.

Alice joined Lynn in the drapery department in 1929 as a drapery saleslady.

Clarence D. joined in 1934 as a radio salesman and collector.

O. Kenneth assisted Lynn in the advertising department in 1939 before going to New York to study interior decoration.

In the spring of 1934 (April 10th), after having a somewhat miserable winter and not enjoying the best of health, Arthur N. and Maria D. decided that in order to be relieved of some of the financial stress they would make an agreement with their children whereby they would sell, assign, convey, and transfer

to Arthur D., Lynn D., Elton L., Henry D., Alice, Clarence D., O. Kenneth, and Ruth Taylor all of their personal property as listed below. The children would also assume all outstanding indebtedness. Other provisions specified included the parents to collect all income, dividends, profits, interest and vote their stock, pay off their debts and manage their financial affairs, if they so chose.

ASSETS April 10, 1934

Real Estate:

256 No. 5th West	Home
237 No. 5th West	Riddle building lot
295 West Center	DTR Building
285 West Center	Building ½ int.
275 West Center	Building ½ int.
Lake Farmland	Contract of Sale
Springville	Unimproved
Hill property	Unimproved
Wildwood	Cabin and lot
G. Taylor, Sr. Estate	Distribution

Stocks:

DTR Co.	583 shares
Taylor Bros.	23 shares
DTR (Maria D.)	242 shares
Ut. Ida. Sugar	89 shares
Ut. Ida. Sugar (Maria D.)	5 shares
½ Int. Colo. Cons. Min.	500 shares
½ Int. Dragon Cons. Min.	6150 shares
½ Int. East Crown Pt.	3000 shares
½ Int. Reeds Peak Min.	2000 shares

DTR notes receivables

2 horses

LIABILITIES

Home Owners		
Loan Corp.	Home	2524.45
Janet P. Munk	Note	500.00
Met. Life Ins.	Mtg. 295 W.C.	24962.00
Met. Life Ins. ½	Mtg. 285 W.C.	3640.00
Met. Life Ins. ½	Mtg. 275 W.C.	9450.00
H. T. Reynolds	Contract Spville	5250.00
E. Gillispie	64 Shares DTR	
	stock pledged	5200.00
DTR	Account	959.11
Janet P. Munk	Note	400.00
John T. Taylor	Note	3000.00
Ben. Life Ins.	Loan	1097.10
Ben. Life Ins.	Loan	1097.12

Bankers Life Ins.	Loan	657.00
Provo Com'l Bank	Note	1110.00

Each year's property taxes.

Insurance, maintenance costs on buildings.

Thus in the midst of the depression with an indebtedness of \$59,846.80, inherited with only rents from a depression distressed DTR Co., no

dividends from DTR Co. or Taylor Bros., maybe if the crops were good and could be sold, they would pay the farm taxes, the children gladly and optimistically accepted the agreement with the hopes it would improve the health of the sick and despondent father and worried mother.

A year later, September 10, 1935, Arthur Nicholls Taylor died at Provo, Utah.

Dixon Taylor Russell Company History

The first furniture store in Provo, started in pioneer days, was owned and operated by George Taylor. His son, Arthur N. Taylor, with a group of young Provo businessmen, in the summer of 1921, organized the DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY. Arthur N. Taylor was the President and Manager; Albert F. Dixon, Vice-president; Sidney W. Russell, Sec. & Treas.; and Orion G. Bird, J. W. Howe, Jr. and William D. Norman were Directors. The Company received its charter to do business on October 6, 1921, and opened the doors of its first store, in Provo—a three story brick building, at the corner of Third West and Center Street on the first day of November 1921.

Arthur N. Taylor, who had been in the furniture business for more than 30 years, believed that merchandise should be sold at one price to all—the lowest possible price—and that partiality and special favors to individuals should not be. This "One Price" policy was the foundation of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Discounts were done away with. Goods were sold at the cash price, and if people desired installment payments, convenient terms were arranged and the customer paid, in addition to the cost of his merchandise, a small carrying charge covering the length of time he wished to run his account.

This policy, for a furniture store, was revolutionary in this intermountain country at that time. It was a hard program to start with, as the public had been schooled to trade for discounts. Every man, depending on who he was, seemed to have a different purchasing power. It was not long, however, before the public realized that the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. was sincere in carrying out their policy of One Price to all. They saw that every man, regardless of whether he was a good friend, a rich man, a

poor man, or a stranger, paid the same price. A child could go into the store and buy a bedroom set or any other item, and would receive the same deal as the most skilled traders. This policy established confidence with the public and brought increased business and resulted in a pleasing growth.

Arthur N. Taylor also dreamed of a business that would bring furniture, house furnishings, and service into the rural communities at prices as low as could be had in the larger cities and trading centers. In order to do this, he could see that a large buying power in carload lots direct from the factory was necessary. It would be necessary also to have a display in the smaller towns where it would be convenient for the people to see the things offered for their homes.

This started the opening of Branch Stores in Springville, Nephi, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Heber, American Fork, Price, and Helper.

By the year 1929, ten stores and three districts were in operation in Central, Eastern and Southern Utah. Carload shipments were rolling constantly direct from factories to the Provo warehouse and from that point distributed by company trucks to the branch stores.

In November of 1946, a warehouse on railroad trackage at the corner of 5th South and 5th West was purchased and three large warehouse buildings were constructed. Furniture and furnishings were shipped in by carload lots and were emptied directly into this spacious warehouse. Company trucks then distributed the merchandise from here to the stores.

Other services rendered were: A large drapery workshop, employing ten to twelve women who made up curtains, draperies, slip covers, etc.

An upholstering shop, employing eight men who reconditioned and rebuilt furniture.

A shade shop, making up custom made window shades.

A furniture repair shop for the repair of broken furniture.

A refinishing shop for reconditioning damaged surfaces and making new finishes and color effects on furniture.

An appliance repair shop for installing and repair of major home appliances.

A floor covering service department of ten men to install linoleum, carpets, tile and other floor coverings.

Trained decorators to advise on the decoration of the home with draperies, floor coverings, wallpapers and furniture.

After a fire on July 20, 1963, which did considerable smoke damage to the building and merchandise, business was never the same. So, after nearly forty-three years of operation, the Board of Directors decided to cease operation of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

Some of the Dixon and Taylor family members who helped to make DTR Co. so successful were:

Arthur N. Taylor
 Albert F. Dixon
 Harry A. Dixon
 Arthur D. Taylor
 Lynn D. Taylor
 Elton L. Taylor
 Henry D. Taylor
 Arnold Dixon
 Alice T. Nelson
 Erma D. Boshard
 Clarence D. Taylor
 O. Kenneth Taylor
 Eldon A. Dixon
 John A. Taylor
 Robert N. Dixon
 Henry D. Taylor, Jr.
 Douglas W. Dixon
 Ethel S. Taylor
 James S. Taylor
 Paul S. Taylor
 Kent G. Taylor

DTR: Like Losing an Old Friend

(Taken from TODAY'S EDITORIAL in *The Daily Herald*, Thursday, April 30, 1964.)

Before the year 1964 has faded away, the mer-

chandising operation of one of Central Utah's best-known business institutions, Dixon Taylor Russell Company, will have been concluded.

Announcement by the firm some time ago that it will go out of business brought a tinge of sadness to thousands of Central Utahns who have been customers at one time or another during the nearly 43 years DTR has operated.

It may take the company two or three years to complete all the business phases of its operation, including settlement of credit accounts. But in keeping with the announced liquidation plan, the furniture and appliance operation already has been turned over to McMahan's, which has leased the three-story brick building constructed by the DTR founders.

The Provo store will continue to operate until draperies, floor coverings and giftware are completely liquidated and until a backlog of work contracted, such as draperymaking, is finished. As for the branch stores, DTR has sold out its interest in American Fork; the Spanish Fork store will close July 1; and the Payson branch will operate until the liquidation has been completed.

It takes a lot of courage, vision, and know-how to launch a business as Arthur N. Taylor and a group of young associates did when they formed the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, built their store, and opened the doors for business November 1, 1921.

It isn't easy either, to close an institution of this kind. It isn't easy to make the decision that had to be made, nor to liquidate the business which has meant so much to so many.

One of the most difficult sides to the liquidation, insofar as the owners are concerned, is the necessity to release trusted employees who have served so long and so faithfully. "However, we are happy that many of our key people already have been able to secure other positions," one of the top DTR men said the other day.

Arthur N. Taylor, whose father, George Taylor, had operated the first furniture store in Provo in Pioneer days, was the first president and manager of DTR. The "Dixon" was the late Albert F. Dixon, vice-president. And the "Russell" was Sidney W. Russell, the original secretary-treasurer and now vice-president.

Arthur D. Taylor, now president and manager, was one of the original organizers. He, as well as Henry D. Taylor, secretary-treasurer and assistant manager, Clarence D. Taylor, assistant secretary-treasurer, Lynn D. Taylor and Elton L. Taylor, directors, are all sons of the original president and manager.

Utah Lake Farm

From approximately 1920, Arthur N. Taylor had purchased land near the mouth of the Provo River and Utah Lake for a farm of over 100 acres. Some of the sellers were:

P. W. Madsen	5 acres
Geo. Cook	40 acres
Minnie Hamilton	20 acres
J. F. McClellan	20 acres
Geo. Clark	40 acres
Samuel Bunnell	20 acres
And others	

Besides having his boys farm the land not under water, he built the Provona Beach pleasure resort. From some of the very large timbers taken from the old Provo Tabernacle, he built an auto bridge across the river near the City Park. Then he moved the two cottages from City Park across the River to the north bank of the river on the shore of the lake. He constructed a screened lunch room, dance floor and store, an ice storage house, about forty bath houses, and had about forty small row boats for rental to fishermen and bathers. This was Provona Beach Resort with a beautiful sandy beach—a delightful place for bathers of all ages.

This resort operation had been managed by Arthur’s children, Uncle Jim McClellan, and Uncle Ashted Taylor’s family.

In 1930 the Resort was leased to the Brown family of Payson, who added an open air dance floor and operated it for a couple of years before it was torn down in 1932. Part of the lumber went into the new homes of Lynn and Henry’s houses on the Hill.

Three of the Ewell boys had operated the farm for several years, including the small sheep herd. Upon their departure in the fall of 1930, G. Arnold Taylor was offered the operation of the farm if he would pay the property and Skipper Bay drainage taxes, and if he wanted to buy the farm it would be available to him.

That spring of 1931, Arnold and his large family pitched in and grubbed willows along the river bank, broke up the salt grass and bull rush and cat-tail pasture land, washed out the alkali, plowed and worked the land, and then planted it into sugar beets, hay, and some garden plants. That fall they reaped a bounteous harvest.

On May 12, 1932 a long time contract of sale was made for all the lake farm acres with G. Arnold Taylor. This lifted a huge burden from Arthur N. Taylor. Earlier he had a mild stroke and was trying to regain his health.

In 1936 G. Arnold Taylor died and his family continued the operation of the farm and to meet the terms of the contract of sale, with the understanding that upon completion of the contract, the farm would be divided three ways:

Hazel, the widow, would receive one third.

Dean, the son, would receive one third.

Dorothy, the daughter and her husband Glen Horton, would receive one third.

Later, the land area where the Provona Beach Resort had their concessions was sold to Provo City for the Boat Harbor and Boat Sportsmen Club House. It is now Utah State Park, with a boat harbor, ice skating rink, entertainment center, and picnic grounds.

The Provona Beach Resort

By Clarence D. Taylor, son of Arthur N. Taylor, president of the Provona Beach Resort and D. Robert Carter, retired history instructor and local historian living in Springville.

Published in the *Daily Herald*, Wednesday, August 7, 1996.

Since the late 19th century, Utah Lake has been a recreational mecca, and many places of amuse-

ment have dotted her shoreline. At least five different private resorts have been established near the mouth of the Provo River in close proximity to Utah Lake. They all catered to excursionists who traveled to the lake to dance and picnic under the trees and fish, boat, and bathe in the river and lake. The first four resorts were located near a site on the south side of the river a short distance northeast of the present Corleissen bridge. The fifth and last private resort established near the mouth of the river was the Provona Beach Resort. It was established on the northeast bank of the river near where Utah Lake State Park is located today.

In 1919 Frank and Clarissa Taylor Eastmond took over the small resort on the south side of the river that had been run by William Gammon. They managed the business, which they called Riverside Resort, in partnership with James F. McClellan who also worked an adjacent farm. The partners expanded their business by converting the front part of the caretaker's cabin into a small store which they stocked with candy, drinks, and a limited supply of picnic groceries. They rented rowboats and even a few bathing suits to excursionists. Swimmers found that there was one disadvantage. Since the resort was some distance from the waters of the lake, people who rented trunks and swam in the lake found it uncomfortable to row back from the lake to the bathhouses with the lake breeze fanning them.

Soon Arthur N. Taylor replaced the Eastmonds as James McClellan's partner. Each summer Taylor's boys worked on the nearby farm and helped their Uncle Jim with the operation of the store and boat rentals.

Mr. Taylor felt that a larger resort on the sandy lake beach on the north side of the river would be more successful, and he made plans for one. Using black locusts for piles and lumber and trusses from the recently razed old Provo Tabernacle, Mr. Taylor built a bridge across the river just north of the present Corleissen bridge. The new span opened access to the sandy beach on the lake front. The Skipper Bay Dike, which was finished in 1921, helped protect about 600 acres of land, including the resort, from the seasonal ravages of the lake.

Despite problems with high water, work now began on a new resort. Mr. Taylor hired J. W. Howe, a carpenter, to supervise the building. Howe and Mr. Taylor's sons began building bathhouses. The back side of the bathhouses rested on the dike and the front was supported on piles driven into the beach. It wasn't until July 12, 1921, that the workmen finished construction on fifty of these bathhouses

on stilts. The Provona Beach Resort opened to the public on Saturday, July 16 of that year. It was basically a no frills family-run operation, but it provided the people of Provo with a place to cool off and have fun. The boat rentals remained in the grove.

Arthur N. Taylor's family usually had charge of the beach. Henry D. and Elton acted as general supervisors. One of the boys was stationed at the bridge to collect the fees for using the beach. If the people had their own swimming suits on under their clothes, they were charged a usage fee of 15 cents. If they needed to rent a suit and use the bathhouses, they were charged 35 cents. Another family member was in charge of renting out the swimming suits. The used suits were taken home each night, cloroxed, and washed.

The bathhouses needed constant maintenance. They had no electric lights at first so bathers used kerosene lamps to light the dressing rooms. Each day a family member had to clean the glass chimneys, trim the wicks, and add new kerosene to the lamps. In addition, the bathhouses were swept, and fresh water was carried from the well to fill the foot tubs where the bathers rinsed the sand from their feet. After the boys had finished their evening work, they frequently ended the day with a swim in the lake.

The resort only made enough money that first year to pay for the capital improvements. The owners planned on making a profit the next year, but their hopes were dashed when mother nature intervened. That winter huge piles of ice driven by a northwest wind swept ashore and demolished the bathhouses. High spring waters then scattered the wood all over Skipper Bay. When the flood waters receded, salvage crews waded and used the Madsen fishing barges to pick up lumber and doors all along the lake front. That summer the men even found some lumber on farmland adjacent to the lake. Workmen stacked the lumber on dry land along the river.

It wasn't until 1925 that the Provona was rebuilt near where the ice skating rink at Utah Lake State Park is now located. Workmen brought in power, constructed a store, drilled a well to provide drinking water, and built an ice storage shed near the bridge. The family also continued to operate the store in the grove located further up the river.

J. W. Howe, Sr. supervised a group of workmen who built 30 bathhouses out of the lumber that had been salvaged from the first ill-fated buildings. Since the water level of the lake fluctuated widely, they constructed the dressing rooms on log skids so they could be kept near the water's edge.

In 1926 the resort was incorporated and the

family made more improvements. Connected to the south end of the store they built a screened 30 by 60 foot lunchroom complete with electric lights, 16 picnic tables, ample benches, and a sand floor. Ashted Taylor and his family were in charge of this facility. Workmen planted clover on the grounds, placed tables under the trees near the river for those who wished to eat outside, built swings for the amusement of the children, and added 30 more bathhouses. These bathhouses were illuminated with electric lights.

Many excursionists used the beach in the evening and at night. Don McEwan and Porter McDonald of Provo were walking along the beach north of the resort one balmy July evening in 1926 when they made a startling find. In the distance a lifeless form lay on the beach. Without closer investigation, the two rapidly returned to Provo and contacted the police who returned with flashlights. Deputy Sheriff Elias Gee and Police Officer George Durnell accompanied the two back to the scene of their discovery and found the body "dead as a door nail." Some ingenious bathers had molded a reclining man from mud and sand. The embarrassed pair and the officers had a laugh and left the beach.

Arthur N. Taylor became the sole owner of the resort in 1927, and his family helped him operate the facility. He made several new improvements. Near the beach his workmen built a dressing area which had a freshwater shower. The pavilion was more than doubled in size, and a first class maple dance floor was added. A small, white, moveable picket fence was built across the width of the floor between the dancing and picnic areas. It was moved either direction to provide more lunch room space or a larger dance floor. One of the first electric amplifying phonographs, a Brunswick Panatope, furnished the dance music. Later a Victor Electrola, which played ten records before it needed reloading, was installed. For five cents, customers could hear a record.

The new operators also added an eight section ice cream cabinet, an eight-foot refrigerator, a soda water fountain, a soda bottle cooler, and a Magnus root beer barrel to the store. The Taylor boys enjoyed making a new batch of root beer. Many adjustments had to be made in the amount of concentrated syrup added to the barrel to give the root beer that "heavenly taste." With each addition of syrup, the root beer had to be tested. The end result was that the tester often had surplus gas in his stomach and emitted several belches. Consequently, it became the Taylor family custom to say "magnus" in place of "excuse

me" after each belch.

To make boating in the lake more accessible to the public, carpenters built a portable pier on wooden trestles. As the water receded, men would pick up the pier and carry it into deeper water. Boats were rented from the pier, and owners of private crafts were charged a small fee for the use of the facility. The pier also provided a walkway for bathers.

In the later '20s several unusual activities were staged at the Provona Resort. In 1929 BYU, Provona Beach Resort, and the Provo Yacht Association sponsored a water carnival. Shin Wilson acted as "admiral" of the entire show. At 8 o'clock in the evening a program of music and dance was presented on a platform erected on the bank of Provo River. At 9 o'clock the program was followed by a brilliantly lighted boat parade called "King Neptune's Fleet" which sailed up the river from the lake to the bridge. Bathing beauties and aqua board riding were featured. The parade was followed by dancing at the Provona Resort.

In 1930 the resort was leased out to John and Denzil Brown who renamed it The Beach. The Browns had previously operated the Arrowhead Resort in Benjamin. They built a 64 by 100 foot open-air dance hall with a cement floor and held weekly dances. Food and boat rentals were still offered.

Local people that year witnessed the largest spectacle ever staged at the resort. The Provo American Legion Post No. 13 helped sponsor a fireworks program at Utah Lake on the Fourth of July that reenacted the Battle of Manila Bay. Two mock battleships were constructed a quarter of a mile off shore in Utah Lake. This construction itself offered some entertainment to a few gathered on the shore one night. Several very scantily clad workmen were wading out to work on the boats when a car with its lights turned on arrived at the scene. As the lights skimmed the lake, many men sought deeper water to cover their bare bodies as the women on shore laughed.

The July 1 arrival at the train station of the explosives to be used as fireworks during the naval battle caused some alarm. The station agent called the chairman of the fireworks committee and told him to come down to the depot as quickly as he could. When he arrived, he found more than a dozen barrels and crates marked, "Dangerous—High Explosives—Keep away from fire—Don't drop or jar." The agent wanted the material removed as quickly as possible.

Nobody wanted to move or store the explosives until an ingenious member of the committee came

up with a plan. The men removed the warnings on the boxes and replaced them with stickers that said, "Glass—Handle with care—Liquids—This side up." Then a transport company was hired to take the merchandise to the lake where guards were placed around it. The deceivers had clear consciences because they realized that during those days of prohibition there were both dry and liquid fireworks.

The Legion constructed a large battleship float to advertise the event. It appeared that summer in parades as far away as Ogden. The veterans made other special preparations at the beach. South of the river they prepared a parking area big enough to accommodate 15,000 cars, and they also constructed a pontoon bridge near it to make it easy for the holiday throng to cross the river. Utah Power and Light installed floodlights along the beach. They obviously planned on a large crowd.

On the afternoon of the Fourth, activities at the lake started with a program featuring a parade of bathing beauties (the top prize was a \$100 diamond

ring), vaudeville acts, fancy dancing, and musical and vocal numbers. On the river there were swimming races, fancy diving contests, and fly casting and aqua board riding exhibitions.

Over 4,000 cars arrived at the mouth of the Provo River to witness the "Great Naval Battle." Specially made shells and rockets were fired along with other fireworks, and in the end one of the ships was blown up. It was well after midnight before all the cars had left the beach.

This event proved to be the resort's last big hurrah. With the coming of the depression, business dropped off and the resort was not well maintained. By 1932 the beach was closed and the surrounding land was farmed. The dance hall was torn down and much of the lumber was used to build two new houses for Lynn and Henry Taylor on the hill above where the Provo Temple is now located. The Provona Beach Resort project had resulted in a great deal of experience and little profit.



Provona Beach sunset.



Arthur N. Taylor and sons on Provona Beach. Back from left; Henry, Arthur, Kenneth, and Arthur N. Front from left: Clarence, Lynn, and Elton.



Provona Beach Pier.



Bathers at Provona Beach.

Provona Beach

Provona Beach was the bathing, boating, picnicking, and dancing resort located on the north side of the mouth of Provo River and the sandy beach of Utah Lake.

Its predecessors were the Omansons, Gammons, and Eastmonds, who mainly operated row boat rentals for fishermen, bathers, and boaters on Utah Lake from the Provo City Grove.

Frank Eastmond, a very energetic and ambitious school teacher of Salt Lake City, and his wife, Clarissa Taylor Eastmond, built a front addition to a small, one-room caretaker's cabin located in the willow grove between the first and second bend of the river, near Utah Lake. Here they put in a stock of candy, drinks, and a limited supply of picnic groceries and refreshments to sell to the fishermen and picnickers.

They were successful in persuading James F. McClellan to join them in their venture and to farm the 20 acres of land just across the river and to help build a new fleet of row boats to be rented. When Frank was in school, Uncle Jim would act as caretaker and take care of their boats as well as other boat owners.

They were very successful and even expanded by stocking a few bathing suits to be rented. After a couple of years in operation, the Eastmonds and Walter G. Taylor acquired an option to buy the old, run down Geneva Lake Resort, north of Vineyard.

Uncle Jim's brother-in-law, Arthur N. Taylor, had just purchased the 20 acres of land across the river, to the west of the City Grove, which fronted on the sandy beach of Utah Lake. He took over Frank's interest with the same arrangement with Uncle Jim. Arthur's boys would help on the farm and operate the store and boat rentals in the summer time. Uncle Jim would take over the rest of the time.

In 1920-21, a vehicle bridge was built across the river connecting the City Grove and the Hamilton land with its sandy beach. This same year a large earthen dike was constructed along the lake front to protect the farmlands and the proposed resort from the flood waters of Utah Lake. It was the Skipper Bay reclamation project.

At the mouth of the river on the lake front, about forty bathhouses were built up on stilts, level with the top of the dike. Now the patrons of the resort could drive their cars to the lake front, change

into their bathing suits in the bathhouses, rather than in the willows or cars, and take an invigorating swim in the lake or bask in the warm sunshine on the sandy beach. After the swim they could return to the City Grove for their picnic where refreshments could be purchased at the store.

These bathhouses on stilts only lasted for the one season, for that winter the huge piles of ice, driven by the northwest wind on the lake wrecked the bathhouses and the high spring flood water scattered them all over the Skipper Bay. When the flood waters receded, salvage crews in boats and wading, picked up doors and lumber all along the lake front and on the adjacent farm land.

By 1923 the flood waters had receded, so the black willow grove at the mouth of the river was cleaned up and the two blue cabins in the City Grove were moved across the bridge to the willow grove on the lake front. An artesian flowing well was drilled for drinking water; an ice storage shed was built on the Hamilton property, near the bridge. A screened lunch room with tables, benches, and a sand floor was built in 1924. At the north end of this lunch room was an enclosed room with hinged shutters which could be lowered and raised; it was built for use as a store.

During these first years, Uncle Ashted Taylor and his family ran the lunch room and store and Uncle Jim McClellan handled the boat rentals.

In the winter time when the ice on the lake had frozen to a depth of about two feet or more, Uncle Jim McClellan and his crew would cut the ice into large blocks and haul them by sled to the ice house. Here they were stacked one on top of the other in the center of the building and with a few nights of freezing temperature, it became almost a frozen solid block. Sawdust would then be piled between the ice and the inside wall of the building and on top of the ice for a depth of about three feet. This protected it against melting until needed.

When ice for packing ice cream or for cooling the soft drinks was needed, the sawdust on the top was removed down to the block of ice and here a small block of ice of fifty pounds or more was removed, was, and chipped ready for use.

Uncle Jim McClellan was an old hand at the ice business, for he belonged to the Allen family who operated the Allen Ice Company of Provo. They har-

vested ice in the wintertime from their large ponds at 6th West and 8th North and stored it in two huge ice houses. This was the principle source of ice in the summer time for Provo and Utah County.

In 1926 the salvaged lumber, which had been picked up after the flood, was hauled back down to the lake and J. W. Howe, Sr. began rebuilding the bathhouses. Since the level of the lake fluctuated so much each year and in order to be near the water edge at all times, these bathhouses were built on log skids so that a section at a time could be moved to any location on the lake front. As the water receded the bathhouses could be moved closer to the water's edge.

At first there was no electricity in the bathhouses on the beach, so a kerosene lantern was hung over the dressing room door and a lantern was given to each bather to take in the dressing room if they so desired. Each day the glass chimneys of the lanterns were polished, kerosene was added, and the wicks were trimmed. The drifting sand was swept from the dressing rooms. Fresh water was carried in to fill up the foot tubs where the bathers could rinse the sand from their feet. And the rented bathing suits and towels were washed and disinfected.

When the Arthur N. Taylor family took over the operation of the resort, an extension to the flowing well was made so that the store had running water. An eight section ice cream cabinet, an eight foot refrigerator, and a soda water fountain with accessories was installed together with the existing soda water (bottle) cooler and dispenser and the Magnus root beer barrel.

With each new batch of syrup for the root beer barrel, adjustments had to be made as to the amount of concentrated syrup measured for each "mug" full of root beer required for that "heavenly" taste. Sometimes this became quite a long, drawn out testing process. The end result, to the tester, often amounted to surplus gas in the stomach and emitting several belches. So it became quite an apologizing expression to say "magnus" (meaning Magnus Root Beer) with each and every belch, disregarding its cause.

Provona Beach, at the mouth of Provo River on Utah Lake, was owned by Arthur N. Taylor. Uncle Jim McClellan had charge of the approximate 40 boats and he served as caretaker. Henry D. Taylor was the manager, buyer, and public relations man. Alice had charge of the lunch room, banquets, foods, cooking, washing, and keeping us awake early in the morning with her learning to type. Clarence had charge of the bathhouses and renting of suits and towels. Kenneth helped in the store and collected

bathing tickets on the pier. On holidays, Arthur, Lynn, and Elton would help wherever needed.

The demand for private dance parties and the undesirability of blowing and drifting sand in the lunch room, resulted in the extension of the lunch-room building to the south, overlooking the river, and doubling the length of the original building. A hard wood, maple floor was added and a canvas curtain, on rollers, was hung on the outside of the screen wired windows all around the building. This canvas covering could be rolled up in good days or lowered when the wind blew or it rained. A small, white, movable fence was located across the width of the floor. This fence could be moved in either direction to provide more lunch room space or a larger dance floor.

One of the first electric amplifying phonographs, a Brunswick Panatrope, was purchased and furnished the dance music. The amplifying cone was taken out of the cabinet (phonograph) and placed on the ceiling near the center of the dance floor. An operator was required to always be present to change each individual record and turn the machine on or off. This was very satisfactory to furnish free music to the patrons in the lunch room and proved adequate for private parties where they rented the hall and the music was included.

With the advent of Victor's Electrola, which played ten records without help from the operator, a 5¢ charge for each record was made possible.

A 5¢ coin box was installed on the dance floor. When a coin was dropped in the box it closed a circuit which turned on the phonograph. When the record was completed it dropped the coin, in the box, breaking the circuit and turning off the phonograph. Ten records could be played, one after another, before the operator had to reload the record rack.

Two one-room cottages built on 7-foot stilts and overlooking the lake, were built north of the pavilion. These cottages were for the use of the owner, his family, and guests.

In the late summer, when there was very little water coming down the river, the sand bar across the river's mouth almost completely closed the river channel. At times it was even impossible to get a small row boat across the sandbar without an exerted effort of muscle and digging. At these times, and in order to rent the boats to the fishermen and bathers, it was necessary to move the boats out of the river into the lake. To make the boats accessible to the public in water deep enough to float the boats, a portable pier of wooden planks on trestles was built. As the water receded, the pier could be picked up

and moved to deeper water. This pier also provided a walkway for the bathers to get to deeper water without having to wade through the shallow water.

In 1930 the resort was leased to the Browns of Payson who built an open air dance floor adjoining the small enclosed dance floor. Then with the depression and other factors, they subleased it to Ken Hoover and others, who let it run down to the point

it was vacated. In 1932, the dance hall was torn down and part of it used in the building of Lynn and Henry's houses on the hill.

The farm was sold to Arnold Taylor and later Provo City purchased part of the land and built the Provo Boat Harbor, which later became the Utah State, Utah Lake Harbor and Recreation Park.

230 West Center Street, Provo, Utah

Written 1989

One may ask, what is so important with that address that you would spend time and effort in writing about it?

My answer:

The center of the block on Provo's West Center Street between Second and Third West streets was the place my grandfather established his furniture store and photographic gallery (the first south of Salt Lake). It was here my grandmother and my father and uncles obtained a comfortable living from the Taylor Brothers Company (department store) and my Uncle LeRoy Dixon had his Dixon Real Estate office at 234 West Center. To the east of 230 West Center, my Uncle John T. Taylor and his sister Mary Ann (Polly) Taylor Roberts operated a grocery store, and this same building was later to be occupied by Uncle "Billy" Nicholls as a hardware store. This building was owned by Grandfather Taylor until he sold it to Uncle LeRoy Dixon.

The building at 230 West Center Street was built in about 1888 by Thomas N. Taylor and his partner, Julius Jensen; the street floor was to house their jewelry store and the upstairs apartment was to become the first home of Thomas N. Taylor and his new bride, Maud Elan Rogers.

In June of 1893, Thomas N. Taylor and Maud Taylor, his wife, gave a warranty deed on the property at 230 West Center, Provo, to his older brother, George Taylor, Jr., in exchange for his Taylor Brothers Company stock.

In 1936, Uncle George Taylor, Jr., age 72, and Sarah Elizabeth Thomas Taylor, his wife, age 73, were experiencing health and financial problems.

Their store building at 230 West Center Street, Provo, had been their chief source of support in their declining years. For many years, the street floor of the building had been leased to a prosperous and

progressive "Cinderella" ladies ready-to-wear business and the upstairs offices had been a doctor's office for many years. The up-stairs apartment had been rented to the manager of the ladies ready-to-wear shop. Having lost the tenants of both the upstairs and downstairs, the building was unoccupied. In desperation and in order to have some income, Uncle George even rented the lower floor to a Gypsy family for them to live in and operate a "fortune telling" business. With no income for the monthly payments on the mortgage, their property taxes were also not being paid and it was getting to the point they were going to lose the building.

In January of 1938, after the children of Uncle George and Aunt Lizzie gave their consent, Henry D. and Clarence D. Taylor entered into an agreement whereby they agreed to buy the property at 230 West Center for the purchase price of \$16,000, payable \$1,000 down and \$35 per month in addition to paying the monthly mortgage payments to Beneficial Life Insurance Co. This would keep the building out of default and provide a small monthly income. It also provided for refinancing.

We then negotiated with Reed Holt, a long-time friend in the Trust Department of Walker Bank in Salt Lake, for a loan on the property. By March 18, 1938 our loan was approved for \$8,300 for which we gave them a mortgage and promissory note. This amount was used to liquidate the mortgage loan with Beneficial Life Insurance Co.

In the agreement with Uncle George, we agreed that if we obtained a loan on the property, he would give us a warranty deed which would be recorded in our name in order to mortgage on a new loan, then Henry D. and Clarence would pay George Taylor, Jr. \$50 a month to apply to interest and principal on the \$16,000 purchase note.

We immediately started cleaning, wallpapering, and painting inside. Where formerly the heating was provided by the Taylor Bros. central boiler, we installed individual gas furnaces and space heaters in the store building, the offices, and the apartment. To increase our revenue, we converted the apartment upstairs to offices, which were first rented to DeLance Squires and Arvid Dodge, CPAs. The front office was rented to Maurice Harding, attorney.

The street store building was rented to Paul Huish General Electric Appliance Store. Since there was no rear entrance to the building, it became quite inconvenient to get merchandise in the building over the Center Street sidewalk and thru the front door onto the sales floor. When the refrigerator or washer or other appliance was sold, it had to be carried thru the front door over the sidewalk to the delivery truck at the curb.

For many years, both Uncle George Taylor and Uncle Roy Dixon, owner of Dixon Real Estate and adjoining neighbor west, had tried in vain to obtain a rear entrance and right-of-way from D. Spencer Clark, whose brick warehouse building (27 West Second North) blocked their exit to the north.

Being very compatible friends and neighbors of the Clark family, when the sale of the warehouse presented itself to us in March of 1940, we jumped at the opportunity and bought the property, giving a note and mortgage to D. Spencer Clark and Ruby H. Clark, his wife, and which was later assigned to the State Bank of Provo.

Now, a large door in the south wall of the warehouse was opened up allowing the appliance store to take its merchandise out their back door thru the warehouse and over the right-of-way to Second West Street.

In the following years this 168 foot long warehouse was rented as dead storage for automobiles, an auto repair garage, storage for the Salt Lake and Utah (Orem) railroad overnight busses, a plumbing shop, Utah Valley Furniture shop and warehouse, and a building contractor shop and storage.

Now that there was a rear entrance to 230 West Center and in order to pay off the mortgage now held by State Bank of Provo, the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreed to buy the east 112 ½ feet of warehouse by assuming the mortgage and paying it off with funds they had. A warranty deed from Henry D. Taylor, Alta H. Taylor, his wife, and Clarence D. Taylor, for the east 112 ½ feet of the 168 foot warehouse was made to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. This deed was recorded on Sept. 1, 1942 and the marginal release of the mortgage was recorded by

the State Bank on Sept. 11, 1942.

By refinancing the loan at 230 West Center with Walker Bank, we had a better interest rate, smaller payments, but a longer time could be obtained by increasing the loan from \$8,300 to \$11,000, which we did. The new mortgage was recorded on Sept. 1, 1945. This loan was paid in full on August 5, 1950.

Tenants occupying 230 West Center were:

Street store: Paul Huish—General Electric Appliance, Baby Bunting—Juvenile Clothing, National Finance, Blazer Financial Services, Art Class Expressions, Art Glass Specialties.

Up-stairs offices and apartment: Maurice Harding and Thomas S. Taylor—attorneys, Operating engineers; Floyd Wing, William Oldroyd—accountants, Post Office Credit Union, Squire & Dodge—CPA., H. P. Mower, H. Krause, Mark Reynolds—building contractor.

One of the most frustrating and devastating experiences occurred with one of our tenants who had rented both 230 West Center upstairs offices and the warehouse, which provided him with access to both through the back door. This warehouse faces on Second West at 27 North and was occupied by Utah Valley Furniture for many years as a warehouse and shop.

Mark Reynolds was a building contractor who specialized in remodeling business property and homes. Over the years he accumulated enough used building materials to cram-pack this warehouse. He was an easy going, congenial person, paying his rent when he completed a contract job, which sometimes amounted to six months in advance, as well as picking up back rent which was due.

For years there was no problem, until he developed a heart problem. Then his contracting business suffered, his wife was in and out of the hospital for several years, his son who was helping in his business developed problems and was temporarily institutionalized, and he got behind with his rent. He would always assure us that he would pay the back rent and we would never lose a dime.

Finally we had to do something more than rely on his promises, which consisted of politely asking him to find another place to rent. This went unheeded. We gave him notice we would like him to vacate by a definite date. No action was taken. By this time we had made a contract of sale for the building at 230 West Center which included 53 feet of the west end of the warehouse. He still would not move.

Realizing he had bad health and other problems, I thought his moving by himself was just too big a job, so I contacted his Bishop, for whom he was a

counselor, and explained the situation and suggested that he enlist some of the members of the Ward to help him move. The Bishop was reluctant to even consider it. He did not want to get involved.

After giving Mark another deadline to vacate, which was ignored, and after receiving permission from other members of the Estate, I solicited legal advice and help from an attorney, Tom Taylor. After several telephone conversations with Mark's attorney, he finally got a court order from the judge ordering him to vacate the property.

In order to show Mark there were no hard feelings and that we were just trying to be helpful and fair, and that we had to have him vacate because the new owner of part of the building was demanding it for his use, I offered to help him move. For the next two weeks, I would go down to the warehouse at eight in the morning. Sometimes he would come to work, other times he would not show up all day. When he did come, he would grudgingly permit me to carry out some of the junk to load on his truck. He would inspect every item, even the smallest things, sometimes two or three times.

This experience may have been a blessing in disguise, for I determined I would be helpful, even against his wishes, and that I would be patient and understanding, which is not one of my virtues.

By December 1987 the upstairs offices at 230 West Center were vacant and run down and the roof was causing problems. So when Luis Gomez, owner of the Art Glass Specialties and tenant of three years requested that he buy the building, we agreed to a sale on November 24, 1987 as follows:

Selling price: 230 W.C. incl. 53 ft. wrhse.	\$50,000
Down payment	4,000
BALANCE (Contract of Sale)	46,000

\$400 on Jan. 1, 1988 and \$400 a mo. until
Jan.1,1990
Then \$450 a month until paid in full. 9% Int.

On October 1, 1989, the balance due on this contract of sale amounted to \$44,681.01.

It was decided by Elton, Alice, Ruth, and Clarence, of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, that this partnership between the Estate and Clarence be dissolved, but they did not want the Estate to buy the half interest from Clarence.

This left only one alternative: Clarence would buy out the Estate, which he reluctantly agreed as follows:

The above contract of sale balance of	\$44,681.01
be discounted .248%	11,081.01
Balance	33,600.00
Clarence ½	16,800.00
Estate ½	16,800.00
8 Beneficiaries Ind. share	2,100.00

On October 6, 1989, Clarence paid the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate his check #118 in the amount of \$16,800 for its one-half interest in the partnership.

A warranty deed dated October 6, 1989 was signed by the surviving trustees of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, Elton L. Taylor, and Clarence D. Taylor for the one-half interest and it was delivered to Clarence D. Taylor, now sole owner of the property, subject to a contract of sale to Luis Gomez.

The above discounted balance was considered fair by all parties for some of the following reasons:

1. Having to obtain immediate cash to pay the estate to be distributed to the beneficiaries.
2. Long period of time for the contract of sale to pay out.
3. Contract of sale could be defaulted and property revert.
4. Interest rate low, in case of inflation.

After 103 years (Dec.16,1989), title to this property is still in the Taylor name.

One of the real estate agents, working in cooperation with the Provo City Community Development department, in August 1994, made regular visits with Luis Gomez, who was buying 230 West Center Street on a contract of sale.

He finally convinced Luis Gomez of the large sum of cash he would realize by paying off the balance of the contract and selling at current value.

On January 10, 1995, I signed a deed to Luis Gomez for the property and the next day I received a check in the amount of \$36,312.71. The principal balance was \$35,949.28. The interest to date was \$363.43.

The buyer from Luis Gomez was the Noorda Family Trust (Novell).

Brief Chain of Title to 230 West Center Street, Provo

May 5, 1869 L.S. HILLS, Receiver in U.S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. Receipt in full for 2240.70 acres of land at \$1.25 per acre (\$2,800.87½) described by sections comprising the City of Provo. Receipt made to ABRAHAM O.

SMOOT, Mayor of Provo City, Utah County, Utah Territory, in trust for the occupants of Provo City.

Sept. 30, 1871 The United States by the President, U. S. Grant, by J. Parrish, Sec. issued a patent to land (2240.70 acres) in the boundaries of Provo City—To ABRAHAM O. SMOOT, Mayor of Provo City, Utah Territory, in trust for its occupants.

Dec. 17, 1885 The Mayor and City Council adopted the official map of Provo City, showing the lots and blocks.

Feb. 21, 1871 Mayor's deed of lot 1, issued to ISAAC HIGBEE, who had been adjudged by the Probate to be the lawful owner and possessor of this lot.

Apr. 26, 1875 Decree of distribution of the estate of ISAAC HIGBEE, deceased, WARREN E. DUSENBERRY, Probate Judge, to SARAH HIGBEE, widow. All of lot 1.

Jun. 13, 1883 Warranty deed for a portion of lot 1 (20 ft. x 99 ft.) from SARAH HIGBEE to CHARLES E. SHOEBRIDGE, for \$750.

Nov. 28, 1884 Judge P. H. Emerson issued a Writ of Execution to the U.S. Marshall to attach and safely keep this property, pending court action by FRED VAN NORDICK to recover \$1,390.

This writ never went to action.

Apr. 10, 1885 Quit claim deed from CHARLES E. SHOEBRIDGE to SARAH MORGAN for \$400.

Dec. 21, 1885 E. A. IRELAND, U.S. Marshall, sold at public auction to B. S. FLERSHHEIM, the highest bidder for \$506, this 20 x 99 ft. lot to satisfy suit by FLERSHHEIM to recover \$436.20. There was no execution of this action.

Dec. 16, 1886 SARAH MORGAN issued a warranty deed to EMILY PAFFORD FOR \$550. (Owned by George Taylor, Sr.)

Jan. 10, 1888 Warranty deed from EMILY PAFFORD to JULIUS JENSEN and THOMAS N. TAYLOR for \$550.

Feb. 9, 1889 JULIUS JENSEN and his wife, TEENIE JENSEN issued a warranty deed to THOMAS N. TAYLOR for their undivided one-

half interest for \$1,100.

Apr. 12, 1890 THOMAS N. TAYLOR and MAUD ELON TAYLOR made a trust deed (mortgage) to secure a promissory note of \$3,000 payable in 3 years with interest at 10%, payable quarterly, to UTAH COUNTY SAVINGS BANK. (Probably used to finance the construction of the two-story brick building at 230 West Center. The lower floor used as Jensen & Taylor Jewelry Store. The upstairs became the first home of the newlyweds, MAUD and TOM.

Aug. 31, 1893 Certificate of discharge for trust deed and promissory note, by WILLIAM H. KING, trustee for the UTAH COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

Jun. 7, 1895 Warranty deed from THOMAS N. TAYLOR and MAUD TAYLOR, his wife, to GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., for \$3,000.

Jun. 10, 1895 Mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR to R. S. HINES to secure a promissory note for one year at 1% a month payable quarterly.

Aug. 31, 1896 The note and mortgage given to R. S. HINES by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR. and SARAH E. TAYLOR, his wife, having been paid was discharged.

Aug. 29, 1896 Mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR, his wife, given to N. J. NIELSON to secure a \$550 promissory note for one year at 10% interest.

Nov. 7, 1896 Warranty deed from GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR to ELIZA TAYLOR for \$2,500 (the mortgage to N. J. Nielson had never been released so a new mortgage was made by Eliza Taylor to N. J. Nielson on Nov. 24, 1902).

Dec. 8, 1902 Marginal release of mortgage by N. J. NIELSON to GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR, signed in the presence of HERBERT S. PYNE, County Recorder.

Nov. 24, 1902 Mortgage given by ELIZA TAYLOR to N. J. NIELSON to secure a promissory note of \$550, dated 8-29-1902, payable in one year, 10% interest.

Jun. 3, 1905 Marginal release of mortgage by N. J.

NIELSON to ELIZA TAYLOR. (Eliza N. Taylor now has clear title to the property on April 1, 1913).

Jul. 16, 1909 A warranty deed was made by ELIZA N. TAYLOR to GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., for \$1, but was never recorded with the Utah County Recorder until March 19, 1913. Acknowledged by LE ROY DIXON.

Mar. 19, 1913 Mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR, his wife, to FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK to secure a promissory note for \$4,500 for one year at 8%. Acknowledged by ARNOLD DIXON.

Dec. 8, 1915 GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR for the sum of \$95, sold a one-half undivided interest in the east wall of their building to THOMAS S. JONES to build a barber shop. A partial release from the FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK by JOHN D. DIXON, cashier; on the east wall of the building was made.

Oct. 6, 1920 Marginal release of mortgage by FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK, by ARNOLD DIXON, cashier to GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR.

Oct. 5, 1920 Mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR to GEORGE TAYLOR, SR., agent. During the next four years (1920 to Feb. 9, 1924) there were three mortgages made by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR to GEORGE TAYLOR, SR., agent, together with marginal releases, beginning with notes of \$4,500 and the last of \$8,350. All at 6% interest.

Aug. 5, 1929 A remodeling of the building at 230 West Center and by joining with LE ROY DIXON of DIXON REAL ESTATE in joining the two buildings with a Spanish-type front. Contractor C. A. TOLBOE.

Aug. 27, 1929 Mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR to FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK for \$3,000.

Dec. 27, 1929 Another mortgage by GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR to FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK for \$2,100.

Dec. 31, 1929 (Lien recorded on this GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., building by SMOOT LUMBER

CO. in the amount of \$1,601.40 for non-payment of lumber.

Jan. 16, 1930 SMOOT LUMBER CO. lien marginal released.

Apr. 12, 1930 Marginal release of two FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK mortgages by ARNOLD DIXON, cashier.

Mar. 7, 1930 GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR, his wife, mortgage to BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Note for \$10,000. 6% payable in 120 payments of \$111.00.

Mar. 31, 1930 Although the three mortgages to GEORGE TAYLOR, SR., were marginally released by him, the executors of his estate: ARTHUR N. TAYLOR, GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., JOHN T. TAYLOR, WALTER G. TAYLOR, and ASHTED TAYLOR recorded a certification that these mortgages were cancelled, released, discharged and paid in full.

Nov. 30, 1933 Unpaid taxes for 1932 were \$235.17. Unpaid taxes for 1933 were \$233.07.

Mar. 18, 1938 BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. released the mortgage to GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and his wife, SARAH E. TAYLOR.

Jan. 28, 1938 Warranty deed from GEORGE TAYLOR, JR., and SARAH E. TAYLOR, his wife, to HENRY D. TAYLOR and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR. Recorded March 19, 1938.

Mar. 17, 1938 Mortgage by HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR, his wife, CLARENCE D. TAYLOR, unmarried man) to WALKER BANK & TRUST CO. Note for \$8,300.

Apr. 1, 1941 Release of mortgage by WALKER BANK & TRUST. New mortgage made by HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR, his wife, CLARENCE D. TAYLOR to WALKER BANK & TRUST CO. Note for \$10,000.

Mar. 1, 1946 HENRY D. TAYLOR assigned his one-half interest in the property, including the note and mortgage held by WALKER BANK & TRUST CO., amounting to \$10,400 to ARTHUR N. TAYLOR TRUST ESTATE.

Aug. 5, 1950 This mortgage to WALKER BANK & TRUST CO. was paid in full leaving the property now unencumbered.

Nov. 24, 1987 Contract of Sale made by the surviving trustees of the ARTHUR N. TAYLOR TRUST ESTATE & CLARENCE D. TAYLOR to LUIS GOMEZ.

Oct. 6, 1989 Warranty deed from Surviving Trustees of ARTHUR N. TAYLOR TRUST ESTATE for their one-half interest, to CLARENCE D. TAYLOR.

Warehouse 27 North 200 West , Provo, Utah

The west 53 feet of the warehouse was now considered part of 230 West Center.

Mar. 1, 1940 A warranty deed for the full WAREHOUSE from D. SPENCER CLARK and RUBY H. CLARK, his wife, to HENRY D. TAYLOR and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR. Mortgage by HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR, his wife, CLAR-

ENCE D. TAYLOR to D. SPENCER CLARK. Note for \$7,000. 5% interest.

Dec. 17, 1940 Assignment of mortgage and note of HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR, of D. SPENCER CLARK and RUBY H. CLARK, to STATE BANK OF PROVO.

Sep. 11, 1942 Marginal release of mortgage by STATE BANK OF PROVO to HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR

Sep. 1, 1942 East 112 ½ ft. of WAREHOUSE. Warranty deed from HENRY D. TAYLOR, ALTA H. TAYLOR and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR to the trustees of ARTHUR N. TAYLOR TRUST ESTATE.

Oct. 17, 1989 Title has not changed. West 53 feet of the WAREHOUSE title is now in the name of CLARENCE D. TAYLOR.

Taylor Second West Property

27-35-39-45-51-53-55 North Second West

In looking at the cluster of seven shops just north of Center Street on the west side of Second West, you would not suspect that the rear part of one of these buildings is one of the oldest buildings in Provo.

On May 21, 1869, a receipt for \$2,800.87½ was issued by L. S. Hills, receiver of U. S. Land Office,

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, for the purchase of 2,240.70 acres of land at \$1.25 per acre, to Abraham

O. Smoot, Mayor of Provo City, Utah County, Utah Territory, in TRUST for the occupants of said City.

Two years later, Sept. 30, 1871, patent certificate #141, was issued to Mayor Abraham O. Smoot to cover the pur-



27-35-39-45-51-53-55 North Second West.

chase of land in Provo City, by the President of the United States, U. S. Grant, per J. Parrish, Secretary, and recorder in the General Land Office.

The Provo City Council, by resolution on December 17, 1895, adopted the official plat of Provo City, as submitted by the City Engineer, W. B. Searle.

The occupant of lot 8, Block 69, Plat A, Provo City Survey of Building Lots was John Mills, who in 1871 was adjudged by the Probate Court of Utah County, Utah Territory, to be the rightful owner, so a warranty deed was issued on January 5, 1871 by Provo City Mayor, Abraham O. Smoot, for this land. The authority for the issuing of this warranty deed by Provo City Mayor was granted by virtue of a Trust made and executed by the Legislating Assembly of the Territory of Utah.

The above mentioned lot 8, occupied by John Mills, today could be described as No. 27-35-39-45 North Second West Street.

John Mills died on March 20, 1876 without leaving a will, so on November 8, 1884, Warren N. Dusenberry, Probate Judge, distributed John Mills Estate to his widow, Jane Mills; his son, Martin Mills, who was administrator; his daughter, Barbara B. Haws; his deceased daughter's son, John M. Ashton. The above named heirs, on December 14, 1885 issued a warranty deed to Amos D. Holdaway for \$1,800.

Amos D. Holdaway and his wife, Lydia, held it until February 20, 1888 when they sold it to Newell Knight for \$800, taking a \$1,000 loss. The following year, August 22, 1889, Newell Knight and his wife, Jane C. Knight, mortgaged the property to John E. Mills by giving a six-month promissory note for \$500 at 10% interest. (I assume this money was used to build their house and the livery stable (warehouse) located just to the south of the house.

Upon the death of Newell Knight's wife, Jane C. Knight, he married Frances Clark, widow of Joseph Clark, who had the following children by her first husband: D. Spencer Clark, Dean A. Clark, Hannah Clark Pike, and Clarence M. Clark, who later became the owners of most of the lots 7 and 8.

27 North Second West (Warehouse)

Frances C. Knight, widow of Newell Knight, deeded this warehouse property to her son D. Spencer Clark on July 7, 1939 for the price of \$4,000. This warehouse extended west 165 feet to the Taylor Bros. east brick building. This left the Dixon Real Estate, George Taylor Jr., Thomas Jones barbershop,

part of the C. E. Loose property, all on Center Street, without a rear access to the street. Uncle Roy Dixon and Uncle George Taylor, owners of the building fronting on Center Street, tried for many years to purchase this property.

Two years after Henry D. and Clarence D. Taylor purchased Uncle George Taylor's building at 230 West Center Street, being very good friends and a neighbor of D. Spencer Clark and his family, he offered to sell us the warehouse for \$7,000, which we readily accepted. A deed was executed on March 1, 1940 from D. Spencer Clark and his wife Ruby H. Clark, together with all interests in two right-of-ways between D. Spencer Clark, Dean Clark, and Frances Knight. We gave a note and mortgage to D. Spencer and Ruby H. Clark, which was assigned to State Bank of Provo.

We immediately cut a door in the south brick wall of the warehouse, giving the General Electric Appliance Store, tenant of 230 West Center Street, a rear entrance and right-of-way to 2nd West Street. A partition was built 112 feet west from the front of the building, providing a 53 foot room on the west. Entrance to the east, front section of the building, was through a large truck size sliding door.

For a few years this warehouse was rented by Art Adamson for his plumbing business. The Salt Lake & Utah Railroad (Orem Line) rented part of it for night storage for their passenger buses. Utah Valley Furniture Store opened a doorway from their show room on Center Street for use as a repair shop and warehouse.

Now that there was a rear entrance to 230 West Center Street and in order to pay off the mortgage with the State Bank, the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreed to buy the east 112½ feet of the warehouse from Henry D. and Clarence D. by assuming the mortgage and paying it off with funds they had accumulated. A warranty deed from Henry D. Taylor, Alta H. Taylor, his wife, and Clarence D. Taylor, for the east 112½ of the 168 foot warehouse was made to Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. The deed was recorded on September 1, 1942 and the marginal release of the mortgage, by the State Bank, was made on September 11, 1942.

In February 1946, Henry sold his one-half undivided interest in the 230 West Center building, which included the west 53 feet of the warehouse, to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. The new partnership now included the west 53 feet of the warehouse and the property at 230 West Center Street, now considered as one unit.

By December 1987 the upstairs offices of 230

West Center were vacant and run down, the roof was causing problems and so when Luis Gomez, owner of the Art Glass Specialties, and who had been our tenant for three years, requested that he buy the building, we agreed to a sale on contract, November 24, 1987.

It was decided by Elton, Alice, Ruth, and Clarence, the surviving beneficiaries of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, that they did not want the Estate to buy the one-half interest of the partnership from Clarence and they preferred the partnership be dissolved. So this left only one alternative; Clarence would, reluctantly, purchase the Estate's one-half interest (which included the 53 feet of the west section of the warehouse).

A warranty deed dated October 6, 1989 was signed by the surviving Trustees of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, Elton L. Taylor and Clarence D. Taylor, for the one-half interest, and delivered it to Clarence D. Taylor, now sole owner of the property, subject to a Contract of Sale to Luis Gomez, and now entitled to the monthly payments on the contract.

Still after 105 years, Dec. 16, 1886–June 26, 1992, title to this property, 230 West Center Street, is still in the Taylor name.

The Estate, having purchased the front 112½ feet of the warehouse at 27 North 200 West from Henry D. and Clarence D. in September 1942 and which carried with it all the rights and interests of the previous owner, in the joint right-of-way between 39 and 53 No. 200 West.

There had been a quit claim deed given by D. Spencer Clark for a right-of-way across Dean Clark's property from the warehouse and running between the Ercanbrack house, 63 North 200 West (Frances Knight home) and the old Knight house, to Second West. Legal controversies within the Clark family on their Second West property had occurred in times past. So when the opportunity came to buy the W. W. Ercanbrack property, who had purchased it from Clarence and Alma Clark, the Estate stepped in and purchased it on September 1, 1943.

Soon after Pres. F. D. Roosevelt repealed the liquor prohibition law, the old Newell Knight house at 39 No. 200 West was remodeled into a cabaret for dancing and drinking bar. It soon became run down and vacant and its owner Dean A. Clark, a druggist in St. George, sold it to the Arthur N. Taylor Estate in February 1946.

The Estate plan was to demolish the one room on the south of the old house and then build a store building on the space between the old Newell

Knight house and the warehouse. Then, use the old house as part of a new building to be attached in front of the old house east to the sidewalk. This new structure would be divided with a partition making two new rooms in the front and two or more rooms at the rear in the old house. This would provide three new commercial rental units.

At the rear of the old house was an artesian flowing well. The top of the pipe had rusted and there was none or very little water coming to the surface. Before building construction could be started, it was necessary to dig down several feet and plug the pipe and cap it, which was done.

In the meantime, while finalizing a construction loan, the government placed a freeze on all construction materials. New construction started on or before the freezing date was not affected. In showing we had started construction by digging down and capping the well in preparation for forming the foundation, we qualified for a construction materials permit and continued construction. Frank Woofinden was the contractor who completed the building of these three new commercial rental units and they were ready for occupancy in 1946.

At that time, Second West was a "hot" real estate area and we had no problem for tenants before the units were completed. The new store building on the south (35 No. 200 West) was rented to Al Wright, who had managed Bennett Paint & Glass branch stores in both Ogden and Provo and was now going into business for himself. Later it was occupied by Emma Chittack as Cottage Health Food Store.

The center unit (39 North 2nd West) was converted to a Gift and Art store by the two Clegg sisters, Lulu and Genevieve, and called LuGen Art Galleries. Later it was occupied by Pascoe clothing and tailor shop, and joined into a Health Food Store.

The north unit (45 North 2nd West) was leased to the Salt Lake Tribune for their newspaper distribution office for the County. Later when the Deseret News combined with the Salt Lake Tribune as the Newspaper Agency Corporation for the distribution of both papers, it continued to serve both papers until they closed the Provo office in 1987. (A total of 43 continuous years.)

When the estate bought the property at 239-145 West First North from Jack and Bacle Taylor, it consisted of the Lewis home with two apartments, an auto repair garage-appliance show room, and a two-car frame garage in the rear, rented to Ralph Kitchen.

The front garage building was occupied by the

Coca-Cola Co. of Utah as the distribution depot for this southern division. The bottling plant in Salt Lake shipped the cases of Coca-Cola to Provo by large trucks where it was unloaded and distributed by the local salesmen-truck drivers.

By 1941, Coca-Cola Co. sales had reached the point where the Provo Depot was not large enough for additional trucks and storage. The Provo District manager, Frank Morgan, suggested that the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate demolish the old house and replace it with a new warehouse for them. Their specifications were limited, namely: Two large overhead truck high doors in the front and two of like doors in the rear, a cement floor, a rest room, a partitioned office, and a heating unit. This warehouse building was completed in 1942 and was occupied by them.

With the move of the Coca-Cola Co. to their new building, the old building was remodeled and rented to Hanson Office Equipment Co., from Logan, Utah. Leonard James was their Provo manager.

Included in the signing of a contract in 1948 with Ralph Gygi for an O. P. Skaggs Store building of approximately one hundred square footage, it also specified occupancy of the adjoining Hanson Office Equipment building for their bakery. To accommodate this request, the estate would build a new building at 51 North 2nd West, which then was a right-of-way between the Newell Knight and Ercan-

brack houses, for the Hanson Office Equipment Co. to move into. A new right-of-way would be created at the rear of the new O. P. Skaggs building. This building has been occupied as a barbershop and shoe repair shop.

The estate also decided to remove the front porch of the Ercanbrack house (63 North 2nd West) and create two more commercial units. The area in front of the house would be covered by new construction attached to the house and would be divided with a petition. The south unit would have a short stairway leading to the front door of the house and the full house would be remodeled for this unit. The small unit to the north would have a stairway leading to the basement with a rest room and storage.

Reed Biddulph, as Photo Art Studio, was the first occupant of 53 North 2nd West and did most of the remodeling of the old house into dark rooms, developing rooms, printing rooms, rest rooms, office, and camera studio. For more than fifteen years, 53 North 200 West has been occupied by Tony Battiloro d/b/a Beehive Trading Co. (Most of the time his monthly rent has been paid in advance.)

The one room office and basement space (55 North 2nd West) has been occupied as an insurance office by Glen Holley, as a radio repair shop, as a dress alteration room, and as a Gift and Paint store.

225 West First North—William J. Lewis Corner

Lot 6 & 7, Block 69, Plat A, Provo City Survey

The following is a very brief history of the 7 x 7 rod lot (115.5 feet x 115.5 feet) on which the old adobe house was situated. This was where Sarah Lewis (wife of John DeGrey Dixon) was born in 1868 and raised.

This property was acquired by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate from Thomas N. Taylor on June 10, 1944, in exchange for 23 shares of Taylor Bros. stock. These 23 shares of stock had been willed to Arthur N. Taylor by his mother, Eliza N. Taylor, upon her death, June 27, 1922.

Jan. 12, 1871—Recorded deed from Mayor A. O. Smoot to William J. Lewis as rightful possessor of this property.

Mar. 1, 1887—Prior to his departure to a mission in Wales, William J. Lewis deeded his property to his son, John E. Lewis.

May 2, 1891—Upon his return from the mission field, William J. Lewis was deeded back his property from his unmarried son, John E. Lewis.

Nov. 19, 1898—William J. Lewis, a widower, made a deed to a lot (7 x 7 rod) on which the house was located, to his incompetent daughter-in-law, Melvina Hansen Lewis. This was just for a life estate and at her death reverted to her children 1/4 to each: Melvina Lewis Hanson, Rachael Lewis Brown, Matilda (Othelia) Lewis Elswood, and Enoch Lewis.

Nov. 10, 1913—Court approved and confirmed the public sale of life interest to the property to LeRoy Dixon.

Nov. 12, 1913—Administrator's deed from Othelia Elswood, guardian of Melvina Lewis, incompetent, to LeRoy Dixon.

Sept. 24, 1913—Warranty deed, after the death of Melvina Lewis, for 1/4 undivided interest from Othelia Elswood (Matilda) Lewis to Arthur N. Taylor.

July 19, 1913—Warranty deed from Melvina Lewis Hanson, Rachael Brown, Enoch Lewis, and wife, Lois W. Lewis, to Arthur N. Taylor.

Nov. 14, 1913—A limited warranty deed only, against the heirs and assigns of the grantors, from Arthur N. Taylor and Maria D. Taylor, to LeRoy Dixon.

Nov. 14, 1913—Warranty deed from LeRoy Dixon and wife Electa Dixon to Taylor Bros. Co.

June 10, 1944—A warranty deed covering the 7 x 7 rod Lewis Corner was made by Taylor Bros. Co. to Thomas N. Taylor.

June 10, 1944—Thomas N. Taylor issued a warranty deed to this Lewis Corner property to the Trustees of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

Grandma Eliza Taylor's will left 23 shares of Taylor Bros. stock to her son Arthur N. Taylor. This Taylor Bros. stock was exchanged to T. N. Taylor for the Lewis Corner house and lot on Second West and First North. Since before the depression of 1929, no dividends had been paid on this stock, and future

dividends were unlikely, due to family problems.

July 6, 1948—The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate mortgaged this property to Walker Bank & Trust Co. for \$80,000 in order to build a grocery store building for Ralph Gygi to open a new O. P. Skaggs grocery store in Provo.

May 3, 1950—A right-of-way was granted by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to the partnership owners of 230 West Center Street property (A. N. Taylor Trust Estate & C. D. Taylor) for a Second West access to this property.

Dec. 12, 1950—Walker Bank released their mortgage.

Dec. 8, 1950—To obtain an Equitable Life Assurance Society mortgage on this property and others, an assignment of the lease with Ralph Gygi, dated March 1, 1949 of ten years, was given.

A mortgage from the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was made to the Equitable Life covering the property at 225-245 West First North and 39-55 North on Second West, together with other property for a loan of \$100,000, payable at \$740 a month for 15 years at 4% interest.

June 8, 1961—Mortgage released by Equitable Life together with lease assignment.

Apr. 27, 1961—Property mortgaged to Beneficial Life Insurance Co. for \$45,000 for 10 years at 5% interest.

June 25, 1964—Mortgage loan to Beneficial Life paid and released.

245 West First North

George Taylor's son, Jack, constructed a two stall, frame garage building in the rear of this property and began the business of repairing cars. To be near his work, he and his family moved into the house in the front part of the lot.

Even when Jack wanted to buy this property,

George still had hopes of obtaining a right-of-way to his Center Street property and agreed to sell the property subject to his retaining a right-of-way along the East line of the property.

George Taylor, Jr. and Sarah E. Taylor sold Jack Taylor this property at 245 West First North by war-

ranty deed on September 19, 1933, subject to the retention for a right-of-way for road purposes, one rod wide on the east side of the property. Also subject to the mortgage at Provo Building & Loan of \$1,500. This mortgage was paid off on August 14, 1936.

Jack's Auto Repair business, in the frame building at the rear of the lot, now reached the point where it was too small to handle his business, so he decided to build a larger brick building adjoining the house to the east.

Jack's brother, Bacle, was a salesman for sewing machines and other appliances, and convinced Jack that he should increase the size of his garage to provide a display room, at the front, for appliances, and that they go into a partnership on the building and property.

So on May 23, 1935, Jack D. Taylor and his wife, Catherine H. Taylor, made a warranty deed to Bacle D. Taylor, which provided for a one-half interest in the property. This new appliance showroom and garage was financed with a promissory note and mortgage to Dottie Bower on August 14, 1936 for \$4,800. In order to secure the loan, it was necessary to remove the provision for a right-of-way along the east line of the property and any other interest George Taylor, Jr. had acquired. George had now given up all hope of obtaining a right-of-way to his Center Street property.

A warranty deed was recorded on August 14, 1936 from George Taylor, Jr. and Sarah E. Taylor to Jack D. Taylor and Bacle D. Taylor.

With the completion of the garage and appliance showroom, Jack moved his auto repair shop from the frame building into the new brick garage building. Bacle stocked the showroom with new appliances. The little frame building in the rear was rented to the Coca Cola Co. out of Salt Lake for a Provo depot for a storage of one truck and a small supply of bottled Coca Cola from their bottling works in Salt Lake.

In the latter part of 1937, the partnership went sour, and Jack moved to California. The two apartments in the house were rented, the Coca Cola Co. moved from the frame building in the rear to the new brick garage building. The frame garage building in the rear was rented to Ralph Kitchen for auto repairing. Clarence D. Taylor, representing both par-

ties, agreed to collect the rents and pay the bills and mortgage payments.

By the latter part of 1940 there was insufficient revenue being generated to pay the taxes, the current bills, and the full mortgage payments. It had reached the point that unless additional money was available, there would be a foreclosure. So to save the property, an agreement was worked out for the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to pay the two partners their equity in the property and the Trust Estate would assume the mortgage. On December 9, 1940 a warranty deed was signed by Jack D. Taylor, Catherine H. Taylor, Bacle D. Taylor, and Ruth H. Taylor to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

The mortgage to Dottie Bower was paid off on December 19, 1940 and a new mortgage and note for \$4,500 was made to the Belmont Improvement Co. at 6% interest.

This was the first transaction engaged in by the Trustees in acquiring additional assets for the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. To this point the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate consisted of assets and liabilities inherited from Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor.

The salesman-truck driver, Frank Morgan, had increased his sales of bottled Coca Cola in the area to the point where he needed additional storage and truck space and requested that the old house be torn down and a new building be built for his company.

During the winter of 1941-42, a large, new brick building, with high overhead doors on the front and rear, was erected. A long term lease was made with the Coca Cola Co. of Utah for this building.

To finance this new building, a mortgage loan with Reed Holt, a Trust Officer with Walker Bank & Trust Co. in Salt Lake, was made for \$10,000 on December 12, 1941. It was paid off in February of 1946.

The new garage and appliance showroom of Jack and Bacle's was remodeled and leased to a Mr. Hanson of Logan, Utah, who opened the Hanson Office and Equipment Co., managed by Leonard James. When this building became the remodeled O. P. Skaggs bakery, the Office Equipment Co. was relocated in the newly constructed building at 51 North Second West, just around the corner, which had been built by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

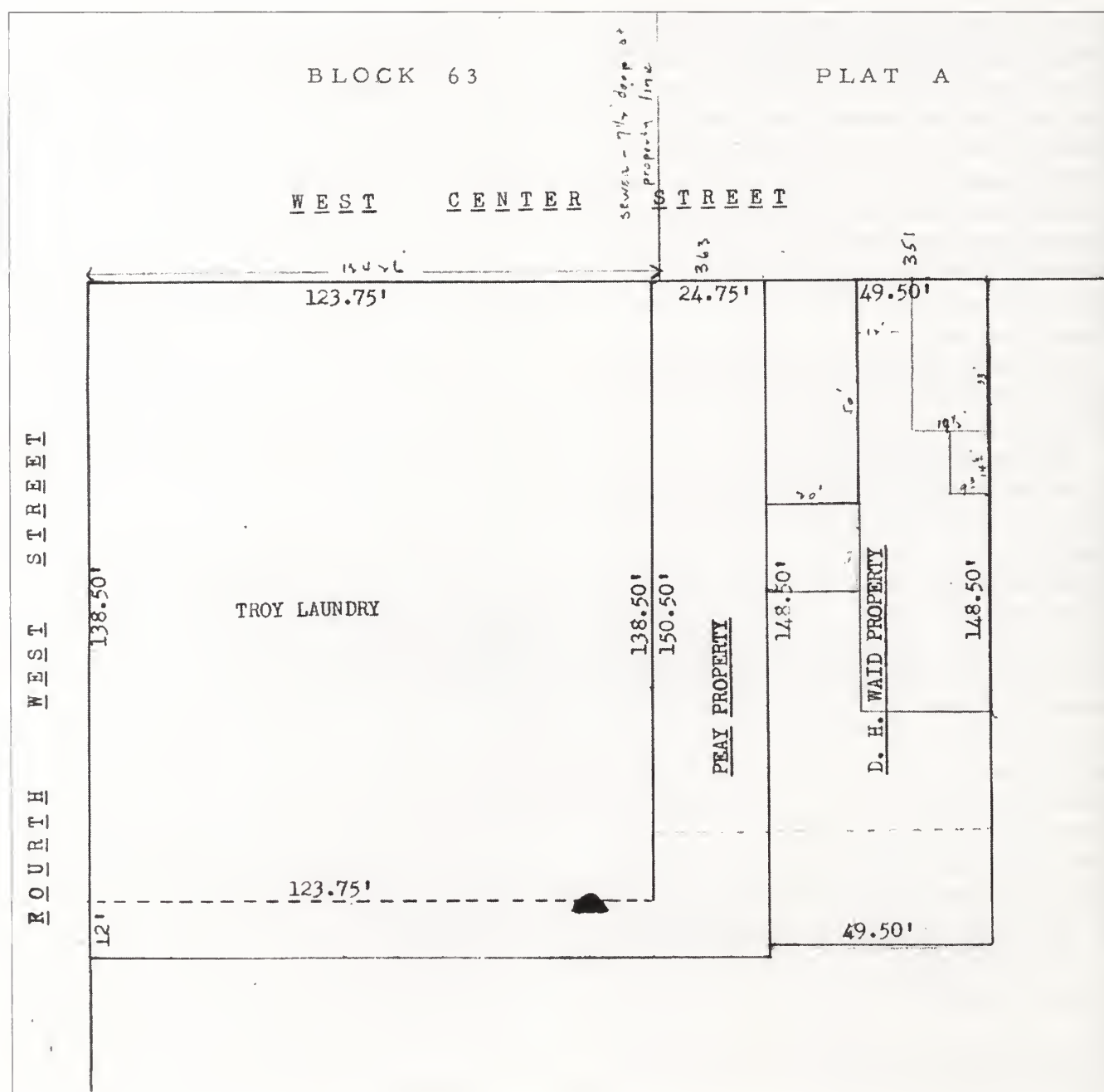
Dangerfield & Taylor Partnership

From the time they became brothers-in-law, Arthur N. Taylor and Jabez W. Dangerfield took a keen interest in the investment field. Neither had much ready cash, for Jabez was building a job printing business and Arthur was building up a furniture business. They formed a partnership in 1922 when DTR needed additional storage, and they developed Mr. Church's lot east of the store (see p. 242).

The death of Arthur in 1935 terminated the Arthur N. Taylor and Jabez W. Dangerfield part-

nership. The old ended but the new partnership of Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate and Jabez W. Dangerfield continued.

Block 63 of Provo City Survey is the block on which the Provo City Center was built. Back in 1946 and before, the Provo High School building occupied the southeast corner; the Central Jr. High School the southwest corner, with the Provo High Industrial Arts building just north of it. Just east of the undeveloped excavation on the northwest corner,



Provo City Block 63 Plat A.

was the Troy Laundry, formerly the Provo Steam Laundry which fronted on Center Street. East of the Troy Laundry was the 25 x 150 ft. property on which Ed Peay had his old blacksmith metal building with its wooden plank and dirt floor.

East of the blacksmith was a 20 x 50 ft. brick building owned by Hulen Wade who had a second-hand store. A driveway separated this brick building from a two-story, run-down, adobe house to the east where Hulen D. Wade lived alone in the rear of the house. The lot was 50 x 148 ft. with no rear right-of-way.

In May of 1946, Uncle Jabez came into the store with the news that Hulen Wade was in the hospital and that Dangerfield & Taylor should move quickly and buy his Center Street property.

Tom Woolsey of Dixon Real Estate was able to immediately close this real estate transaction on May 18, 1946 for \$20,000.

351 West Center Street

Rental property was scarce so when Shane Electric Co. offered to take the old house as is, repair it and re-wire it at their expense, and pay \$25 for 3 months, \$50 a month for 9 months, and \$100 a month for a year, a lease was made.

With the expiration of this lease, the old adobe house was razed and a permit for a new brick store building was secured by Boardman and Prothero, contractors, on May 11, 1948. A party wall agreement was made with Parley L Larsen.

Premier Sales Co. (a war surplus store) was the first tenant with a 2 yr. lease at \$200 a month. They occupied the building until May 1963 when they built their own building and Wm. Perry opened his Perry's Bargain Center.

357 West Center Street

Evan Olsen, owner of O. K. Rubber Welders, rented and took possession of the old second-hand store building in October 1946 for \$100 a month.

Robert Keiffer bought the franchise in 1951 and signed a three-year lease for \$115 which included the old blacksmith parking slab, after the metal building had been removed.

363 West Center Street: Ed Peay Blacksmith Property

The property at 351 and 357 West Center did not have access to the right-of-way behind Troy Laundry. This blacksmith property did and became the means to provide a rear right-of-way to Fourth West for all three properties.

K. E. "Bob" Bullock had acquired this 25 x 150 ft. property and agreed to sell it for \$11,000 on Aug. 9, 1946, with a down payment of \$1,000 and the balance of \$10,000 paid by securing a bank loan on September 10, 1946.

After the old metal building was removed it was occupied by a feed store. The Provo Welding shop rented it until it was razed in May of 1950. Then it became a parking and service lot.

Jabez William Dangerfield suddenly died in the Utah Valley Hospital on September 26, 1949.

Once again the partnership terminated but a new one came into existence with Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate and J. W. Dangerfield Estate. Grace Dangerfield's husband, Curtis P. Harding, was the administrator for the Dangerfield Estate.

The original partnership of Jabez W. Dangerfield and Arthur N. Taylor was very rare, one very seldom found, and one which carried over into the second generation.

Even after the many years as partners, J. W. Dangerfield made the remark about his partner, A. N. Taylor: "Arthur N. Taylor was the best friend I had." The same could be repeated by A. N. Taylor of his partner J. W. Dangerfield.

Although of different political affiliations, this did not hinder their congeniality, nor warp their keen business judgement. They recognized each others viewpoint and interest and admired each others character.

In 1963 it was mutually agreed by the Dangerfield Family (Royden, Harold, Clifford, Grace, and the administrator, Curtis P. Harding); and members of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate that the partnership should be dissolved and an equal distribution be made of the remaining assets.

Two plans were prepared for inspection and plan #2 was best suited for the Dangerfield Family interests and the Taylor family agreed.

Plan # 1

Partner A	Market Value	Partner B	Market Value
271 West Center	\$ 72,375	Notes Receivable	44,362
285 West Center	26,130	351 West Center	43,125
	98,505	363 West Center	12,825
DTR Com. Stk.	455		55,750
DTR Prf. Stk.	3,400	DTR Prf. Stk.	2,000
		Cash	47
TOTALS	\$102,360		\$102,360
(Real Estate values—County Assessor valuation x 5 (20%))			

Plan #2 (Dangerfield selected this one)

To Taylors		To Dangerfield	
271 West Center	\$ 72,375	Notes Rec.	\$44,362
285 West Center	26,130	351 West Center	43,125
DTR Com. Stk.	455	363 West Center	12,825
DTR Prf. Stk.	5,400	Cash	4,047
TOTALS	\$104,360		\$104,360

H. D. & C. D. Taylor Co.

In April, 1934 Henry D. started a real estate and insurance business by the name of Henry D. Taylor Company. He became an agent for Hartford Insurance Co., one of the insurance companies Uncle Roy Dixon represented when Henry worked for him. When he left for the New York University Graduate School of Retailing in the fall of 1936, he asked me to become a part-time insurance agent and follow up on his insurance business, which I did as a partner.

When Henry returned from New York in 1937, we both continued as part-time insurance agents on a partnership basis.

It was in January of 1938 when Henry D. Taylor and Clarence D. Taylor agreed to purchase Uncle George Taylor's store building at 230 West Center Street as a partnership, and often referred to as the H. D. & C. D. Taylor Co.

James Nelson, a local painter and home decorator, had a modern brick home at 920 West Center Street with a two-bedroom upstairs and two one-bedroom apartments downstairs. The upstairs unit was rented to Wesley P. Lloyd, friend and Dean at BYU. One apartment downstairs was vacant. It had a Government Home Owners Loan Corporation loan and mortgage of \$2,900. Henry had a lot in

Salt Lake that he wanted to dispose of and with the low mortgage payments, we agreed on a selling price of \$4,000.

We agreed to assume the mortgage of \$2,900, pay the back taxes, and pay James Nelson \$467.12. He would receive a deed to the Salt Lake lot valued at \$600. The transaction was completed on January 23, 1939.

We painted and wall-papered the basement apartments and constructed a front room stairwell to the east apartment. Howard and Fulvia Dixon moved into the west apartment. The east apartment was immediately rented.

With the three apartments at 920 West Center Street, the one apartment and office upstairs at 230 West Center, plus the ground level store building of our ownership, we also had the three Dangerfield & Taylor store buildings, six apartments in the old "Maiben Row," the duplex of Mrs. Geo. Parker, and four units of Bacle and Jack Taylor on First North.

In 1942, the property at West Center was sold to D. R. Kuykendall who rented the upstairs unit. The selling price was \$6,300 at 6½% interest and the contract was paid off in May of 1948.

Provo Cemetery Lot Purchase

When Arthur N. Taylor died on September 10, 1935, he was the first of our immediate family to die. To provide for his interment, the family selected the Provo City Cemetery and purchased lot 173 in Block 3, which had four burial spaces.

With the death of the youngest son of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor, Orson Kenneth Taylor, the family decided that one of the spaces in lot 173 should be provided for Arthur N.'s wife and mother of the family, and that the third space should be provided for Orson Kenneth Taylor, which left the fourth space for O. Kenneth Taylor's wife.

At this time the family also decided that a

nearby lot should be purchased for the remaining brothers and sisters and their spouses.

About fifty feet east of Father's lot, the cemetery personnel were creating a new burial section by closing a pathway and providing new burial spaces in its place.

On November 15, 1940, the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate finalized the purchase of lots 87, 126, 139, and 178 in Block 3 with permanent upkeep for \$322.

This would now provide the burial spaces for Maria D. Taylor and the brothers and sisters and their spouses.

A. N. Taylor Trust Estate Stock Purchase— Life Insurance Plan

During the depression of 1930–1935, some of the DTR Co. employees had increased their holdings in their company by buying additional shares of stock. Not having the ready cash, they borrowed the money by pledging their DTR stock as security for the loan. During this time of very low wages and hard times, some could not meet their obligation and had to forfeit their stock.

DTR Co. stock became owned by more of the outside public. One of the trusted office employees, who was also a department manager, had acquired a substantial block of stock. After the death of Arthur N. Taylor on September 10, 1935, she became embittered and threatened a law suit because her employment was terminated with the reorganization of the Officers. "Madam Queen" claimed she had an oral agreement with Arthur N. Taylor, as President of the Company, that he would see that she would receive par value for her stock. I, and the other Trustees of his Estate, refuted this claim and price.

Rather than get into a lengthy court battle, the Trustees decided to honor and respect the Arthur N. Taylor good name and they would not allow his name to be dragged thru the courts, so they paid the price demanded and received the stock.

On September 27, 1943, the following Trustors

of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate entered into an agreement for the mutual protection of the above Trustors to enable the family of a deceased Trustor to realize and receive the capital value of their Dixon Taylor Russell Company stock, promptly and safely at their death, by the spouse receiving cash through life insurance benefits: Maria D. Taylor, Arthur D. Taylor, Lynn D. Taylor, Elton L. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Alice T. Nelson, Clarence D. Taylor, Ruth T. Kartchner, and Ethelyn P. Taylor.

Equitable Life Assurance policies in the amount of \$10,000 were issued to Arthur D. Taylor, Lynn D. Taylor, Elton L. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, and Clarence D. Taylor. Life Insurance policies in the amount of \$1,000 were also issued to Alice T. Nelson, Ruth T. Kartchner, and Ethelyn Peterson Taylor. All premiums to the eight policies were to be paid for by the Estate.

The purpose and advantage of this Estate Life Insurance—Stock Purchase program:

1. Keep control of DTR Co. stock in the family.
2. Provide a market for DTR Co. stock at par value, with the surviving spouse receiving cash through life insurance benefits.

Life Insurance:

1. Premiums paid by the Estate.
2. Policy deposited with the Estate.
3. Spouse or family designated as beneficiary.
4. Additional insurance beyond stock holdings carried to provide for any new stock purchases.

DTR Co. Stock:

1. Stock remains registered in name of individual.
2. Individual entitled to dividends paid during lifetime.
3. Voting rights retained by individual.
4. Stock to be endorsed and delivered to Estate.

In 1947 the number of shares of DTR Co. common stock, the values, and the life insurance premiums on each and paid by the Estate were:

Owner	Par No. Shares	Annual Value	Premium
Arthur D. Taylor	100	\$10,000	\$ 445.70
Lynn D. Taylor	79	7,900	407.49
Elton L. Taylor	69	6,900	375.84
Henry D. Taylor	100	10,000	428.06
Alice T. Nelson	5	500	29.90
Clarence D. Taylor	13	1,300	289.80
Ethelyn P. Taylor	1	100	23.74
Ruth T. Kartchner	4	400	22.56
Totals	371	37,100	\$2,023.09
Estate	987		

In 1964 with DTR Co. being liquidated, the picture of the stock holdings had changed. It was no longer necessary for the family to keep control of stock. Tax-wise it could be advantageous for the individual to have the stock. Some of the families had included the life insurance in their estate planning.

There had been \$45,227.29 paid to Equitable Life Assurance by the Estate in premiums, for a total insurance coverage of \$53,000. Total cash value amounted to \$38,127.64.

By the individual keeping the life insurance policy rather than cashing it in at cash value, they retain a higher paid up value and will continue to participate in the yearly dividends.

So in December of 1965 it was unanimously decided to transfer the stock back to the individual and each could purchase the life insurance policy by determining the cash value of the total policies and dividing it 8 ways, to give the amount each would be entitled to take credit for. If that amount exceeded the cost of purchasing the insurance policy, then a check would be issued for the difference.

This was the case with the girls. Where the credit amount did not equal the price placed on the insurance policy, then the difference was to be paid to the Estate. By dividing the total cash value of all insurance policies eight ways, whose premium had been paid by the Estate, and all "share and share alike," has been the policy by the Estate from the beginning.

The following chart shows the division and termination of the Stock Purchase—Life Insurance Program:

	Cash Value Policies	1/8 of Cash Value	Balance Owing or Paid
Arthur D. Taylor	8,422.04	4,765.96	3,656.08
Lynn D. Taylor	7,724.90	4,765.96	2,958.94
Elton L. Taylor	7,329.61	4,765.96	2,563.65
Henry D. Taylor	7,220.36	4,765.96	2,454.40
Alice T. Nelson	647.61	4,765.96	(4,118.34) Pd.
Clarence D. Taylor	5,722.74	4,765.96	956.79
Ethelyn P. Taylor	542.12	4,765.96	(4,223.83) Pd.
Ruth T. Kartchner	518.26	4,765.96	(4,247.69) Pd.
Totals	38,127.64	38,127.64	12,589.86 (12,589.86)

On December 30, 1965, a check in the amount of \$4,118.34 was issued to Alice. A check in the amount of \$4,223.83 was issued to Ethelyn P. Taylor. Ruth received a check in the amount of \$4,247.69. All three also received a \$1,000 paid-up life insurance policy.

The Estate received the following payments for their \$10,000 Equitable Life Assurance Policy: Arthur D. \$3,656.08; Lynn D. \$2,958.90; Elton L. \$2,563.65; Henry D. \$2,454.40; Clarence D. \$951.79. Hereafter all insurance premiums were to be paid by the individuals. DTR stock was returned to their owners.

As an illustration, this is how the plan worked for me:

In October 1943, I endorsed 13 shares of DTR common stock and delivered it to the Estate for safe keeping in their bank deposit box. I took a physical examination which was approved and I received an Equitable Life Assurance Society policy #12,034,876 designating my family estate as beneficiary, and delivered it to the Trust Estate for keeping in their safety deposit box with the stock. In the meantime, if I had died, a claim would be made to the insurance company who would then deliver a \$10,000 check to the Trust Estate, who would then deliver \$1,300 to my family estate and keep the balance. Thereby my family estate would receive the par value of the stock and the Trust Estate would have control of the stock.

On December 30, 1965, I paid the Trust Estate \$956.79 and received the \$10,000 insurance policy and the 13 shares of DTR stock. I began paying the annual premium payment of \$289.80 until about 1978 when the annual dividend was more than the annual premium and was issued a check for \$6.09 for the difference. Each year my dividend payment increases over the annual premium.

**Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate
DTR Liquidation of Common Stock Payments**

1965	987 Shares of Common Stock		\$ 98,700
		Amount	
Dec. 30	\$25.00 per share—partial	\$24,675	\$74,025
1966			
Dec. 10	\$30.00 per share—partial	29,610	44,415
1967			
Dec. 10	\$12.00 per share—partial	11,844	32,571
1968			
Dec. 10	\$3.00 per share—partial	2,961	29,610
1969			
Oct. 15	\$4.00 per share—partial	3,948	
	Loss		25,662
	\$74.00 per share—total	\$73,038	

**Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate
Distribution to a Single Beneficiary**

All 8 beneficiaries share and share alike, the following is the distribution for just one beneficiary:

Date	Check	DTR Credit
1-30-1939		150.00
12-30-1939		200.00
3-13-1940	250.00	
2-17-1941		225.00
2-7-1942		250.00
12-22-1942		250.00
9-14-1943		250.00
9-22-1944		250.00
12-26-1945		250.00
12-13-1946		250.00
12-15-1947		400.00
1-23-1948	1,000.00	
1-25-1949		600.00
2-19-1951		350.00
3-12-1951	4 mo. @ 75	825.00
12-12-1951		200.00
12-27-1952		145.00
1952	12 mo. @ 75	900.00
1953	12 mo. @ 75	900.00
12-14-1953		185.00
1954	12 mo. @ 75	900.00
1-29-1954		750.00
1955	12 mo. @ 75	900.00
3-16-1955		300.00

1956	12 mo. @ 75	900.00	
2-18-1956			750.00
1957	12 mo. @ 75	900.00	
2-15-1957			700.00
1-15-1958		37.50	
1-20-1958			150.00
10-10-1959			200.00
12-22-1960			200.00
12-14-1961			100.00
12-29-1962			90.00
12-31-1962			65.00
12-31-1965		4,000.00	
12-31-1966		4,300.00	
12-31-1967		2,500.00	
12-18-1968		1,000.00	
1-20-1969		1,000.00	
11-6-1969		1,500.00	
12-1-1970		2,000.00	
12-31-1971		1,500.00	
12-31-1972		3,000.00	
12-31-1973		3,300.00	
12-31-1974		3,000.00	
12-31-1976		3,000.00	
12-31-1977		4,375.00	
1-4-1978		1,650.00	
12-5-1978		5,000.00	
7-10-1979		11,000.00	
3-31-1980		9,000.00	
12-23-1980		9,700.00	
12-22-1981		21,000.00	
11-1-1982		13,500.00	
12-23-83		6,500.00	
1984		25,000.00	
1985		9,500.00	
1986		8,000.00	
1987		4,200.00	
1988		3,500.00	
1989		4,600.00	
1990		2,000.00	
1991		1,675.00	

177,812.50	Total cash (checks)
7,185.00	DTR account credit
<u>6,000.00</u>	Hill lot sales App.
\$190,997.50	Total

August 12, 1992

The only property asset left in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate is the property on 2nd West, between Center Street and First North, described as 27-35-39-45-51-55 and 63 North 200 West Street, Provo, Utah. It also includes the hard surfaced parking lot in the rear.

We have a \$100,000.00 savings certificate, which for many years has been designated only to be used as a fund in case of emergency to finance the remodeling, razing or replacing the present buildings.

We also have another savings account which varies in amount from time to time. Our checking account accumulates the rents and interest, pays the bills and then in December of each year, we distrib-

ute equally the balance to the eight beneficiaries.

Until you look back at what has been accomplished and made for a happier, more beneficial, influential, educated, financial, close family life, it is amazing how much the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate has contributed to each family member.

Financially each of the eight trustors have received the following from the period 1935 to and including 1991, a total of 53 years:

Cash (checks)	\$177,812.50
DTR credit	7,185.00
Hill Lot sales app.	6,000.00
Total	\$190,997.50

With the sale of the Estate's real estate on Second West Street on September 30, 1994, final distribution was made to each of the eight beneficiaries in the amount of \$61,526.63. This made a total of \$252,524.13 to each of the eight beneficiaries having been distributed from the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate from 1935 to December 31, 1994.

McClellan Home Investment

When Aunt Hattie McClellan's house at 155 North 200 West required a new roof in September 1944, her brothers realized there would annually be repairs, taxes, insurance and other expenses on the house, so a plan was presented for such future expenses.

An investment plan was created, whereby each of the boys would contribute \$1,000 to the fund to take care of immediate expenses and then future expenses would be shared equally.

Uncle Tom desired to take care of personal expenses as they occurred. He did not participate in the Investment Program, but paid for personal expenses as needed..

Walter, Ashted, and Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate each contributed \$1,000 on September 25, 1944. The house was immediately re-roofed and the back porch remodeled.

Each year until August 16, 1966, the investment fund paid for the upkeep of the building, such as taxes, insurance, repairs and miscellaneous expenses.

Other expenses such as doctor, nurses, hospital, burial and other incurred expense, in behalf of Aunt Hattie, were equally shared by the three brothers,

Walter, Ashted, and Arthur's Estate.

Arthur N. Taylor died September 10, 1935
George T. Taylor (Jr) died December 14, 1941
Thomas N. Taylor died October 24, 1950
Harriet T. McClellan died May 29, 1958
Walter G. Taylor died March 18, 1959
Ashted Taylor died September 15, 1967

After Aunt Hattie's death on May 29, 1958, the house was rented for 26 months to William Royland, who had lived with Aunt Hattie for several years.

Leo Taylor's daughter, Kathryn Matson, rented the house for about 3 years, after which the Claytons lived in the house for about a year until it was sold to Leo Taylor for \$5,000 on August 16, 1966.

The net balance of the Investment fund, after expenses, was paid by check to:

John W. Taylor (Uncle Walter's son)	\$1,953.57
Leo A. Taylor (Uncle Ashted's son)	1,953.57
Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate	1,953.57

- AUTHORIZATION TO SELL PROPERTY -

We hereby authorize and empower Henry D. Taylor, who is Trustee on Hattie C. McClellan property at 155 North 4th West, Provo, Utah, to sell and transfer title on this property to Leo A. Taylor and DeVeda H. Taylor, his wife. The selling price if \$5,000.00.

Dated this 5th day of August, A. D. 1966.

ARTHUR N. TAYLOR TRUST ESTATE

By

Arthur D. Taylor
Arthur D. Taylor

Lynn D. Taylor
Lynn D. Taylor

Elton L. Taylor
Elton L. Taylor

Henry D. Taylor
Henry D. Taylor

Clarence D. Taylor
Clarence D. Taylor

Trustees of Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate

George H. Taylor
George H. Taylor

John Wesley Taylor
John Wesley Taylor

(Successors to Walter G. Taylor's interest)

Leo A. Taylor
Leo A. Taylor

(Successor to Ashted Taylor's interest)

Authorization to sell McClellan property.

O. P. Skaggs Grocery Store

In the early spring of 1948, Elmer "Tug" Jacobsen came soliciting an exclusive listing for obtaining a tenant for the Lewis Corner property on First North and Second West. He had a client interested in bringing a new business to Provo, including building a new building. The two story, plastered adobe house was being rented to Ted Johnson for \$20 a month. Elmer was given the listing.

Elmer brought Ralph Gygi of Salt Lake, who had the franchise for the Provo area with the O. P. Skaggs Food Stores, in to discuss the building of a new grocery store building on the Lewis Corner. Ralph Gygi was a knowledgeable and friendly store operator, having previous experience with the Skaggs Safeway Stores.

A lease agreement was arrived at, whereby the Arthur N. Taylor Estate would build a 100 x 100 ft. building, including a parking lot east of the building for Ralph Gygi as operator of an O. P. Skaggs Grocery Store. This would be a ten-year lease with a basic rental and a percentage of sales. This proved to be a very profitable lease and the rents on the building paid off the mortgage in less than the ten years.

Plans and specifications for the building were drawn up by Lynn and Fred Markham. The old pioneer house was razed and Ruel Davis was hired as the construction builder. The little building occupied by the Hanson Office Equipment would be remodeled as a bakery and become a part of the O. P. Skaggs Store.

To finance the construction of this building a promissory note and mortgage of \$80,000 dated July 6, 1948, was made. By the early spring of 1949, the building was completed, new store fixtures installed, and the grand opening held.

Ralph Gygi was a smart and successful operator and built up a very successful business. He outgrew the parking lot on the east of the building, requiring additional parking space south of the building, as well as renting Uncle John Taylor's garden corner across the street north, for additional parking.

After the first ten-year lease was up, the O. P. Skaggs store moved the bakery department to the building next door west (the Coca Cola Building) and completely remodeled and rearranged the main store building.

Ralph Gygi's success attracted the attention of

the O. P. Skaggs System and they appointed him manager of the O. P. Skaggs System, which forced him to move to the Salt Lake main office. He assigned his lease to the Provo Store to two of his competent employees, Jay Dallin and Donald Evans.

For the past few years, business had been so good that Uncle John T. Taylor's corner garden site across the street had been rented for car parking. This was a little inconvenient, so in order to provide more convenient parking space, Jay Dallin and Donald Evans entered into a contract for the purchase of the house and land adjoining the O. P. Skaggs business. Tearing down the house and asphaltting the land would then provide the necessary parking space they needed.

An assignment was made on April 23, 1957 for the purchase of this property from Ora Baum Nielson to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. The O. P. Skaggs store would then pay an increased monthly rent.

In August 1969, the Provo O. P. Skaggs store was closed. The bakery fixtures in the west part of the building were purchased by the Village Bakery who continued to operate as a separate bakery.

The main grocery store building, 225 West First North, was rented to Carlyle Clothing Mfg. Co. for several months, until July 7, 1978, when it was sold on a contract of sale to Rollo J. Anderson and Mark Eddington.

This contract of sale was assigned to the Salt Lake Desk on October 21, 1978, who remodeled the interior of the building and called their new store Interior Design Office Equipment. The Salt Lake Desk partnership of Conrad G. Maxfield and Richard F. Gaykowski broke up February 5, 1982 and the Provo store was closed. Maxfield took the merchandise, Gaykowski took the property, which included the assignment on the Provo store building. Gaykowski then created the Corporate Design Co., an office furniture store, which he operated for about two years. Gaykowski had financial problems with the Brighton Bank of Salt Lake, but eventually, on March 2, 1984, was able to sell the Provo property to Golder I, a development partnership of Midvale, Utah. After receiving a check from the Associated Title Co. for the balance plus interest due on the contract, a warranty deed from the Trustees of the

Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was delivered.

The Golder I partnership immediately remodeled the outside as well as the inside, making three

distinct spaces for rent. E. F. Hutton, brokers occupied the east unit. Toshiba sales, the middle unit, and the Utah State Social Services, the west unit.

63 North Second West—D. Spencer Clark House

This had been the home of D. Spencer Clark, his wife Ruby Halliday Clark, and daughter Faye, next door to Spencer's mother, Francis Clark Knight, before they built two identical houses on Fifth West.

D. Spencer sold his property to John Baum at the time he moved. John Baum lived in the house until his death when his daughter, Ora B. Nielson, living in St. Anthony, Idaho, inherited it. It was then the only house lived in for the entire square block.

O. P Skaggs Grocery, on the corner, had changed the Lessee from Ralph Gygi to Jay Dallin and Donald Evans, a partnership. Ralph Gygi had worked out an arrangement with Uncle John T. Taylor for rental of his corner garden spot and pasture just north across First North Street, to provide additional parking space for his customers.

Jay Dallin and Donald Evans wanted more convenient and closer parking space so they contacted the John Baum Estate as a prospect for the purchase of their property. The contact proved fruitful, and a contract of sale for \$20,000, 4½ % interest, \$65 payment per month with a \$1,000 down payment was made.

The contract of sale was assigned to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate on April 26, 1957, who then proceeded to raze the house and level and hard surface all of the property in the rear of our Second West property, thus making a large convenient parking lot for the property on First North as well as on Second West.

The right-of-way which had been directly in the rear of the Skaggs building was now moved about twenty-five feet to the south.

Payments were made to John Baum's daughter, Ora B. Nielson at St. Anthony, Idaho until September, 1964 when final payment was made to her and she signed and delivered a deed to the property.

By 1994 the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, owned only the property at #27, 35, 45, 51, 53, and

55 North on 200 West, which included the large parking lot in the rear.

At this time there had been rumors of a Provo City Convention Center to be built on the corner of First North and Second West, just north of the Provo Park Hotel and west of the Courts Building.

Our estate property was located one-half block south and on the west side of 200 West Street. Real estate agents began scouting the neighborhood for listings in this area.

As far back as September 1988, our estate had been interested in selling our Second West property and closing out the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. At this time we even offered it at a sacrifice price of \$200,000 to the logical prospective buyer, The Golden Partners, owners of the property on the corner, which is adjacent. Milt Shipp, one of the partners was not interested.

In August 1994 we had a couple of inquiries as to the sale of the property.

On August 29, 1994, Brad Sears, a real estate agent, made an appointment to meet the next day to talk about our property on Second West. The next day he presented a real estate contract for the purchase of our property in the amount of \$350,000, with a down payment of \$5,000, and the balance at the time of closing. This was just the right kind of a deal the three survivors were looking for.

The contract was made to the buyer, Bradbury Ltd, or Assignee. The deed of September 30, 1994, was made to Place Bonaventure, LC.

Later we were told this buyer was William M. Bancroft.

Now we could close out the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate by distributing the accumulated cash in the bank checking account as of December 1, 1994. Two checks were issued to each of the following beneficiaries:

Arthur N. Taylor Estate	October 3, 1994	December 1, 1994	Total
Lynn D. Taylor Estate	\$41,000.00	\$20,526.63	\$61,526.63
Elton L. Taylor Estate	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63
Henry D. Taylor Estate	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63
Alice T. Nelson	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63
Clarence D. Taylor	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63
Ethelyn P. Taylor	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63
Ruth T. Kartchner	41,000.00	20,526.63	61,526.63

Real Estate in Block 64 Provo, Utah

The property acquired and owned by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate by 1964 in Block 64, Provo City, bounded by Center Street—Third West—First South—Second West. It consisted of more than one-fourth of the west part of the block. One hundred forty-three feet fronted on Center Street, a full 400 feet (a full block) fronted on Third West, and 155 feet fronted on First South. Most of it was occupied by Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

Identification of previous owners and dates:

1. 295 West Center Street. 68 x 125 ft. vacant lot. Thomas N. Taylor, president of Taylor Bros. Co. was the owner in 1920.

On April 5, 1921, Arthur N. Taylor submitted a written proposition to his brother Thomas N. Taylor, as follows: "I will transfer my 50 shares of Taylor Bros. Co. stock and my share in the Taylor Investment Co. for \$50,000; 68 ft. of ground on the south side of Center Street, south of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, and the Dodge car." The proposition was accepted.

A new 2½ story brick building was constructed on the corner property for Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

The property plus the mortgage of

\$25,000 was included in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreement of October 5, 1937, which led to the creation of the Trust Estate.

The 25 ft. right of way on the south end of this property provided access to the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co. and Electa S. Dixon buildings.

2. 265–271 West Center Street. 55.5 x 125 ft. church lot, owned by John D. Dixon, who sold it to Arthur N. Taylor and J. W. Dangerfield on October 1, 1922 for \$11,000, subject to a mortgage of \$4,500 with James Eldredge. The net price of \$6,600 was paid by Farmers & Merchants Bank stock. Sixteen shares by J. W. Dangerfield and 17 shares by Arthur N. Taylor.

A full basement and one-story brick building were constructed. The basement became a warehouse for DTR Co. The street level was divided into three rental units

3. 285 West Center Street. 19.5 x 125 ft. two-story brick building, purchased on December 31, 1925 from E. A. Menlove, subject to a \$7,000 mortgage.

An undivided one-half interest for items 2 and 3 property was included in the Arthur N. Taylor agree-

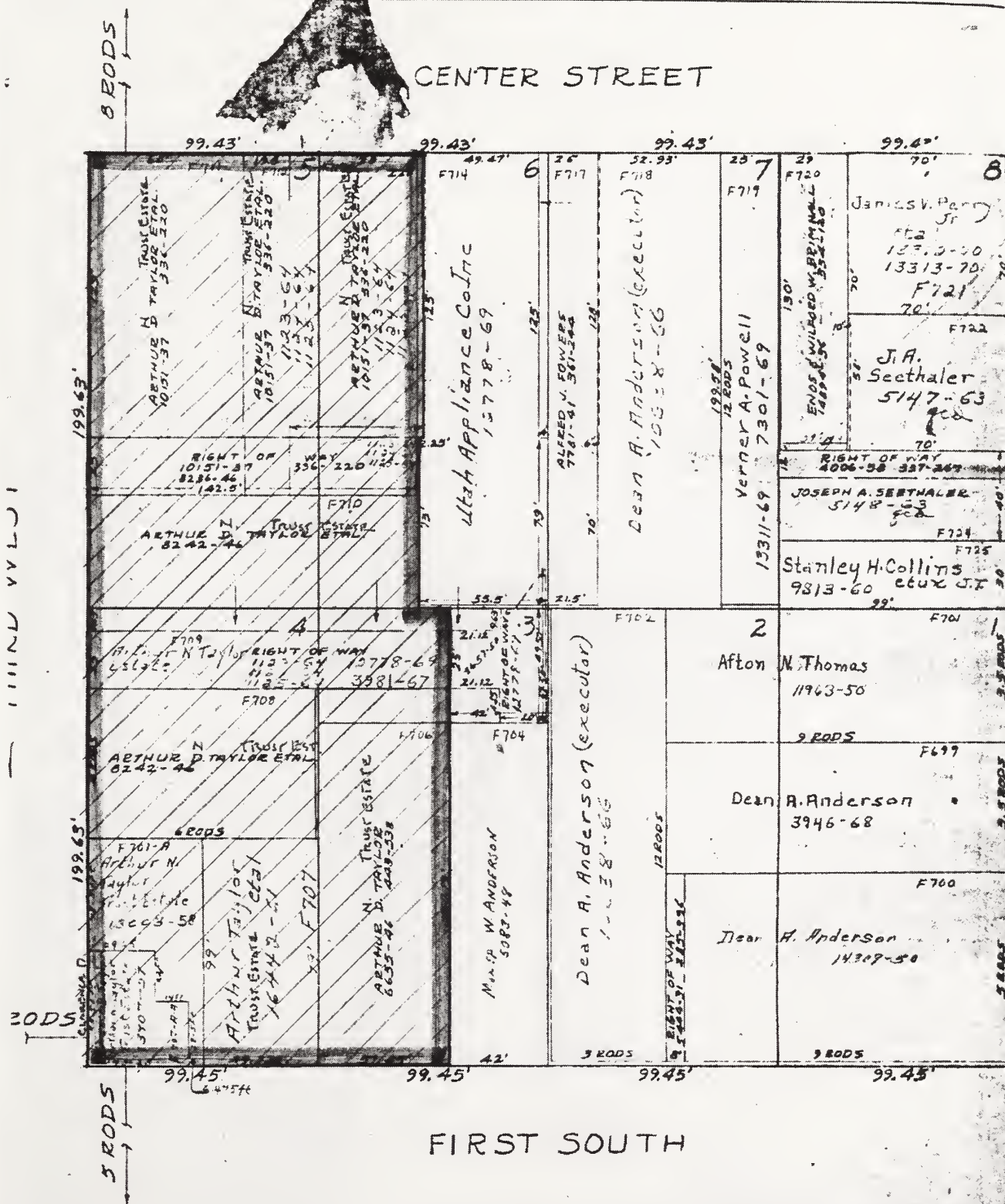


265 - 295 West Center.

Block '64 PLAT "A" PROVO CITY

EXHIBIT "A" BLOCK 64

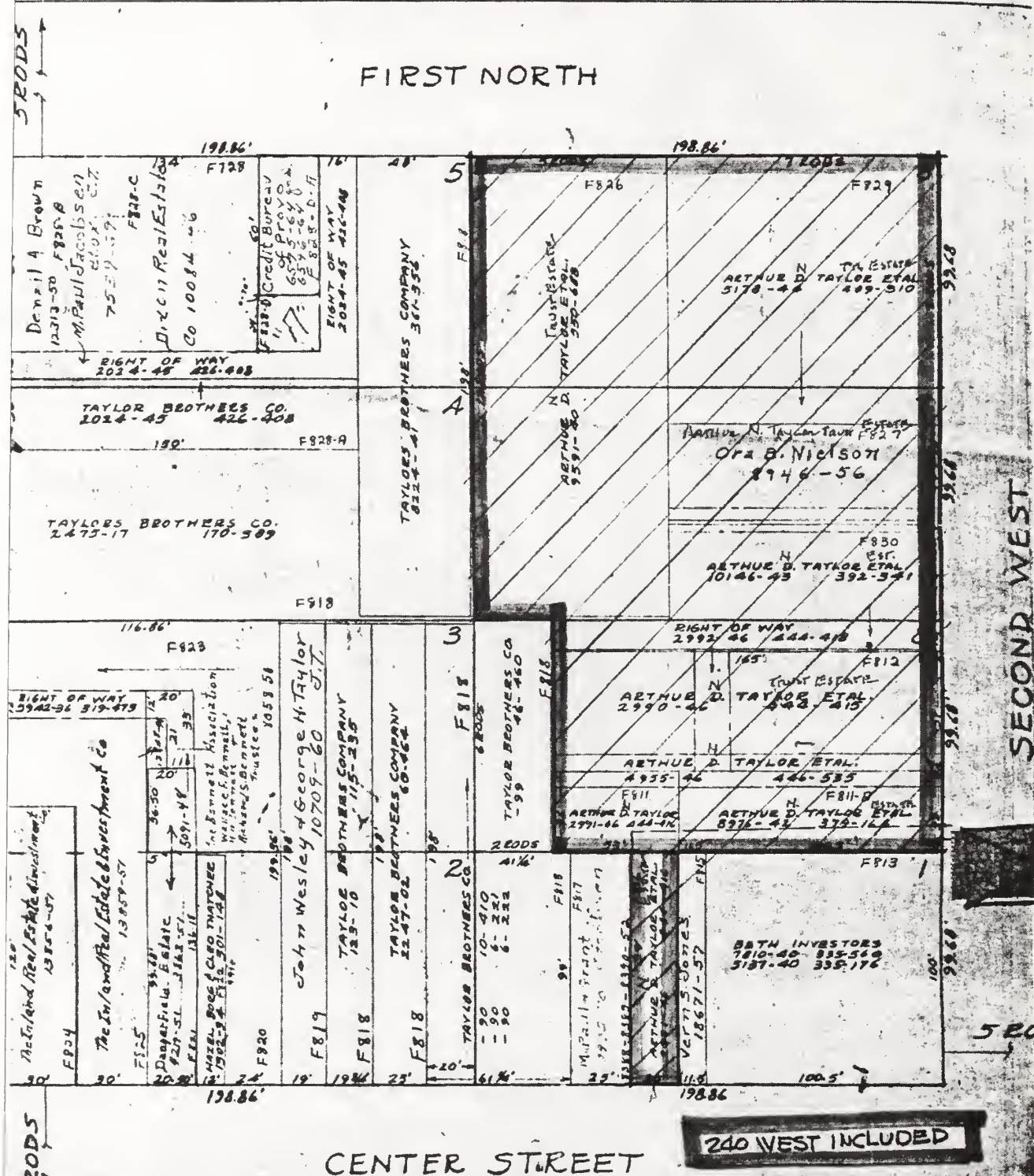
CENTER STREET



40 Feet To An Inch

69 PLAT "A" PROVO CITY BLOCK 69 PLAT
EXHIBIT "B"

FIRST NORTH



Feet To An Inch

ment of October 5, 1937.

An undivided one-half interest of J. W. Dangerfield Estate was deeded to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate when the Dangerfield & Taylor partnership was dissolved and distributed in December 1963.

4. 45 South Third West Street. 48 x 144 ft. lot with a metal building. Sold to DTR Co. by Lottie F. Eldred on January 11, 1927.

5. 47 South Third West Street. 34.63 x 99.43 ft. purchased by DTR Co from the Startups. A 25 ft. right of way of part of this property was created to substitute for the right of way in item #1, which was closed.

6. 69 South Third West Street. 66 x 99 ft. lot with the old original Startup Candy building on it. Sold to DTR Co. by John Andrew Monson on August 21, 1937.

7. 85 South Third West Street. 48.5 x 49.725 ft. lot. Sold to Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate by Elbert H. Startup and Maurine Startup on January 12, 1955.

8. 93 South Third West Street. 50 x 50 ft. lot with a store building. Originally built by Elbert H. Startup. Sold to Clarence D. Taylor and Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate for \$15,000 by Afton Payne subject to a mortgage with State Bank of Provo.

9. 280 West First South Street. 45.5 x 99 ft. lot with a brick dwelling. Sold to Arthur N. Taylor Trust

Estate by H. W. and Martha A. Startup on July 1, 1954.

10. 272 West First South Street. 57 x 99 ft. lot. The old adobe house was demolished. Sold by Lillian A. Brown in April 18, 1946 to Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

Items #4 (45 S. 300 W.), #5 (47 S. 300 W.), and #6 (69 S. 300 W.) all in the name of DTR Co. were traded and deeded to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate for the property in Springville leased by DTR Co. on June 30, 1946. This Springville property was originally owned by H. T. Reynolds and Rebecca T. Reynolds who sold it on contract to Maria D. Taylor and which was included in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

Items #4, #5, and part of #6 sold to Croft M. Workman on January 24, 1981.

Items #2, #3, and #10, sold by Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to Rollo J. Anderson, dba Utah Appliance & Furniture on November 7, 1978.

Part of items #6, #7, and #9 sold by Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to Robert E. Peay and Donald C. Dean on December 21, 1977.

Item #8, owned by the partnership, Clarence D. Taylor, and Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, was sold to Robert E. Peay and Donald C. Dean on December 21, 1977.

Sale of 256 North Fifth West

LOT 4, BLOCK 93, Provo City Survey was divided through the center by about a 20 ft. wide lane, with the entrance on 5th West, leading to a large brick barn at the rear of the lot. Grandma Sarah D. Dixon's home was on the north side, owned by Arthur Dixon Taylor; and the house on the south was the home of Arthur and Maria D. Taylor, owned by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

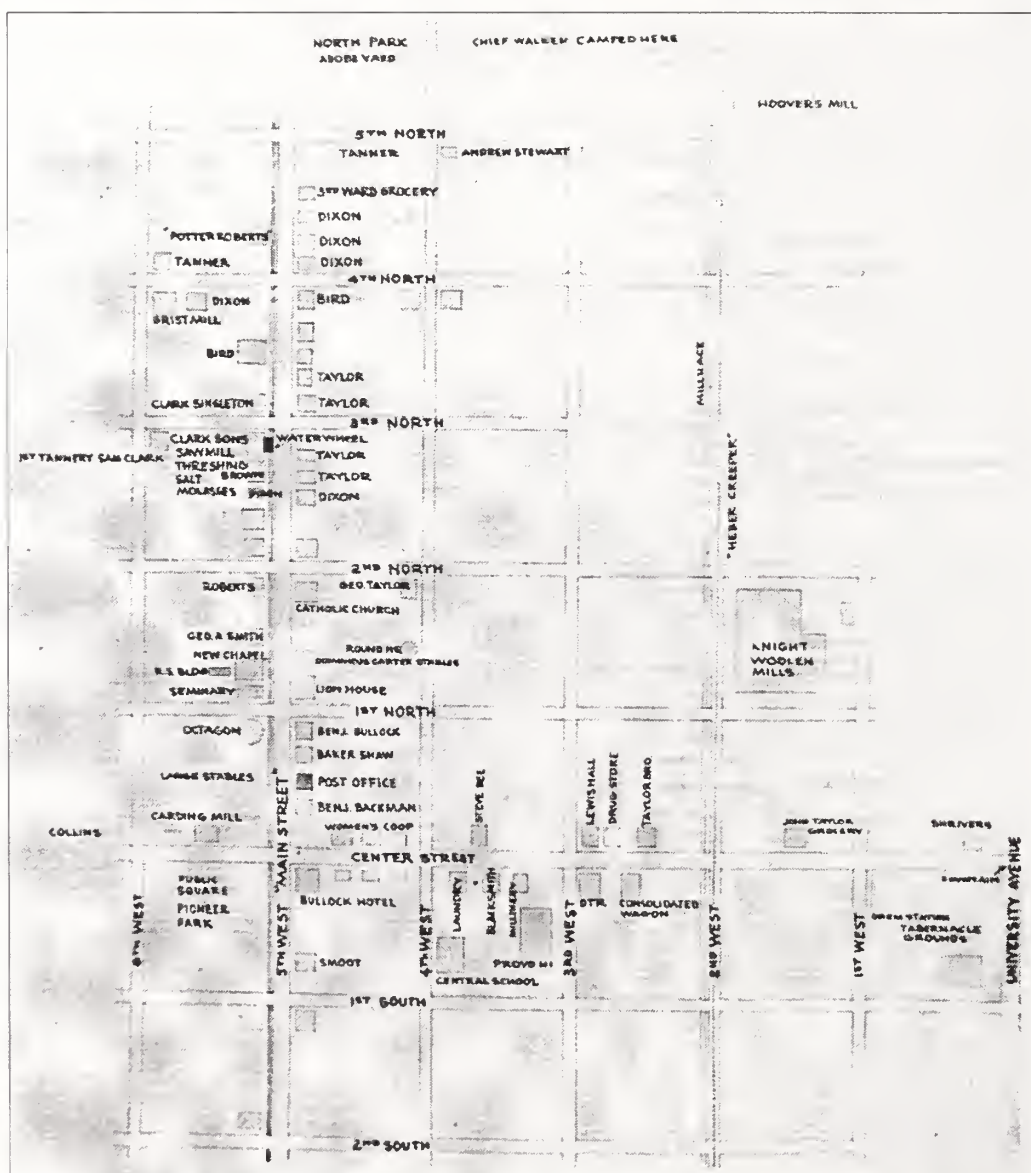
A joint driveway has its advantages and disadvantages. So in June 1954 a sales contract for the 256 North 5th West house was made to Arthur D. Taylor, owner of the north house, by the Arthur N.

Taylor Trust Estate. Then one owner had control of the joint lane.

Arthur D.'s daughter Elayne and husband lived in the south house until they built their new house on Elm Ave. Then Nancy, second daughter of Arthur D., and her husband Keith lived there. And in a contract of sale was assigned to G. Keith and Nancy Taylor Stewart for about \$12,000. They lived there until they built their home on Oakcrest Lane. This contract of sale was paid in full on July 15, 1961 and a deed delivered to them.



Taylor family home located at 256 North Fifth West in Provo where all the children were born with the exception of Arthur D.



Map of Fifth West.

Utah Idaho Sugar Co. Stock Sale

In April of 1934, 89 shares of stock, certificate #32908 in the name of Arthur N. Taylor and 5 shares of Utah Idaho Sugar Co. stock #32059 were transferred into one certificate #C24339 for 94 shares of stock which later was transferred to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. The 94 shares were valued at \$282.

On March 26, 1968, these 94 shares of stock of Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate, certificate #24339,

and the 8 shares of Henry D. Taylor's certificate #1031051, were sold to Clarence D. Taylor at the market price of \$14 per share. These 102 shares of stock were transferred by U & I to a new certificate #2968 in the name of Clarence D. Taylor

In 1984, U & I called in their common stock, offering a price of \$14.50 per share. My check amounted to \$1,479.

Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate

The creation of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate occurred after the death of Arthur Nicholls Taylor (September 10, 1935) when an agreement was drawn up between the widow, Maria Dixon Taylor, and the children on October 5, 1937: Arthur Dixon Taylor, Lynn Dixon Taylor, Elton LeRoy Taylor, Henry Dixon Taylor, Alice Taylor Nelson, Clarence Dixon Taylor, Orson Kenneth Taylor, Ruth Elaine Taylor. The above named grantors, who inherited the assets and mortgages of the deceased, desired to keep the property intact in undivided shares and be managed as a whole by designated trustees. The six boys were designated as trustees.

The first obligation of the Trustees was to provide whatever sums of money necessary to provide support and maintain their mother, Maria Dixon Taylor, in the station of life to which she was accustomed.

Some of the many other terms and conditions were:

The Trustees were obligated to pay all indebtedness and were granted the power to add to and acquire additional assets and obligations as long as the principal of the assets were not jeopardized.

All distributions to the Grantors were to be shared and shared alike.

The interest of the Grantors or their heirs shall not vest in them until so declared or distributed to them by the Trustees.

No compensation for personal services, other

than expenses entailed in rendering the services, were to be paid to the Trustees.

The duration for this Trust Agreement was for nine lives.

This agreement was signed by all the Grantors and Trustees on October 5, 1937.

The appraised value of the property distributed by the Court to the administrators of the Estate of Arthur N. Taylor, deceased, amounted to \$26,678.65, consisting of the listed inventory:

The Riddle lot—247 No. 5th West.

DTR Building—295 West Center—Mortgaged \$31,000.00.

½ Int.—Menlove Bldg.—285 West Center. Mortgaged.

½ Int.—Eldridge Bldg.—275 West Center. Mortgaged.

Lake property at mouth of Provo River—Sale contract.

23 shares Taylor Bros. Stock.

147 shares Dixon Taylor Russell Stock.

Cash—\$623.64.

Total—\$26,678.65

In 1925, the family of Arthur N. Taylor began to decrease in number instead of increasing as it had been for the past 20 years. Arthur D. was married; Lynn D. had just returned from his mission, and soon Elton and Henry would be in the mission field

which brought in focus the desirability of a smaller, more compact home. If there was to be a new home it would have to be on Fifth West, in the Third Ward, and in the same neighborhood. The vacant lot of Aunt Rene Dixon across the street was acceptable, but she would not sell. A vacant lot just south of the Dixon lot, part of the Holdaway property, had been acquired by Mary Russell Handley and she consented to the sale. It was called the Riddle lot.

This Riddle lot became the first item sold by the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate. It was sold to Inez and her husband, "Andy" Anderson, who built a nice brick home on it. It was close to their service station located on the corner of First North and Fifth West.

The first branch store of DTR Co. was opened in Springville on February 1, 1924. After a few years occupancy in the ground floor of the Anderson

Photographic Studio, which occupied the upstairs, Arthur N. Taylor negotiated for the purchase of the one story building just north and adjoining the large three story H. T. Reynolds building on Main Street and Second South. Arthur N. thought it would be a good business experience for his wife, Maria D. Taylor to become a landlord to DTR Co.

A contract of sale for the purchase of this building from H. T. and Rebecca Reynolds was finalized. Maria D. Taylor would then rent the building to Dixon Taylor Russell Co., which rent would be sufficient to pay the monthly purchase payments as well as taxes and insurance. After the term of the contract, the building would be deeded to her. In 1946 this contract of sale was traded to DTR Co. for property at 69 South Third West, Provo, and later became part of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.

Real Estate Developments

Taylor Hill Subdivision

1929

It was in the spring of 1929 that Lynn D. Taylor and Henry D. Taylor spotted a two acre tract of land located on the south bench of Rock Canyon, in the shadow of

, for their future home building site. This particular parcel of land was not suitable for farming, so the present owner, Ephraim A. Liechty, agreed to sell them the land.

On July 3, 1929, Scott P. Stewart, a civil engineer, submitted a sketch and description of the tract of land. His charge for the plat, description, and survey was \$7. Two days later, deeds to the two lots of .90 acres each were signed by the owners, Ephraim A. Liechty and his wife, Sarah E. Liechty. A mortgage in the amount of \$225 to be payable on or before three years at 6% interest per annum, was given as security for each lot.

At first Henry selected the north lot and Lynn the south lot. After the first transaction had been completed, Lynn decided the land to the south of his selected lot was more desirable, so he negotiated with the Liechty's to buy a third lot and to get his older brother Arthur D. to assume the purchase of his first selected lot. So on July 5, 1930, Lynn deeded his old lot to Arthur D. Taylor, subject to the mortgage. Ephraim A. and Sarah E. Liechty then deeded the third .90 acre lot to Lynn subject to the \$225 mortgage.

Another survey was made by Scott P. Stewart allotting .90 of an acre to each lot together with a right-of-way eastward along the south brink of the Rock Canyon Bench, connecting with the Ephraim A. Liechty roadway which serviced his home. Three shares of Rock Canyon water stock was to go with the three lots.

That first year, a few shade trees were planted on the west line of these lots so as to get a good start and provide some shade by the time their homes would be built. Only one of these trees survived.

Some of the interesting items in connection with the line of title are:

Johan Lichti received title to 160 acres of patented land from the United States Government on August 6, 1887, probably through the homestead act.

On April 3, 1899, Johan Lichti and his wife Luisa Liechty gave L. L. Nunn a right-of-way across their property for an electric power line in consideration of \$24. An X marks his signature. Prior to 1900, all the land east of the Provo River, including the now Pleasant View and Edgemont areas, to the mouth of Provo Canyon was a part of Provo City. On January 27, 1900, a court decree for disconnection from Provo City, of all land in the Pleasant View area and which extended to the mouth of Provo Canyon, was granted.

On August 31, 1911, the Courts made a distribution of property of John Liechty Estate to his children: Ephraim Liechty, Josephine Liechty Muhlestein, John Liechty, Josias H. Liechty and A. B. Liechty.

A small parcel of land in the northwest corner of the property, was sold by John Liechty to the Provo Meat and Packing Co. for a slaughter house.

Ephraim A. Liechty acquired all the property of the Liechty homestead owned by his brothers and sister.

In 1932, in the midst of the depression, Lynn and Henry were able to borrow sufficient cash, together with salvaging part of the old Provona Beach dance hall, to build each of them a frame house on their building lots.

Before commencing to build, they realized the necessity of acquiring the young peach and prune orchard to the east of their lots, as well as the proposed dugway road to the west of their lots.

8.84 acres of land, together with two shares of Rock Canyon water stock, were purchased from Ephraim A. and Sarah E. Liechty for \$800. A 6% note and mortgage was given with the understanding that Ephraim A. Liechty would farm the land and take all of the proceeds for ___ years when it would be turned over to the purchasers.

By Sept. 1, 1937, the principle and interest on Arthur D. Taylor's lot totaled \$216.74 and the joint orchard obligation amounted to \$245.63. The hard times of the depression had made it impossible for him to keep up on a regular monthly program. He made the proposition to Clarence D. that if he

would assume the present obligation on both the lot and the joint orchard contracts, he could have this property, which he did.

Mrs. Dwight Billings and her sister, Mrs. Faucett, had received two shares of Rock Canyon and Hardscrable Water stock from their family's estate and they were desirous of selling. Lynn, Henry, and Clarence paid \$95 per share to Billings, (\$101.80 of that was turned as a credit on their account at DTR Co.) and \$85 a share cash was paid to Mrs. Faucett. In order to finance this purchase, a loan was made with A. J. Fowers by giving DTR stock as security.

After Ephraim Liechty gave up taking care of the orchard, Eldon Perry took care of it for a couple of years. After that, the three owners tried their hand at fruit farming, but were never financially successful.

For years, Lynn and Henry had tried to get a party telephone line to their homes, but the telephone company always had a new excuse to offer them each time they made a request. The last excuse to come out of the Denver Regional Office was the requirement of three telephone connections on the already six party line. The local telephone office was sympathetic to the problem. They assured us that if we subscribed to three telephones, they would install them.

Father had an old open air, screened, sleeping porch at the rear of the old family home on Fifth West, which had been used by the boys of the family, even during some of the winters. We had Stan Roberts load it onto a large "cat" trailer he owned and he hauled it up to the hill property and set it down on Clarence's lot, which was in between Lynn and Henry's lots.

Although the local telephone people knew this third telephone would only be a temporary active line, they installed three telephones. This third telephone, in the old sleeping porch, could be heard all over the area, ringing out the bell numbers for the nine party telephones.

After Bonneville Development Co. started to develop their Oak Hills Subdivision, they improved the west dugway road, from the one-way, steep, wagon road to a wide, gradual road grade. Lynn, Henry, and Clarence deeded the road to the County as a public road.

At this time, about 1943, a four inch cast iron water line was installed from a small concrete reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon down to Henry and Lynn's houses. Later it was extended down to J. H. Calder's and Wes Knudsen's houses.

With my discharge from the Army on September 15, 1945, I returned to the family home at 256

North Fifth West to find the big house had been divided into three small apartments. Mother was living in the front south apartment, which had only one bedroom for her.

For the next two years, each evening I would haul out the blankets and sheets from the bedroom closet, carry them onto the studio couch in the front room, and make my bed. Each morning upon rising, I would reverse the procedure by folding up the sheets and blankets and carrying them back to the closet for storage. Even this was better than barracks life.

With the Government offering the War Veterans an opportunity to draw for a chance to buy surplus houses located at the coal mining town of Drager-ton, Carbon County, Utah, I put in my bid and was lucky to draw a two-bedroom, shingle shake house. These houses had never been lived in. They were well built with the best available materials and had been constructed according to Government specifications.

On February 28, 1946, I sent a certified check to the U.S. Treasurer for the purchase of this house, but it wasn't until July before I could get a foundation constructed and have the house mover cut the house in half and haul it to Provo in two sections.

To get the house to Provo required taking the old mail road towards Duchesne then coming up over the "parks" and down the canyon to Soldier Summit, onto the main highway to Springville and Provo. This avoided the Price Canyon Road with its road tunnels at Castle Gate and a narrow bridge at Helper, which prevented the bringing of the house in one piece down the main highway.

Lynn and Henry let me select any site in the orchard on which to dig and construct a basement foundation to set the house onto. This was the third modern house on the Hill.

Stan Roberts had one of his friends bring his bulldozer up to dig the basement foundation hole. After several tries, the operator left the job, saying the cement-like hardpan was too solid to dig out and we would have to use dynamite to dig it out. I hired a large compressor and jack hammer to drill and break out the hardpan, but that didn't work out. Finally, the old master pro, Stan Roberts, brought his bulldozer up and tipped the blade as far as it would go, then by swinging around with the bulldozer tracks, he was able to break through the hardpan with the point of the bulldozer blade.

After he got under the hardpan, he had no further problem in digging the hole for the basement.

On July 23, 1946, the house was set on the foundation, joined together, and was ready for the

rebuilding of the brick chimney. Utah Power and Light Co. set one pole to bring the power line to the house. An inch and one-half galvanized water line was installed from the four inch cast iron reservoir pipe line, south for about four hundred feet to the house. Marty Marchello dug the trench and Harold Field laid the pipe. No gas lines were in the area at that time, so an oil furnace with a five hundred gallon underground tank was installed by Max Rawlings to heat the house.

At first an oil Heatrola space heater, in the living room, was used to heat the house. An electric water heater furnished hot water.

Several nights that winter I was able to get someone to stay with my sick mother and I went up on the Hill to spend the night. After Mother's death in February 1947, I commenced moving my belongings from Fifth West to the Hill House. By May of that year I had made the transition.

As early as June 4, 1948, Lynn, Henry, and Clarence had been thinking of planning for the development of the orchard into building lots. They had Leon Frehner, a landscape architect, draw up a preliminary plan showing a road coming off from Oak Lane up around "pussy willow" bend and continuing north with a huge cul-de-sac in the center of the property and having a large planting area in the middle of the cul-de-sac. The original three .90 acre lots, plus seven additional lots, all fronted on this loop road. This basic plan was later modified to divide the three original lots into more smaller lots on the west of the road.

When Henry built his new home on Oak Lane, his first house with one of the best view lots of the whole valley, was sold to Richard L. and Jeanne Wright Gunn. With the full support, cooperation, and help of Dick and Jeanne, they now joined with Lynn, Celestia, Henry, Alta, and Clarence in developing the Taylor Hill Subdivision.

On August 7, 1957 the Provo City Planning Commission tentatively accepted the proposed Taylor Hill Subdivision. On August 19, 1957 the Provo City Corporation accepted the Plat, which was signed, sealed, and delivered to the Recorder, now ready for development.

A new road was graded out with a side road and cul-de-sac fronting on the Gunn lot. The old four-inch cast iron water line was dug up on the property and relocated at the side of the new road. The natural gas line was installed on the opposite side of the road. The underground telephone cable, one of the first to be installed in a subdivision in this area, was buried.

The official recorded plat named this new road 1310 East. Some of the owners felt they could find a better name, so a meeting was held at Gunn's home. Here a list of twenty-nine tree names, beginning with the letter O P Q R S T V were listed. The majority voted to re-name the new road OAK CREST LANE, which is now the official name. The cul-de-sac was named OAK CREST CIRCLE.

By the summer of 1961, there were about fifty-one children in the neighborhood with only the street to play in. In the center of the area were two vacant lots which sloped to the west and were covered with weeds and rocks. Ray Beckham and Clarence Taylor, simultaneously came up with the same idea of converting the weed patch into a playground.

With Ray's enthusiasm and connections, hundreds of loads of fill dirt were hauled in to level the area. The west boundary was raised about five feet to get a level field.

The Oak Crest Neighborhood Association was formed by the following families: Raymond and Ida Lee Beckham, Don and Virginia Riggs, Richard and Jeanne Gunn, Verl and Lu Allman, LaDell and Mary Petersen, Robert and Elizabeth Allen, Fred and Ruth Kartchner, Terry and Glenna Hansen, Marlow and Mabel Harston, Lynn and Celestia Taylor, Paul and Virginia Simmons, Max and Beverly Golightly, and Clarence Taylor.

Each of fifteen families contributed \$155 to pay for the initial development:

Lawn seed, fertilizer	\$ 221.50
2000 yds. fill dirt	450.00
Top soil	330.00
Clay soil	80.00
Leveling & grading	65.00
Material for sprinkling system	169.50
Water meter, installation, box	156.40
Basketball, volley ball equipment, horseshoes, swings, sandbox	

Labor for carpentry work, plumbing, painting, grading, planting and etc. were donated by members.

Each family was assigned one week, during the summer, to check the automatic water system to see that it was watering correctly. During their week, preferably on Saturday, they were to mow and trim the grass, pick up the litter, and police the area. No organized sports were to be played on the playground on Sundays.

Each spring, all member families met together to hold an annual clean-up day, consisting of clearing, raking, cutting, and fertilizing the grass on the play-

ground. After work, a Park Party was held including refreshments and games.

The land on which the playground is located is owned by Clarence Taylor with explicit understanding that it can be used for a neighborhood playground as long as it is maintained in a neat and orderly manner. If and when it is neglected, not watered, overgrown with weeds, and becomes a disgrace to the neighborhood, the owner will convert it into building lots with attractive houses and yards.

Hill History

Residences in Oak Hills (name in parentheses was former owner)

Corrections invited, Feb. 1985.

Name	Year	Former Owner
Liechty, Muhlestein	1877	year of first home on the hill
Nicholas Muhlestein	1911	
John Liechty	1911	
Lynn D. Taylor, 1	1932	
Henry D. Taylor, 1	1932	
Clarence D. Taylor, 1	1946	
J. Hamilton Calder	1948	
Henry D. Taylor, 2	1949	
Richard L. Gunn	1949	(Henry D. Taylor, 1, 32)
Wesley F. Knudsen	1950	
Willard Smith	1955	(Henry D. Taylor, 2, 49)
Norman Williams	1955	
J. Fred Ahlander	1956	
Claude Ashworth	1956	
Antone Romney	1956	
Robert Allen	1957	
Donald Riggs	1957	
Fred Kartchner	1957	
Dell Ashworth	1957	
John Bowen	1957	
Raymond E. Beckham	1958	
LaDell Petersen, 1	1958	
Dallan Clark	1958	
Paul Simmons	1958	
Revell Phillips	1958	
F. B. Ritz	1959	
Jess Bushman	1959	
Verl Allman	1960	
Max Golightly, 1	1960	
Ladell Petersen, 2	1960	
Herb Pheysey	1960	(Ladell Petersen, 1, 58)
Terrence Hansen	1960	(Norman Williams, 55)
Les Liechty	1961	
John Ord	1961	
Ladell Petersen, 3	1961	
Marlow Harston	1961	(Ladell Petersen, 2, 60)
Scott P. Wallace	1961	(Willard Smith, 55)
Boyd Frampton	1962	
Howard Francis	1962	(Max Golightly, 1, 60)
Keith Stewart	1963	
Ernest Wilkins	1963	
Dee Taylor	1964	
Tommy Hudspeth	1964	

Name	Year	Former Owner
Frank Fabris	1964	
Dean Wilson	1964	
Ed Pinegar	1965	
Jon Clark	1965	
Stan Collins	1965	
Dale Despain	1965	
Stephen R. Covey, 1	1965	(rented Allmans)
L. O. Turner		
Ariel Ballif	1966	
George Ballif	1966	(Frank Fabris, 64)
Dixon Anderson	1966	
Clayne Jensen	1966	
Lavell Edwards	1967	
Stephen R. Covey, 2	1967	(Marlow Harston, 61)
Walter Speidel	1967	
Ervin Nelson	1967	(F. B. Ritz, 59)
Sheryl Kimball	1967	
John Markham	1967	
Ariel Ballif	1968	
Fred Davis	1968	
Glenn Call	1968	
John Weenig	1968	
James Barton	1968	
Harold Glen Clark	1968	
Joseph T. Bentley, 1	1962	(Talboe)
C. Edwin Dean	1969	
Robert H. Hales	1969	(Dean Wilson, 64)
Karl Young	1969	
Doug Stout, 1	1969	(rented Wades)
Howard Francis, 2	1970	(Vern Green)
Jack Butcher	1970	(Howard Francis, 1, 62)
Dean Fuhrmann	1970	(Sheryl Kimball, 67)
Robert D. Larsen	1970	(Dean Fuhrmann, 70)
Doug Stout, 2	1971	
Eugene Trotter	1971	(Glenn Call, 68)
Faughn Bennett	1972	(Tommy Hudspeth, 64)
Don Macleod	1972	(Joseph T. Bentley, 68)
Lynn Knudsen	1972	(Jess Bushman, 59)
Doug Warren, 1	1973	(Rented Beckhams)
Creig MacArthur	1973	(Ernest Wilkins, 63)
Fern Evans	1973	(Jack Butcher, 70)
Ray Buchanan	1974	
Herbert Spencer	1974	
Cess Taylor, 2	1975	
Craig Ord	1975	(Lynn Taylor, 1, 32)
Joseph T. Bentley, 2	1975	
Erwin Zeyer	1975	
Clarence Taylor, 2	1976	
Jack West	1976	(Fern Evans, 73)
Doug Warren, 2	1976	
Vaughn Clayton	1976	(Shelby?)
Max Golightly, 2	1976	(Wilford LeCheminant)
Cary Beighley	1976	(?)
Stan Miller	1976	
Brent Stewart	1977	(Clarence Taylor, 1, 46)
Floyd Breinholt	1977	(Claude Ashworth, 56)
Myrtle Calder	1978	
Jim Calder	1978	(Ham Calder, 48)
Larry Rowland	1978	(Cary Beighley, 76)
Rex Catmull	1980	
Ronald Eaves	1980	(Stan Miller, 76)
Robert Smith	1982	(Antone Romney, 56)
Russell Johnson	1982	
Brent Ashworth	1982	(Dell Ashworth, 57)

Name	Year	Former Owner
Dell Ashworth, 2	1982	(Faughn Bennett, 72)
Chauncy S. Peterson	1984	(John Weenig, 68)

Name	Year	Former Owner
Richard Dean	1984	

Taylor Estates Building Lots

About 1930

In the early days, the location for a slaughter house was on the extreme outskirts of a city, which was infrequently visited by the townspeople. The Provo Meat & Packing Co. operated a retail meat market at about 65 North Academy Avenue, Provo and had purchased a tract of land, out in the County in the mouth of Rock Canyon, from Johann Liechty, to build a slaughter house to supply their market.

Down under the hill they had constructed a two-room rock building for offices and storage. Directly above it they had constructed a small concrete reservoir, with a water pipe line running down to the slaughter house. Water was brought to the reservoir in the Rock Canyon Water Co.'s open ditch. Access to this area was a narrow, winding road which took off from the Provo Canyon highway at about 1400 North, winding in a north-easterly direction to the mouth of Rock Canyon.

For years after the Provo Meat & Packing Co. had gone into bankruptcy, the property was no longer used, the buildings were vandalized and partly demolished, and the land was covered with garbage from Provo townspeople; it become an unsightly area.

After Lynn and Henry bought building lots from Ephraim Liechty and built their homes on the hill just above the slaughter house area, Father, Arthur N. Taylor, could see the damaging results of this growing garbage dump in his boys' front yard.

From Henry D. Taylor's journal he relates how this property was acquired:

"Not long after we had commenced building, Julian Greer, cashier of the State Bank of Provo, came into the store and advised me that years before he had been associated with the Provo Meat & Packing Company. They had operated a slaughter house in the mouth of Rock Canyon and owned two tracts of land adjacent to our property. They had built a cement cistern on the hill above to furnish water for the slaughter house located below at the base of the hill. The Company had quit business, and Julian had become the recipient for the remaining assets. He

stated that he and his wife were very interested in a beautiful rug which was priced between \$200 and \$300. He offered to trade us his interest in the property for the rug. I told him I would let him know in a day or two. When I discussed the matter with father, he advised that I should acquire the property and, in view of my limited resources, the rug could be charged to him; but I should could take title to the property and could have the same. I thanked him and told him I was willing to take the title but would feel better if it were owned by him. We made the deal with Julian. He gave us a quitclaim deed, explaining, that in view of the circumstances, he would not give a warranty deed. One tract was 4.42 acres and one for 7.07 acres, for a total of 11.49 acres."

By May of 1933, after my return from the South African Mission, a County road had been blazed through and along the west boundary line of this property. Father obtained a good supply of locust posts and barbed wire fencing, and Ken and I spent part of that summer constructing a new fence on both sides of the new County road and repairing the existing fence around the newly acquired property, and thereby eliminating the public garbage dump.

This was to be a horse pasture with a watering trough connected to a water line running directly west from Lynn's house. I am sure that if a horse had to depend on the feed cropped from this land it would have died in less than a month.

In 1949 Henry had made a trade on his Bonnaville lot with Weldon Taylor and acquired the first lot in the Oak Hills Subdivision, on the west side of Oak Lane adjacent to our Provo Meat property. On this lot he built his new home and in order to get a satisfactory side variance for his new home he obtained a fifteen foot additional land from the Estate, on his north boundary line.

By 1955, with several new homes being built on the Hill, there came requests to buy all of our property or just a lot. At this time we had not thought much about developing or selling the property. The

son-in-law of the owner of the Keyes Tank & Iron Works, Norman Williams, had spotted a site to build his new home on, just southwest from Lynn's home fronting on Oak Lane, and he persistently kept after us until we agreed to sell to him. We had not as yet developed a plot plan of the upper or east portion of the eleven and one-half acres.

With this commitment for sale of a lot we had Frank Jones survey the property and I. Dale Despain make a preliminary plat showing the roads and lots. The first plan provided for a road joining Oak Lane, half way up the dugway, just east of the old Provo Meat water reservoir, then continuing south to the Oak Hills Subdivision north boundary line where it dead ended with a cul-de-sac.

The City Engineer, Earl Conder, would not accept this and insisted there be a through street, not a dead end. He also insisted a right-of-way be provided to the City property to the west which had been reserved for the location of a water reservoir.

The three lots on the northwest corner of the Oak Hills Subdivision were owned by Ruth T. Kartchner, on the north; Clarence D. Taylor, in the middle; and Wesley F. Knudsen, to the south.

Instead of dead ending our proposed road at the south end with a cul-de-sac, we arranged with Ruth and Fred to allow the road to cross the east fifty feet of their lot in exchange for one-half the lot of Clarence's. The other half of Clarence's lot would be sold to Wes Knudsen. I agreed to trade the Estate my Oak Hills Subdivision lot, between Ruth's and Wes Knudsen's, for the Estate's undeveloped lot adjoining Ruth's, to the north, plus \$500 cash at a future date. By providing a right-of-way west to the City property we were then able to have Stan Roberts move in with his bulldozer and flatten out two "hog-backs" ridges, lay metal culvert pipes in, and fill up the gullies.

August 1, 1955, a quit-claim deed was drawn up by Maurice Harding to Norman O. Williams and Elizabeth C. Williams for two lots, which extended from Oak Lane to the lower, new road, for the price of \$5,000. A title insurance policy accompanied the deed.

Before Jess R. Bushman left on a geology trip to Venezuela, South America he made a contract to purchase the lot between Henry's new home and Norman Williams' home for \$3,000, paying \$1,000 down. As was our policy, no deed would be given until the lot was paid for in full and that the house plan had been approved by members of the Estate and had the next door neighbor's approval. It was also decided that deeds would come from members

of the A. N. Taylor Trust Estate individually. Eventually this deed to Jess R. Bushman came from Henry D. Taylor.

On September 11, 1956, Wesley F. Knudsen paid the Estate \$1,850 for the one-half lot previously owned by Clarence D. Taylor, the other, north half of the lot was exchanged to Ruth and Fred Kartchner for the east fifty foot width of their lot, for a through road connecting 2000 North with Oak Lane.

During the fall of 1956, we extended the four inch cast iron water line from in front of Lynn's house, north along the west side of Oak Lane to where it intersects with 1220 East, then loops to the south to 2180 North, ending at a fire hydrant there. This will now service all of our Estate lots with city water. The trench digging was done by Marty Marchello and the laying and back filling was done by Stan Roberts. Cost was \$4,715.59.

On October 23, 1958, we signed a purchase agreement with Francis B. Ritz for lot #9, \$3,000. He was an engineer at Hammond Iron Works, married to a girl from Southern Utah. He was an aggressive, big hearted Jew, and had a hard time paying interest on his unpaid contract, while his house was being constructed.

During the summer of 1959, we had Superior Asphalt Co. hard surface the 1220 East street from 2000 North to the junction with Oak Lane. Cost was \$1,280.63. This street was jokingly referred to as Wes Knudsen Speedway. He, being a speedboat world champion, drove his car, from his home along this street, as if it were a speedboat race.

Since there were individual property owners fronting on this street, we received full cooperation from them by paying their share of the cost:

Claude Ashworth paid for 2955 sq. ft.	\$237.60
Norman Williams paid for 1029 sq. ft.	82.74
Kartchners paid for 3012 sq. ft.	242.13
Provo City paid for 600 sq. ft. (city street)	42.00
C. D. Taylor paid for 1774 sq. ft.	124.19

When looking north to Mt. Timpanogos from Ruth's living room window, cutting the view in half were three ugly power lines. So started the project of eliminating the overhead power poles and electric wires from this development. Underground power and telephone lines in the residential areas had not been installed in Provo City as yet. Working with Provo City Power, this was their first underground project started in the fall of 1961. Before we had ours completed, the Indian Hills area had completed

theirs.

My cousin, Dean Boshard, a willing, energetic, and enthusiastic electrician, agreed to take on the contract for providing the underground power system for us. It became a challenging project with hills, gullies, brush, water lines, hard surfaced roads, and weather.

Provo City Power provided a power lines plat. After the digging of the trench, a two inch soapstone conduit had to be laid. They came in four foot lengths and had to be joined with a collar at each joint. After the conduit was in the ground, an envelope of concrete had to be poured around it and then the top of the cement painted red to alert excavators digging into it. The transformers were placed on pads of concrete above ground. On the hills, where a concrete truck could not get to, the concrete had to be hauled up in wheelbarrows, which sometimes would require three or four men. Telephone lines were placed in the same trench. This part of the project cost \$5,437. Individual service lines to the houses were extra. Much of the primary trench and all of the service trenches had to be dug by pick and shovel, and were donated.

In order to eliminate the overhead lines in our project, we had to get the consent of Ruth and Fred Kartchner, Wesley and Fae Knudsen, Claude Ashworth, Willard Smith, and the four lots in the Provo City area. The one lot had a house on it. They were very cooperative and were very interested in getting rid of the overhead lines, except Carl Borup, who never paid for hand digging, furnishing and laying the soapstone conduit, and installing his service line.

Utah Power & Light removed their overhead wires and poles and Provo City Power was very cooperative in laying out the primary plat and furnishing the transformers, pulling the primary lines, and connecting individual services.

Now that a survey plat had been completed, a hard surfaced road laid down, underground power and telephone lines in, a city water line and natural gas available to each lot, the question came up: Should we file a plat and sell lots by number, or sell lots by descriptive metes and bounds? In contacting our CPA, Delance Squires, he outlined the advantages for each. We agreed that we would make blank deeds for each lot by metes and bounds and place them for safekeeping in our bank safety deposit box. The Estate would then make distributions to the eight members. As lot sales were made, title was then passed to the member having the most favorable tax advantage.

In order to attract and obtain a selective, desir-

able, and congenial neighborhood, the following guidelines were to be utilized:

No deed would be delivered until the house plans, showing elevations, location and landscape, were submitted for approval.

A contract of sale would be given, listing the conditions to be met before delivery of a quit claim deed and title insurance.

The type of house should be compatible to the neighborhood.

A small, well designed house would be more acceptable than a huge, square footage monstrosity.

The near neighbors would have the opportunity to see in advance the plans and make known any objection to them.

The size and height of trees, fences and "For Sale" or "For Rent" signs were to be adhered to.

Sale of Lots

1955	August 1,	Norman A. Williams Keyes Tank & Iron Co.	\$ 5,000
1958	July 9,	Jess R Bushman	3,000
	Oct. 23,	Geologist, BYU Francis A. Ritz	3,000
1964	April 5,	Hammond Iron Works Tommy Hudspeth	3,500
	June 15,	Football Coach, BYU Frank S. Fabris	3,500
1966	June 13,	Football Asst., BYU Ariel S. Ballif	5,400
1967	July 19,	Dept. Dean, BYU Walter H. Spiedel	4,400
1968	Mar. 22,	Languages, BYU James R. Barton	5,400
	May 6,	Engineering, BYU Fred P. Davis	4,600
	June	Wrestling Coach, BYU John & Lucille Weenig	4,400
	Oct. 31,	Travel Agent Glen E. Call	4,600
	Dec. 30,	Retired Harold Glen Clark	5,000
1969	Sept. 2,	Dean, BYU J. Edwin Dean, Jr.	5,550
1971	Dec. 28,	Computer Ch., BYU V. Jordan Tanner	5,000
1974	Dec. 4,	American Embassy Ray H. Buchanan	7,500
		Retired	

Contract of Sale:

1986	July	John A. Taylor Advertising P & G	30,000
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Successive occupants of the Taylor Estates lots were:

Fabris sold to George E. Ballif.

Hudspeth sold to Dell Ashworth and his wife.

Tanner sold lot to B. Davis who is building his home on it.

Fred Davis sold to Erwin F. Zeyer.

Call sold to Eugene Trotter.

Weenig sold to Chauncy Peterson.

Ritz sold to Ervin Nelson.

Williams sold to Terry Hansen.

Bushman sold to Lynn Knudsen.

Provo City Lots (2180 North cul-de-sac)

The old Provo City water reservoir site was now outdated with the building of the new concrete res-

ervoir higher up on the mountain side, so the City property was declared surplus and put up for public sale. Dale Despain submitted the acceptable bid and was deeded this property. The east City lot had previously been sold to Carl Borup who had built his home and later sold it to Hundley, who later sold it to Jones. K. Dale Despain built his home on one of the lots and sold one lot to Kimball, who later sold it to Robert Larsen. There is one more good building lot that has not been sold. The plat shows another lot which is a deep gully and is not suitable as a home site.

Taylor Hill Subdivision Partnership

1939

In September of 1936, I was working for DTR, having received my BS "sheepskin" from the "Y" the previous year. While Henry was in school in New York, I had been taking care of his Hartford Fire Insurance business, including the collecting of rents on several apartments and businesses.

My older brother, Arthur D., had not been paying regular payments on his contract for the purchase of his "hill" lot, so when he made me the

proposition of assuming his contract, I was in a position to accept. The transaction was made on Sept. 1, 1937. A warranty deed from Ephraim and Sarah Liechty was issued to me on November 17, 1937. A warranty deed for the 8.8 orchard property was issued to Lynn D., Henry D., and Clarence D. Taylor on February 23, 1939. The development of the 3.9 acre, and the 8.8 acre orchard property, under the name of TAYLOR HILL SUBDIVISION.

Bonneville Development Company

1939

To the south of the property that Lynn, Henry, and I purchased from Ephraim Liechty, was the Muhlestein homestead consisting of 1/4 section (160 acres) of land, and the un-occupied, dilapidated house, which had been a productive and beautiful farm and garden spot. The Muhlestein family of thirteen children were the owners, with the son Hyrum Muhlestein as administrator of the estate of Nicholas Muhlestein. These children were spread throughout the United States and Canada.

J. Hamilton Calder, who had been a boarder at Aunt Sarah L. Dixon's home on Fifth West had been made cashier of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, located across the street from DTR Co. He was a close

friend of the family and with Henry and Lynn had become interested in the property on the Hill.

The following comes from the book *Henry Dixon Taylor*, 1980, starting on p. 102:

Our very close and dear friends, the J. Hamilton Calders, seemed also to possess pioneer blood in their veins and with keen insight and vision could see the possibilities and wisdom in acquiring the property.

Hamilton and I first made contact with Israel Muhlestein, who was employed by the Mountain States Telephone Company, to determine if the property might be for sale. He informed us that his older brother, C. H. Muhlestein (known as Hyrum), was the administrator of their estate. When

we talked to him, he advised us that many of his sisters were widowed as well as his sisters-in-law. He thought that they would be interested in disposing of the property as they were in need of funds but that he would contact each one to make sure. The year was 1939. The money situation was very tight. We negotiated with Brother Muhlestein at some length and finally arrived at an offer price of \$7,500. In accordance with his promise, Brother Muhlestein proceeded to contact members of his family.

While waiting for a reply, Hamilton and I proceeded to contact individuals who we thought might be interested in our project. Many who had available funds in that money-scarce time laughed at us, stating that it was a hair-brained scheme and a very impractical project. They pointed out that the property was located too far from the center of Provo. There were no roads, no utilities, no water system, and no improvements and that the project had no possibilities.

But in spite of the rebuffs and negative response, Ham and I continued to make solicitations. Lynn was also doing all that he could to find interested partners.

We were later informed by Brother Muhlestein that he had received word from all the family members, and in view of depressed conditions, that they were agreeable to accepting our offer.

We had H. Maurice Harding, a local attorney and later a judge, prepare a real estate contract between John N. Muhlestein and Helene Dresser Muhlestein, his wife; Barbara Muhlestein; Margaret Muhlestein; Hyrum Muhlestein and Theresia Muhlestein, his wife; Josephine Hasler; Mary Ann Smith; Louise Hooks; Esther Brown; Ida Conrad; Enoch Muhlestein and Genevieve Muhlestein, his wife; A. B. Muhlestein and May S. Muhlestein, his wife; Israel Muhlestein and Dorothy Muhlestein, his wife; Ephraim A. Muhlestein and Lillie Muhlestein, his wife; parties of the first part as vendors and Henry D. Taylor, J. Hamilton Calder, and Lynn D. Taylor, Trustees, parties of the second part as purchasers.

Purchasers agreed to pay the sum of \$7,500 plus \$180 to acquire the underground mineral rights held by the Knight Investment Company upon delivery of an abstract of title and warranty deed.

In spite of the rebuffs and discouraging receptions, we vigorously continued our efforts to find interested subscribers and were embarrassed when Brother Muhlestein notified us he had the signed agreement and warranty deed to deliver to us.

The subscription list we were using read as follows:

We the undersigned, hereby subscribe for Capital Stock in the _____ Corporation (the name to be chosen and selected) for an amount set opposite our names (Par value of stock to be determined). We agree to pay this sum by March 1, 1940.

The following subscribed \$500 each:

Henry D. Taylor, J. Hamilton Calder, Fred L. Markham, Lynn D. Taylor, Verl G. Dixon, Clarence D. Taylor, George H. Smeath, Ruth E. Taylor, Oliver R. Smith, Kenneth Taylor, Maurice Harding, Weldon J. Taylor.

Unforeseen conditions arose which made it impossible for Verl G. Dixon, Oliver R. Smith, and Maurice Harding to carry out their commitments, although Maurice Harding executed all the legal work and accepted one share of stock in the new corporation worth \$100 in payment for his services. Later, Arch L. Madsen and Dr. DaCosta Clark also subscribed for \$500 each and became incorporators in the corporation.

With the funds realized from the subscribers and with \$2,750 loan from the bank, we were able to pay the Muhlesteins and receive the warranty deed to the property, together with 16 shares of Rock Canyon Water stock.

It was decided to call the new corporation "Bonneville Development Company." Articles of Incorporation were prepared, dated, and filed on March 29, 1941. The names of the incorporators were, each with 5 shares of stock:

Henry D. Taylor, J. Hamilton Calder, Clarence D. Taylor, Fred L. Markham, Lynn D. Taylor, George H. Smeath, Weldon J. Taylor, Arch L. Madsen, DaCosta Clark, Ruth E. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor. Maurice Harding received 1 share of stock. Kenneth Taylor passed away subsequent to signing the subscription list. His wife, Ethelyn, honored his commitment.

The Board of Directors named were:

Henry D. Taylor, J. Hamilton Calder, Fred L. Markham, Lynn D. Taylor, George H. Smeath, Weldon J. Taylor, Arch L. Madsen, DaCosta Clark.

The officers elected were:

President—Henry D. Taylor, Vice President—J. Hamilton Calder, Secretary-Treasurer—Clarence D. Taylor.

Capital stock authorized—250 shares at \$100 per share = \$25,000. I was issued certificate No. 1 for 5 shares, dated October 11, 1941. (Stock certificate No. 10 was issued to Clarence D. Taylor for 5 shares of Bonneville Development Company on April 10, 1942, signed by Henry D. Taylor—President and Clarence D. Taylor—Secretary).

Originally we each had a \$500 investment. Later, in order to obtain additional working capital, each of us subscribed for 6 more shares of stock at a cost of \$100 per share. Each of us now had 11 shares of common stock with a par value of \$1,100. I was issued certificate No. 28 for 6 shares, dated August 16, 1948. (Stock certificate No. 30 for 6 shares of stock was issued to Clarence D. Taylor on August 16, 1948, signed by J. Hamilton Calder—President and Weldon J. Taylor—Secretary).

By 1941, in order to improve the water system, it was decided that we would construct a cement reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon near the cement flume of the Rock Canyon Water Company. By running the Rock Canyon water into the reservoir on our assigned turns, it would provide sufficient pressure and storage to care for our needs. A four-inch cast iron pipe-line would be installed to run from the reservoir westward and southward to our property. Architect Fred L. Markham, an organizer of the company and a member of the board, designed the reservoir. Lenn A. Creer was chosen to dig the trench with his equipment, install the pipe, and construct the reservoir. The work was commenced in August and completed in December of 1944. The costs were \$8,802.87.

Funds for this project were furnished by:

Bonneville Development Company	\$6,700
Henry D. Taylor	500
Lynn D. Taylor	500
Clarence D. Taylor	500
Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate	<u>500</u>
	\$8,700

While this was a tremendous improvement, we were aware that it was but a temporary move. Realizing the importance of having access to a suitable and acceptable culinary water system, we had made application to have our property, which was located in Utah County, be annexed by Provo City. After several years of urging, the city finally allowed the annexation.

Subsequently, Hamilton and I met frequently with Mayor Mark Anderson and his commissioners trying to persuade them to co-operate in helping to improve our water facilities. The City Engineer was opposed and having influence with the City Commission, our requests were denied. However, we persisted when George Collard was elected Mayor, but without success.

My brother, Clarence, had purchased a frame home in Dragerton, which he moved to a lot on the "Hill," on our jointly owned property. On July 16, 1948, the Calders commenced construction on their beautiful home at 1974 North Oak Lane. During



Front of Bonneville Development Company Stock.

the period of construction, they lived in Clarence's home. They moved into their new home on December 22, 1948.

By 1950, four new homes, Ham Calder's, Wes Knudsen's, Henry Taylor's (new home) and L. O. Turner's, in addition to the original homes of Lynn Taylor, Clarence Taylor and Henry Taylor's home recently purchased by Richard L. Gunn; had been connected to the Rock Canyon irrigation water reservoir system. (Drinking water was brought in each day by each family).

Now quite frequently in the summer time, the demand for water was so great that the reservoir was drained dry and could not be filled until the next irrigation turn.

Dick Gunn, being at the top of the water line, often remarked that before going to school some mornings, after the reservoir had gone dry, he had to take a sponge alcohol bath.

In the hopes of obtaining a continuous source of water and upon the suggestion of George H. Hansen, geologist on the BYU faculty, two wildcat wells were drilled in the narrows of rock canyon. Both proved to be "dusters."

Provo then had a City Manager by the name of E. Earl Udall, a progressive and farsighted young man. We first presented our plan to him. He was enthusiastic. Next we met with the City Council.

They looked upon the plan with favor. They agreed that it should be spelled out more in detail, and that estimated costs should be obtained. The plan we presented and suggested was for Provo City to build a reservoir or cement tank on the hill above the old Muhlestein home. This should be high enough to provide adequate pressure for all the property to be developed on the hill, and it would be large enough to assure an adequate supply. The plan was to lay a cast iron pipeline westward from this proposed tank to the large Provo City reservoir, which holds millions of gallons of water. A pump would be installed at the reservoir which would turn on automatically when the tank on the hill called for water, and it would run until the tank was filled. Provo City had an abundance of water and realized that this plan would provide their system with many potential profitable users.

To finance this proposal, we suggested that Provo City would advance one-half of the cost of the project, and property owners who would benefit would furnish the other 50 percent. Individuals who had already built homes and others who would build would pay a \$200 hook-on charge. The participants, those who had advanced funds for the project, would receive 4 percent interest on the amount they had invested; and amounts received from hook-on fees would pay the interest and retire the principal



Back of Bonneville Development Company Stock.

advanced over a period of time. The idea of a self liquidating project seemed to have enthusiastic acceptance.

The plan was approved, and an agreement was entered into between Provo City and the other participants on June 14, 1954. The final cost of the project was \$28,959.51. Funds advanced by the participants are as follows:

Provo City	50.00%	\$14,599.51
Bonneville Development Company	20.83%	6,000.00
BYU	15.27%	4,400.00
The Grows	10.43%	3,000.00
Henry D. Taylor (for Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate)	3.47%	1,000.00
TOTAL	100.00%	\$28,959.51

This development has made possible the wonderful growth and expansion that has taken place. Some of the finest homes in Provo City are now built in the area.

It might be noted that the original 20 stockholders received as a bonus of a lot in plat A. In addition to the first 11 subscribers to stock, the following stockholders each received one of the above mentioned lots:

J. E. Buckwalter, Eddie Kimball, Ralph B. Keeler, Jean A. Hoover, Wayne Soffe, Wesley P. Lloyd, Russell B. Swensen, and Floyd Millett.

Clarence D. Taylor's lot is described on the warranty deed as: "All of lot 4, Block 2, Oak Hills Subdivision, Provo, Utah. December 31, 1954." This lot was located between the Arch Madsen and Ruth Taylor lot, at the cul-de-sac of 2000 North and 1200

East.

Later, in order to develop the Taylor Estates land, north of the Oak Hills subdivision, the City demanded a connecting road (1220 East) be extended to 2000 North, before the development of their property. In order to comply with the City demands, I agreed to trade my Oak Hills lot to the Arthur N. Taylor Estate for the undeveloped lot just over the north line of Ruth's lot. The Estate with Ruth's consent, could then trade 40 ft. of her lot on the east for the north half of my lot. The Estate could then sell Wes Knudsen the south half of my lot. Previously Arch Madsen had moved out of town and sold his lot to Wes Knudsen.

For the next several years additional Oak Hills Subdivision plats were surveyed and divided into lots, with roads, curb and gutter, sidewalks and utilities installed by the Corporation.

By 1973 there remained about 64 acres of unimproved land. Most lots had been sold and many fine homes built on most of them. At the suggestion of the Corporation tax advisor and auditor, DeLance Squire, to take advantage of a tax benefit, he recommended the Bonneville Development Co. (a corporation), be dissolved and two new associations be formed. One would be a Limited Partnership, Bonneville Company, the investment company; the other would be a working corporation, Bonneville Heights, Inc.

In September of 1973 the stockholders of the Bonneville Development Co. authorized the officers of the corporation to retain Clyde D. Sandgren to proceed to handle the legal matter pertaining to the dissolution and liquidation of the corporation.

BONNEVILLE DEVELOPMENT CO. was legally dissolved and liquidated on October 31, 1973.

Bonneville Company—A Limited Partnership

ca. 1981

Following the recommendation of our auditor, DeLance Squire, the Bonneville Development Company was dissolved on October 31, 1973, in favor of the Bonneville Heights, Inc. a Utah Corporation and Bonneville Company, a limited partnership, primarily for beneficial tax purposes.

The old Bonneville Development Co. stockholders mutually agreed to transfer, on October 30, 1973, the remaining assets of the corporation, to a

new limited partnership which they named BONNEVILLE COMPANY. These assets consisted of:

Cash	\$ 8,969.22
Notes Receivable	18,568.50
Real Estate	73,770.47
Rock Canyon Water Stock	1,600.00
Utility Deposits	<u>4,508.35</u>
Total	\$107,416.54

A new corporation, Bonneville Heights, Inc. was also created by the old Bonneville Development Co. stockholders to become the operating organization in the development and real estate sales of the Oak Hills Subdivision. The new Bonneville Company, a limited partnership would become the investment association. The General Partners were: Dr. DaCosta Clark and Bonneville Heights, Inc. The Limited partners and their interests and equity were the old Bonneville Development Co. stockholders:

	Equity	Percent
P. E. Ashton or Eleanor Ashton	\$10,166.26	22/232nds
Miriam Bushnell, Irene Love, and Margueritte McLeran	5,083.53	11/232nds
Myrtle I. Calder	4,621.29	10/232nds
Janet Calder	2,772.78	6/232nds
James H. Calder, Jr.	2,772.78	6/232nds
Hazel C. Clark	2,541.76	5/232nds
Ruth T. Kartchner	5,083.53	11/232nds
Ralph B. Keeler or Gertrude O. Keeler	5,083.53	11/232nds
Wesley F. Knudsen or Fae B. Knudsen	10,628.59	23/232nds
Fred L. Markham or Maud D. Markham	5,083.53	11/232nds
Kenneth B. Soffe as Exec. and Trustee of the Estate of Dorothy S. Soffe, widow of Wayne Soffe	5,083.53	11/232nds
Russell B. Swensen or Beulah S. Swensen	5,083.53	11/232nds
Clarence D. Taylor	5,083.53	11/232nds
Henry D. Taylor or Henry D. Taylor Trust	5,083.53	11/232nds
Ethelyn P. Taylor	5,083.53	11/232nds
Celestia J. Taylor	5,083.53	11/232nds
Weldon J. Taylor or Gayle D. Taylor	5,083.53	11/232nds
L. O. Turner or Gladys Turner	5,083.53	11/232nds
Bonneville Heights, Inc.	5,083.53	11/232nds
DaCosta Clark	2,541.77	6/232nds

For working capital the new Bonneville Heights Inc. corporation had given a notes payable to the Bonneville Company for \$4,853.31.

The real property contributed by the stockholders (Bonneville Development Co.) to the new Bonneville Company partnership, consisted of all vacant

land described by metes and bounds which had not been plated, plus:

All of lot 1, Oak Hills Subdivision.

All of lot 17, Block 1, Revised Oak Hills Subdivision.

All of lots 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 15, 17, 18 and 19, Plat I, Oak Hills Subdivision.

All of lots 2 and 3, Plat J, Oak Hills Subdivision.

A portion of lot 1, Plat J, Oak Hills Subdivision.

All of lot 1, plat H, Oak Hills Subdivision.

All of lots 4, 7, and 10, Plat G, Oak Hills Subdivision.

Only small parcels of the undeveloped land were subdivided into improved building lots at a time, which accounts for the many alphabetical plats being recorded, as the demand increased.

By 1976, about 86 acres of the original 160 acre Muhlestein Homestead had been subdivided into lots and roads and sold. This left about 58 acres of unimproved, vacant land and 18 improved lots of about 8 acres in plat K, all located in the southern section of the development.

In 1976 an offer was tendered by Hugh V. Smith, Jr. of Montgomery, Alabama, and J. Ron Rogers of Fort Walton, Florida for the purchase of approximately 64 acres of the remaining land of the subdivision, at a price of \$12,500 per acre.

The offer was accepted and a contract was made up on May 20, 1976. Eccles Cameron conducted a survey which resulted in there being 66.993 acres in the area covered by the contract. The price of \$12,500 per acre for the surveyed acreage amounted to a total contract price of \$837,412.50.

Some other items in the contract specified:

\$5,000 at the signing of the contract.

\$195,000 by July 20, 1976.

\$100,000 with 9% interest on the unpaid balance, on May 20 in each of the years 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, and 1981; and the balance of principal and interest on May 20, 1982.

Title to 18 lots in Plat K was to be conveyed on payment of \$200,000 which was delivered on August 12, 1976.

By November 15, 1980 all terms of the contract to Smith and Rogers had been completed and a warranty deed delivered for the remaining property and a distribution made for the assets of the Bonneville Company to the partners according to their above noted interests. The partnership was now dissolved.

According to my records, I received the following income from my original investment of \$1,100 for 11 shares of stock:

BONNEVILLE DEVELOPMENT CO.

Jan. 4, 1957	Dividend #1	10%	\$ 110
Dec. 15, 1957	Dividend #2	10%	110
Dec. 10, 1959	Dividend #3	15%	165
Dec. 20, 1960	Dividend #4	10%	110
Dec. 1961	Dividend #5	10%	110
Dec. 21, 1962	Dividend #6	20%	220
Dec. 20, 1963	Dividend #7	20%	220
Dec. 1964	Dividend #8	10%	110
Dec. 1965	Dividend #9	40%	440
Dec. 1, 1966	Dividend #10	40%	440
Dec. 5, 1967	Dividend #11	50%	550
Dec. 13, 1968	Dividend #12	50%	550
Dec. 20, 1969	Dividend #13	70%	770
Dec. 22, 1970	Dividend #14	70%	770
Dec. 8, 1971	Dividend #15	70%	770
Dec. 26, 1972	Dividend #16	70%	770
Nov. 1, 1973	Dividend #17	70%	<u>770</u>
Bonneville Dev. Total			\$6,985

BONNEVILLE COMPANY

Jan. 24, 1975	770
Dec. 25, 1975	770
Aug. 25, 1976	11,000
Mar. 25, 1977	19,800
Dec. 13, 1977	3,091
June 3, 1978	1,100
July 20, 1979	11,550
July 17, 1980	2,750
Nov. 15, 1980	921
Total	\$58,737
Plus one building lot deeded to me on December 31, 1954.	
est. value today	<u>35,000</u>
GRAND TOTAL	\$93,737

Bonneville Heights, Inc.

1980

Bonneville Heights, Inc. a Utah corporation was organized to operate the development and sale of the Oak Hills Subdivision. This new corporation was chartered in November 1973 and capitalized for \$50,000 with stock a par value of \$1.00 per share. The old Bonneville Development Co. stockholders and officers became the new stockholders and officers of the new corporation, Bonneville Heights, Inc. Eleven thousand one hundred five shares of stock were issued to the new stockholders. The following received 55 shares of stock each: J. W. Christensen family, DaCosta Clark, Ruth T. Kartchner, Ralph B. Keeler, Fred L. Markham, Wayne Soffe family, Russell B. Swensen, Clarence D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Celestia J. Taylor, and Weldon J. Taylor. The following received 110 shares of stock each: P. E. Ashton, J. Hamilton Calder family, Wesley F. Knudsen, and L. O. Turner.

This new corporation, Bonneville Heights Inc. would become the operating organization in the development and sale of lots in the Oak Hills Subdivision. DaCosta Clark was president and Weldon Taylor was Sec. & Treas.

The stock certificate issued to Clarence D. Taylor, on November 1, 1973, was No. 13 for 55 shares at a par value of \$1.00 per share, with a restrictive clause printed on the face of it:

"Under the Articles of Incorporation of the Corporation, this stock is transferable only accordance with terms of the agreement between the Corporation and divers stockholders dated as of November 1, 1973, now on file with the Corporation and upon proof of compliance therewith."

This notation was made to give advance notice of intention of a sale of stock, and to allow the Corporation to make an offer to purchase the stock and to keep it out of undesirable ownership.

For working capital besides the proceeds from the issuance of 1105 shares of stock to the stockholders, the Corporation gave a notes payable to the Bonneville Company, the partnership, for \$4,853.31.

Bonneville Heights, Inc. was liquidated and dissolved in November 1980, at the same time the limited partnership was dissolved.

Taylor Terrace Home Owner's Association

1978

Some called it Rockville, or Slaughterhouse Heights, or Taylorville, or White Houses, or Temple Row, but we officially named it Taylor Terrace.

Taylor Terrace is the sixteen unit housing development, east of the Provo Temple. It is located between 2100 and 2250 North, on the old Rock Canyon Road but which has now been renamed Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah. It was planned by members of the Arthur N. & Maria D. Taylor family, where the brothers and sisters could live near each other and be helpful to each other in their declining years.

Taylor Terrace was developed by Henry D. Taylor, Celestia J. Taylor, Alice Taylor Nelson, Clarence D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Ruth Taylor Kartchner, and Dixie Taylor Frampton.

Hillside land of irregular shape (3.8 acres) and really a developer's "headache" was laid out and designed by architect Fred L. Markham, who did a masterful job in complimenting the Temple area. Fred's two sons, John and Dixon Markham were very helpful with the architectural and engineering details.

J. LaDell Petersen was the contractor and builder. He is truly a builder of quality homes that the owners take pride in possessing and displaying.

In the early days, the location for a slaughter house was always on the extreme outskirts of a city, which was infrequently visited by the townspeople. The Provo Meat & Packing Co., having their retail market at about 65 North Academy Avenue, Provo, Utah, purchased a small tract of land way out in the County, at the mouth of Rock Canyon, for their slaughter house operation. This property was purchased from the old Swiss homesteader, Johann Liechty.

Down under the hill, the Provo Meat & Packing Co. constructed a two-room rock building for offices and storage. Directly above it, on the point of the hill, they constructed a small concrete water reservoir, with a water pipe running down to the slaughter house. Water was brought to the reservoir in the Rock Canyon Water Co.'s open ditch. In Rock Canyon and on the steep hillsides, the water was carried in clay pipes into the open ditches or reservoirs. This was the source of water used for the washing of the slaughtered carcasses and for the washing down of the large concrete slab in front of the rock building.

A narrow, winding road took off in a northeasterly direction from the Provo Canyon Road at about 1400 North in Pleasant View, towards the mouth of Rock Canyon. This was the road used by the Liechty and Muhlestein families to their homestead homes higher up on the foothill.

For years, after the Provo Meat & Packing Co. had gone bankrupt and passed into the hands of a receiver, the property was unoccupied, the building was wrecked by vandals, and the area was being used by the townspeople as a garbage dump—an unsightly situation.

After Lynn and Henry had bought building lots from Ephraim A. Liechty and built houses on the hill, above the slaughterhouse property, their father, Arthur N. Taylor, could foresee the damaging results of this growing garbage dump in the front yard of his boys' houses.

As a protection to the area, Arthur N. Taylor traded a new, full-sized rug to Julian Greer, the receiver for the Provo Meat & Packing Co. (defunct) for this "worthless" property.

After Clarence came home from his mission, in the summer of 1933, he and Ken dug post holes and fenced this property as a horse pasture, but which produced very little feed.

Time after time we schemed and figured and discussed the best way to utilize this odd shaped land under the hill.

In August of 1967, announcement was made for the building of a Provo Temple. The site later selected by President David O. McKay was across the street to the west of our property. Ground breaking services were held September 15, 1969. The cornerstone was laid May 21, 1971 and the Temple was dedicated on February 9, 1972.

Provo City was assigned the project of providing city streets around the Temple area. The triangular shaped property west of the Rock Canyon Road and which we owned, was desired for widening the road as well as becoming a part of the Temple grounds area. The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreed to donate this one acre of land to the LDS Church. The appraised value was between \$8,000 and \$9,000.

A 10-inch cast iron water pipe line had been installed on the Rock Canyon Road to connect the city water reservoirs in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs just below us.

Provo City agreed to grade and hard surface the new road, to install a sewer line, and to waive the assessment charge for constructing the water line in the Rock Canyon Road in consideration for the donated land.

The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was to install curb, gutter, sidewalk, and parking strip.

In talking with K. Dale Despain, a neighbor, he suggested a Planned Unit Development for this property east of the Temple site. At that time I could not visualize the potential of this kind of development. When Celestia came to the realization that the huge yard she was trying to keep up on her old home on the hill was just too large and difficult to maintain and that she was now ready to move to a smaller place, the idea of a planned development came into focus. Not only for Celestia, but for all members of our family who were getting older and as time continued, we all would welcome smaller yards to maintain, or better still, be totally relieved of yard work.

I then started checking into the requirements of a planned unit development. My first contact was with the Provo City Engineering Department. I was introduced to Jerry Howell, who had charge of the development and planning for the department. He was very helpful and encouraging. He could see no reason why our property would not qualify. He mentioned one of the requirements of a Planned Unit Development required a minimum area of four acres.

Without a survey I did not know exactly how much acreage we had. Provo City Plat was not accurate. The deed to the land which Arthur N. Taylor had donated to the County to construct the Rock Canyon Road had been lost and never recorded; so the roadway was still listed and described in the Estate name.

We had a plat made up and I took it to a neighbor, Jim Barton, a BYU Professor of Engineering, and asked him to calculate the size of our area. He came up with a total of 3.7 acres, not including the roadway. This was just 0.3 acre short of the minimum requirements. We had sold Jim the lot he built his house on, and had even given him additional footage in order to get his planned house on the lot. His property joined our property to the east. I was sure he and other adjoining property owners along the east line would help us by selling us a few feet of their property to provide the additional acreage we needed. To my surprise and disappointment, he and his family felt they could not cut down the size of their lot.

When Frank Jones was making the first survey of the whole property for us, he mentioned a discrepancy he found. It appeared that a very small parcel of land in the northwest corner of what had been considered our property had never been included in the deed to the Provo Meat & Packing Co., or from the Liechty's. He inferred that he thought it had been an omission in the description and could give no reason why it had not been included. The plat in the recorder's office did not show any other owners but ours. It did not show that the title was in the Liechty's, nor had they been paying any taxes on it.

I later mentioned the discrepancy to Leslie Liechty, who immediately went to the Recorder's office and had it listed in their name and paid the current year's taxes on it.

A knowledgeable individual had earlier told me that I should make a quit-claim deed on the property and have it recorded and that possession and this deed would make it hard for a person to get clear title without a sale. I told him we did not do business that way, which eventually cost us about \$10,000.

After being turned down by Jim Barton for additional land, I contacted the Liechty family about obtaining this small corner of property. They were not interested in selling.

Joseph K. Allen was the owner of the property to the north. I had written to him in Atherton, California asking him to sell us a small strip of land on the west side of Oak Lane dugway road. He was not interested. Later while he was visiting in Provo, I spent about three hours with him, showing our plans of development and asking him to join us in developing his area along with ours. He mentioned his plans were very indefinite and we shouldn't rush into something like this.

I finally went to Provo City Mayor, suggesting that in view of our donation of land for the Temple and road, they consider the original acreage which then consisted of more than the four acre minimum and allow us to proceed with a Planned Unit Development. The Provo City Commission agreed to this.

Since this property was owned by our family, I contacted each of my brothers and sisters, including Celestia, Lynn's widow, regarding the development of this land as a Planned Unit Development. My oldest brother, Arthur, was not interested in the plan. He stated he was too old for a building program. He had his home on Fifth West, in the Third Ward where he was born, and that was where he intended to live the rest of his life. He stated he did not have the money to invest in a new house and

he would not mortgage or sell his house to raise the money.

For some time, Celestia had realized that her home and lot were much too large for her to take care of. She was the prime mover in immediately desiring to build a smaller home on this property. This Planned Unit Development concept was just the thing she was most interested in—a home with congenial neighbors, hopefully members of our family, who would watch it when she was traveling or visiting her family, no yard work, and no shoveling snow. This was just what she wanted. She was ready to build immediately.

Elton, like Arthur, was not interested in the project. He had his home and farm in Lakeview and any money he had or could get, would be invested there.

Henry, although he was requested by the Church Authorities to live closer to the Church headquarters in Salt Lake, was very enthusiastic about the development. He was one of the first developers of this area, and since the Provo Temple was built across the road from this property, he wanted to see an appropriate development around the Temple.

From the time Alice married and left Provo to live in Troy, New York in 1935, she had always desired to eventually move back to Provo. Her husband El Roy, vice-president and economist of First Security Bank Corporation, was now nearing the age of retirement, and he felt that next to Pleasant Grove, Provo would be a good place to retire to. He would consider selling their home in Salt Lake City and would be interested in building a new house in this Planned Unit Development.

Ruth was interested in seeing a well planned development near the Temple, as well as near their large home and beautifully landscaped lot. Each year it was taking more effort to keep up their yard and big house, and she eventually might get Fred to consider living in a smaller house with no yard work, or doing only the amount he was inclined to do. She was all for this Planned Unit Development.

When Ethelyn, widow of my younger brother Kenneth, who died on October 31, 1940, married my older brother Henry on September 9, 1968, our Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreement became effective, which reads: "In the event of the death of any male grantor, his distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate will be paid to his surviving wife, for her benefit, use, and disposition as she may see fit, and for as long as she lives, or until she re-marries; at such time she forfeits all rights and interest in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate." (Later,

by unanimous approval, Ethelyn received Kenneth's distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.)

The family vote had been taken—five members for the Planned Unit Development, two members against. This not being unanimous, a Planned Unit Development could not be an Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate development.

Dr. Boyd Frampton and his wife, Dixie Taylor Frampton, youngest daughter and son-in-law of Arthur D. Taylor, were negotiating for the sale of some property in Weber County and had mentioned they were looking for a good investment. I explained to them our desire to develop the Estate property across the street from the Temple and if they were interested in a good, long term investment (not a quick profit venture) to ask Arthur D. if he would sell his interest to them. This they did and Arthur D. agreed to sell them his interest in the property, and a deed was made.

Like Alice, Ethelyn had found Provo to be a good place to live. She wanted to eventually move back to Provo to live. She felt a house near the Temple would be a good location for an investment, until she was ready to move into it. She contacted Elton and arrangements were completed for her to purchase his interest in the Estate property east of the Temple. She was very interested in the plans for the Planned Unit Development of this land.

The following met at the home of Fred and Ruth Kartchner for the purpose of organizing a development organization: Henry D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Alice T. Nelson, El Roy Nelson, Celestia J. Taylor, Dixie T. Frampton, Boyd M. Frampton, Ruth T. Kartchner, Fred D. Kartchner, and Clarence D. Taylor.

It was unanimously approved to proceed and develop the property under a Planned Unit Development, the following assignments were made:

Henry D. Taylor	Chairman
Clarence D. Taylor	Executive Manager
Alice T. Nelson	Vice-chairman
Ruth T. Kartchner	Vice-chairman
Ethelyn P. Taylor	Recording Secretary
Dixie T. Frampton	Asst. Recording Secretary
Celestia J. Taylor	Historian

Provo City insisted that the property be developed in the name of responsible individuals and not an organization. It was agreed the property would be deeded to Clarence, Alice, and Ruth as Trustee Developers. After the construction was completed,

the land was to be deeded to the newly created non-profit Home Owner's Association, and the buildings would be deeded to the individual owners.

Clarence was authorized to contact Fred L. Markham to see if he would consider the layout and overall design of the development and to supervise the drafting and architectural details by his office crew. We all knew Fred was already burdened by his work with the Washington Temple, several buildings on the BYU campus, and other large building projects. Our project was just a small, insignificant job in comparison. But we wanted the best. As is typical of Fred, he gladly accepted the challenge and within a few weeks he and some of the boys at the office were on the site establishing some elevations and grades.

Late in the previous fall, I had hired one of Jim Barton's engineering majors at BYU to make a rough topographic map of the property, which was given to Fred for his use.

At this first meeting, I think it was Ethelyn who suggested the project be named "Taylor Terrace." It was unanimously accepted.

On April 24, 1973, I submitted a request to Provo City to upgrade our 3.72 acre tract of land at approximately 2200 North Temple View Drive from the present residential 3 zone to a residential 2 Planned Dwelling zone. At this time I submitted an application for a Planned Dwelling Development.

In the May 6th Sunday *Herald* appeared the following notice:

A SHORT MEETING TO BE HELD, Wednesday
May 9, 1973

Clarence D. Taylor, 2200 N. East Temple, has land with unusual topography. He has applied to have the property rezoned from R-3 (residential) to R-2 planned development to allow a condominium development on the property which is south and east of the Provo LDS Temple. The developer also intends to ask for a plan approval at the same time.

PROVO CITY PLANNING COMMISSION

At the May 9, 1973 Planning Commission Meeting, a conditional approval was granted for the preliminary plans submitted.

In the *Daily Herald* edition of May 17th, was a notice of a public hearing by the Provo City Commission to determine if a zone change from R-3 to R-2 (PD) was to be granted. The meeting was to be held May 31, 1973.

At the May 22, 1973 Board of Adjustment Meeting, the request by Clarence D. Taylor and others, for a variance in area to construct a planned unit

development at 2200 North East Temple Drive was conditionally approved. The variance in acreage of 3.72 acres where 4 acres were required was approved for the reason of donating additional land to the LDS Temple and for widening of the street.

The next public hearing of the Provo City Commission on May 31, 1973 pertaining to the zone change started the "fireworks," when Peter Crawley and his neighbors to the north, protested this change. The City Commission deferred further action to June 11, 1973.

On the next day, June 1, 1973, a two column by 15 inch article, "NEIGHBORS ASK DELAY IN TEMPLE AREA PLAN," appeared in the *Daily Herald*. This was strictly a negative attack against the development with no substantial foundation for the opposition.

The next day the BYU *Universe* carried in bold headlines on its front page, "CITIZENS DEMAND BUILDING HALT." This article was more fair in that it expressed the developers' side of the story, even tho it was slanted to the opposition.

A small, 15 line article appeared in the *Deseret News* on June 6, 1973 titled, "PROVO RESIDENTS PROTEST."

We give thanks to our good neighbors, Jeanne Gunn and Raymond Beckham, who submitted letters to the *Daily Herald* in favor of the development. Jeanne's letter appeared on June 7, 1973 titled, "Neighbors Praise Proposed Planned Unit Development." Ray's letter appeared in the June 8, 1973 *Daily Herald*, "Proposed Taylor Family Project Draws Backing."

Other articles opposing the development were run in the *Daily Herald* on June 8 and 10.

At the Provo City Commission meeting, Monday night, June 11, 1973, Commissioner Russell Grange made the motion and stated that his decision to approve the zone change came on the grounds that approval had been recommended by the Planning Commission, that the Board of Adjustment had also approved the plan, and that the neighbors immediately to the east of the property had likewise given their approval. The motion was unanimously approved.

Prior to the construction of the Provo Temple, Arthur and Elton met with Ben Lewis and other members of the Temple Site Selection Committee in Ben's office in the BYU Administration Building, including a representative of Provo City and Utah County.

On a list of tentative agreements reached by the committee pertaining to the construction site of

the Provo LDS Temple, the following items relating to our property east of the proposed Temple were made:

"The Taylor Brothers (Arthur N. Taylor Estate) will convey by deed to the LDS Church, land which is needed for construction of the Temple site, and for roadways adjoining the Temple site along the south-east side of this new peripheral road-way."

"Provo City is to provide a sewer line in the street along the southeast side of the Temple site, at no cost to Taylor Brothers whose property will abut along the southeast side of the peripheral roadway."

Since the water line connecting the reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs south of the Temple site were already installed, there was to be no assessment charge to abutting property, other than the hook-on fee.

On May 29, 1973, I made an appointment with Ben Lewis to have him reaffirm the agreement on the water and the sewer lines. He stated he could not exactly remember the details but would check back on them. While in his office, I showed him our preliminary plans for our development. I wanted to find out what the BYU plans were for the vacant area south of our property. If we could get them to haul in top soil and grade the area, I thought we could use Rock Canyon water to plant and maintain a beautiful green park area. He stated they were having so many requests for improvements from property owners adjoining BYU land that they could not accommodate all of them, so they were just letting the land grow natural and leaving it as is. With this answer I dropped the subject and did not volunteer my plan of beautification. After showing him our development plans, his remark was something like this:

"That is just what BYU does NOT need in this area." With that remark, my visit was ended, and I left.

With approval of the zone change and approval of our preliminary project plans, Markham and Markham, architects, could now proceed to develop our plans for final approval.

The terrain had so many grades and was so uneven that a detailed topographic map was required before more paper work could be done. Lynn Gottfredson and Art Jueschke, land surveyors, were hired to make this map.

On October 19, 1973, an ordinance to re-zone the Arthur N. Taylor Estate property, located between 2150 and 2300 on East Temple Road, from residential zone 3 to residential zone 2 planned dwelling, appeared in the *Daily Herald*. This ordi-

nance was to take effect on November 15, 1973.

Upon making application for a building permit on Celestia's house, the City Engineer would not issue a permit until we paid approximately \$7,000 assessment for the main water line, which had previously been laid in the old Rock Canyon road.

I immediately went to the Mayor, who concurred with his Commissioners that we should not be charged this assessment in view of the agreement made by Provo City at the time a Temple site was chosen, wherein the Taylor Estate had donated land. A resolution and agreement had been made out to show this, but I found out later it had never been signed.

With this verbal authorization from the Provo City Commission, the City Engineer allowed a building permit to be issued for construction of a house at 2202 Temple View Drive, on November 12, 1973, for Celestia.

While untangling the red tape involved in getting the building permit for Celestia's house, our good and dependable neighbor, J. LaDell Petersen, agreed to be the contractor and builder for our entire development project. On November 5, 1973, LaDell had Tyler Construction Co. excavate for the footings of the house and garage.

The footings were formed the day the building permit was issued, November 12, 1973, and concrete was poured for the footings.

Although the City was requiring us to install an underground power system, on December 3, 1973, the City Power put in an overhead temporary electric service to facilitate our immediate construction program.

Our original plan was to build only one building at a time and upon its completion, move on to the next building and complete it. After starting Celestia's house, we could see that our contractor would be able to better utilize the time of his carpenters and other workmen and sub-contractors, by constructing two or more buildings at the same time. Much valuable time was lost in waiting for a sub-contractor to finish his work and get out of the way for the next. Different stages of construction made it possible to shift workmen from one job to the next without loss of time.

By having several units under construction at the same time, it put a financial strain on our financial construction fund of \$70,000, which was made up by each of us contributing \$10,000.00. To solve this problem, the owner of each unit under construction agreed to pay monthly the amount of the cost of his building to-date. This amount was to be

paid by the tenth of the following month.

Just before Joseph T. Bentley and his wife, Kathleen, left for the Mexican Mission, where he was called to be President, they were in the process of selling their home at 1924 Oak Lane. Upon their return, they planned to build a new house, preferably in this Ward and near the Temple. They asked me to save them a lot when we subdivided our property. I promised them I would let them know when we started to develop the property.

In the latter part of 1972, Joseph was called from the Mexican Mission to open up a new mission in Argentina. On May 26, 1973, I wrote him a letter informing him of our plans to develop our property east of the Temple as a Planned Unit Development and asked him if he would still be interested in this type of ownership. He immediately responded by writing that they were interested in this type of operation, but would make no commitment until they knew more concerning plans and prices.

A letter written by the City Engineer on November 21, 1973, and received by me several days later, stated that the agreement between the Taylor family and Provo City, regarding utility line assessments and future curb and gutter construction was ready for my signature, after which he would take it to the City Commission for their signature.

When I went to the City Engineer's office, I found he had gone to California and would not be back until after the first of the year. I would have to wait until he returned to get the agreement signed.

On January 7, 1974, I went back to the City Engineer's office and signed the water and sewer agreement. On January 1, 1974, a new Mayor and Commissioner had taken office and they would not sign the agreement for the old City Commission.

Excerpt from the *Daily Herald* of January 13, 1974:

PROVO RECONSIDERING AGREEMENT

The new Provo City Commission is reconsidering an agreement the old City Commission reportedly had made with the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to provide free water and sewer main line extensions to property Northeast of the LDS Temple. . . . The previous Commission agreed to pay the amount after they were told of a series of oral agreements that had been made. A contract was prepared by the City Legal Staff to formalize the agreement made a month ago. The contract was not formalized before the old Commission left office and the new Commission is now investigating the matter before making a decision."

After reading the above newspaper article, I made an appointment with the new Mayor for 2:00 p.m. on Tuesday, January 15. He was at lunch when I called, so I had a talk with the new Commissioner Hillier. He agreed to go along with the decision of the other Commissioners. The next day I was able to talk to Commissioner Miner. He was going to talk to the former Mayor and felt sure the agreement would be signed. Nothing further was done about the agreement until February 28, 1974 when I accidentally found out about a meeting with the Provo City Commission that afternoon at 2:00 p.m., to discuss this water and sewer agreement and to which I was supposed to be present. I knew nothing about it, not having been invited by the City Engineer.

After a lengthy, controversial discussion, Mayor Grange recommended that in view of the action of the previous Commission and the acknowledgment of former Mayor Verl G. Dixon, that the new agreement be made, waiving trunk line costs of water and sewer.

The big day for the drawing of location choices arrived on January 8, 1974. With the exception of Henry and Alice, we met at the home of Ruth. It was unanimously agreed that the location Celestia was building on would be choice #1. The remainder of the first drawing would be by age: Celestia, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Ethelyn, Ruth and Dixie. The second drawing choice would just be reversed: Dixie, Ruth, Ethelyn, Clarence, Alice, Henry, and Celestia..

Boyd Frampton drew the following numbers out of a hat:

		Unit #	Unit #
	Choice No.	Location	Location
Celestia	1st & 14th	8	6
Henry	5th & 10th	4	3
Alice	7th & 8th	13	15
Clarence	2nd & 13th	16	11
Ethelyn	3rd & 12th	9	10
Ruth	6th & 9th	12	14
Dixie	4th & 11th	1	2

Units #5 and #7 would be sold to help finance the improvements. The units were numbered by starting on the south end with #1, moving north to the circle, then moving counter clockwise around the circle back to the street. The unit on the north-west corner of the property would be #15. Unit #16 would be the house located east of #3 and #4 on a higher elevation. If the City Commission would not allow sixteen units, then #16 would be deleted and a

new choice would be made.

John Maas, with the approval of the architects, was employed to draw up a preliminary landscape plan (January 21, 1974).

Since our neighbors east of the development on the Hill had been so concerned about the development plans, we invited them to call at Ruth's home in the afternoon of March 2, 1974 to inspect our preliminary floor plans, colored renderings of the buildings, the Restrictive Covenants, and ask any questions we might be able to answer.

By now the plastering was completed in Celestia's house and LaDell was just about ready to start the finishing work inside. Before long he would be ready to start construction work on the next unit.

The engineering and architectural plans for the development were now far enough along to submit them to Joseph Taylor Bentley, President of the Argentine Mission, to see if he would still be interested in buying unit #7. His daughter, Francis Hammond, gathered all available material together and sent it to him in Argentina. Very shortly we received word back from him that he approved of the project and his daughter would work with us in the construction of the house.

The agreement was for LaDell to build the house, Joseph would pay the current construction cost each month and would pay \$15,000 for a 1/16th interest in the land.

In laying out the location for the house, we discovered the Temple Site engineer had pushed the new City road about twelve feet east of our old property fence line. This pushed the location of #7 house over the present irrigation ditch. This irrigation ditch furnished water to the BYU peach orchard, just south of the project, and they wanted to continue to use the water. We did not want to build over the ditch, so the ditch was realigned and siphoned up the hill a short distance and then dropped back into the old ditch further south.

To put this water-tight 18 inch concrete pipe in operation, it cost us over three thousand dollars, and then it was only used about four times the remainder of the season. I also developed a hernia in helping put these large concrete pipes in place and was operated on August 1, 1974.

April 11, 1974, Provo City issued us a conditional approval for the Taylor Terrace Planned Development final plans.

One of the conditions on this approval was that a performance bond, cash bond, or security trust, in the amount of \$30,000, be posted to assure completion of sewer, water, street improvements,

driveways, and sprinkling system. In order to help us, our brothers, Arthur D. and Elton, agreed to let us pledge \$30,000 of an \$80,000 time certificate the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate had with Zions First National Bank, to satisfy the City on this performance bond issue.

The building permit for the Joseph Taylor Bentley home at 2176 Temple View Drive was issued July 19, 1974 and construction started immediately.

In the construction of unit #8, we could see how much faster and more efficient the building of two or more units at the same time could be. We also decided that by working with each owner of the house the same as we had worked with the Bentley's where he paid for construction costs each month, that this should be our mode in the future for financing all unit construction. The one exception was #5, which was to be sold upon completion.

In the future, each owner would be on a pay-as-you-go basis, for the cost of construction. All bills contracted during the months would be paid by the home owner on the 10th of the following month.

Dr. Harold and Violet Brown of New York had made arrangements with Celestia to buy her second choice unit, #6. On July 19, 1974, we received a building permit for our first duplex, units #5 & #6. Now three units could be worked on to an advantage, all at once.

It was on Saturday, April 27, 1974, that with Keith Stewart's and Richard Kartchner's trucks and with the services of Lynn Ann and Bryan Richards, George T. Taylor, and Ken and David Kartchner, we moved all of Celestia's furnishings out of her old home at 2050 North Oak Lane to the garage at her new home at 2002 Temple View Drive, Provo.

About 1:30 p.m. on the 23rd of July, the Tyler Construction traxcavator started clearing the land and excavating the basement for unit #7. Two days later, on July 25, they began clearing the land and excavating for the basement of Units #5 and #6, which are just south of unit #7.

After the footings were poured and the basement walls formed and poured on #7, the carpenters moved to units #5 & #6 to form and pour the footings and walls. This enabled the plumbers and heating workmen to rough-in the plumbing and heating ducts in the basement floor of #7. This completed, the carpenters moved back to grade the basement floor of #7 and pour the concrete floor. When the floor was dry, the carpenters began setting the supporting partitions and the upstairs floor joists, then they laid the sub-flooring, erected the ground floor partitions, and eventually erected the rafters

and attached the plywood roof. By then the plumbers could move in and finish the roughing-in. The heating workmen could install their heat ducts. The electricians could install their wiring. The telephone men could install their concealed wiring and conduit. The central vacuum's plastic pipes and wiring could be installed, the TV and stereo cables strung, and the insulation blankets placed in the walls. As the sheet-rockers were nailing on the plaster board for the walls and ceilings, the perfa-tapers were following close behind to make a smooth sandpaper finished wall and ceiling. The carpenters were now working outside on the trim and the roofers had finished nailing on the heavy cedar shakes.

By the time the inside walls and ceiling were dried out, the painters had arrived on the job and were painting the outside brick walls and wood trim, and they were ready to move inside when the outside work was completed.

In the meantime, the carpenters had completed hanging the doors, nailing down the particle floor boards, fitting the wall and floor baseboards and moldings, constructed the stairways, railings, cabinets, and such built-ins as: closets, vanities, bookshelves, cupboards, china closets, fireplace mantels, etc.

The painters could now have the place to themselves to paint the woodwork, the walls, and the ceilings and hang wallpaper where specified. Then the chosen carpet, drapes, and hard surface materials were ready to be laid and hung.

Next the finishing touches were added, such as: light and plumbing fixtures, mirrors, drawer and door pulls, door stops, locks, knobs and handles, fireplace screens, gas logs and grates, and one-thousand and one other items.

Finally came the cleaning of the windows, bath tubs and basins, sinks, and the whole house in general. In the next few months there were always things cropping up that were forgotten or needed adjusting or fixing. This routine continued through the sixteen units, with some variation. Here are some examples:

On August 8, 1974, the basement forms had been set on units #5 and #6 and they were ready for pouring the concrete. The day before was irrigation time for the BYU peach orchard. Water from the irrigation ditch on the hill above the basement, together with a rainstorm, had soaked the hillside dirt wall to the extent that the whole southeast bank caved off, filling the basement with dirt and causing about \$500 damage to the concrete forms.

On September 4, 1974, the carpenters were just starting to set the basement floor joists on unit #7.

LaDell was walking around the top of the narrow concrete wall and stepped on a loose board, which had a small rock under it, and the board slipped, throwing him over the wall and down to the basement floor, breaking his ribs and bruising his chest and back.

On Sunday morning, December 22, 1974, I was on my way to Priesthood Meeting when I noticed the front door of unit #7 was wide open. On the way home I noticed it was still wide open, so I stopped and went in and closed and locked it. The next morning when the carpenters came to work, they found that someone had pushed out a temporary window pane and had gone in and stolen nearly all of Ted's carpenter tools and had taken nearly all of LaDell's hand tools, plus all of his small power tools. What a Christmas present!

When we were pouring the footings for the retaining wall at unit #16 we had another problem. The concrete was being hauled in a wheel barrow on a plank runway on the top of a five foot high bank of gravelly dirt. Bob Reeder was wheeling a full heavy load and was just about to the end of the trench when the plank slipped with the caving gravel bank, throwing Bob, the wheel barrow, and the concrete into the trench. Bob landed on his back in the fresh concrete and reinforcing steel. I am sure it must have knocked him out for a few minutes. But after cleaning off the cement on his clothes and resting a few minutes, he was back to work wheeling more concrete.

There were some tense minutes the time the road grader severed the underground telephone cable in front of unit #14's garage. We all knew the underground power line was buried just inches below this telephone cable and if the grader had struck that power line, there would have been sparks flying.

While grading for the patio in the rear of unit #2, the back hoe pulled out the water line which serviced #16. A huge section of the hill had to be dug away before they could find the upper end of the pipe in order to restore the water line.

On December 21, 1976, while installing the water and sewer lines for units #14 & #15, the bucket of the back hoe dropped too close to the high pressure gas line, punching a hole in this plastic pipe. Caution was the watchword as the workmen tried to get close enough to the whistling, unseen stream of volatile, escaping gas, to plug it off. With the help of the gas company emergency crew, they repaired the line without a fire or any one asphyxiated.

Harold and Violet Brown worked very closely with Fred Markham in planning for the interior of

unit #6. Blair Bowen, a Spanish Fork native, but now living in San Francisco, and a very talented professional interior designer; did all of the interior decorating plan. It was not until November 1977 that the Browns left New York and moved into their new house.

Fay L. Evans, a native of Lehi and his wife, Theda, a native of Pleasant Grove, were in the process of selling their rest home at Clearfield and wanted to move back to Utah County for their retirement. On December 30, 1975, they signed a contract of sale for the purchase of unit #5. They moved into their new house, 2146 Temple View Drive, in June 1976.

In order to utilize some of my leisure hours, I asked each member of our association if they would allow an exception to be made in the construction schedule and let me start construction on unit #16, providing it did not interfere with the other scheduled construction. LaDell agreed to let me do a lot of the work myself on my unit, #16. This was unanimously agreed to.

On September 18, 1974, a building permit was issued by Provo City for the building of a house at 2130 Temple View Drive, unit #16.

In July of 1975, I moved into the basement. On November of 1975, Alice and Roy moved from Salt Lake and lived with me in my now completed upstairs of the house while their new house was being built. Their furniture was stored in my basement.

The construction on units #3 and #4 was started on October 10, 1974. During the summer of 1974, BYU only used the Rock Canyon irrigation ditch to run water to their peach orchard four times. In view of this, Henry talked to Ben Lewis of BYU about the future of this orchard. He mentioned that BYU intended to tear out the peach trees and they did not anticipate using the Rock Canyon ditch in the future. By eliminating this ditch, Henry was able to move his garage to the east of his unit #4 instead of it being on the north of the house, where it blocked the view of Mt. Timpanogos from the dining room.

John Markham's large family had need for dental work, which was being done by Dr. Boyd Frampton, so it was agreed that John, with the supervision of his father, Fred Markham, would be the architect on units #1 and #2. The building permits for units #1 and #2 (2094 and 2096 Temple View Drive) were issued on June 8, 1975.

By November 18, 1975, units #1 and #2 were being constructed on schedule and the next unit to be constructed was Ethelyn's unit #9. She was not quite ready to start construction and Alice and Roy had now moved to Provo from Salt Lake to be on

hand for the supervision of their unit #13 construction. They requested permission to immediately start construction on their house. All members of the association approved starting construction of unit #13 immediately. A building permit was issued by Provo City for a single, two-story house and basement, to be located at 2238 Temple View Circle. A large ornamental coat-of-arms with the letter "N" for Nelson was designed for the west (front) gable.

Ethelyn's second choice, unit #10, was the next on the construction schedule. She had promised to sell her interest in this unit to a very close friend, Lucille Hallam from Spanish Fork.

Lucille had worked with the architect from the beginning, in planning and laying out the interior plans of what she wanted.

With her request for the subcontracting of the electric heating and wiring to Zane Curtis of Helper, Utah, he was awarded this contract. The distance from the job and his illness and other factors, prolonged the completion of this phase of the construction.

The special plaster to cover the electric wiring in the ceiling was another problem which delayed construction. Lucille had a very serious operation and illness which resulted in her becoming discouraged with the project and so desired to be disassociated with the Taylor Terrace project.

When the partially completed building was turned back to Ethelyn on November 26, 1976, Henry stepped in and paid Lucille Hallam all the money she had paid in on the project and assumed the responsibility for completion. He then altered some of the plans and finished constructing the house at 2214 Temple View Circle and rented it.

The building permit for the above unit #10 (2214 Temple View Circle) was issued on December 10, 1975.

With the slow down of work on unit #10, a building permit was obtained for the two-story and basement building, units #11 and #12, on March 9, 1976.

By June 4, 1976, Ethelyn had developed her plans, so a building permit was received on that date and construction on unit #9 (2208 Temple View Circle) commenced.

When laying out the building site for unit #13, the City insisted that the Oak Lane dugway road be not endangered by excavating too close into the hillside in building this house. They insisted the house be pulled to the west to give plenty of room between the house and the hillside.

By moving house #13 to the west, our planned

building for units #14 and #15 made this corner cramped, crowded, and unattractive.

We had one of three choices to make:

1. Build a two-unit building as planned, which would be too close to the other units for driveways and parking.

2. Just build a single unit, reducing the number of units to participate in the development.

3. Pay the Leichty family \$10,000 for a substandard parcel of land approximately 30 x 60 feet, which would be just a nuisance of a weed patch for it was not large enough for a building lot. This would eliminate the weed patch and finish off our development as it should be.

Since the land in the Taylor Terrace Development is held in the name of the Association, it was agreed to pay the Leichty's \$10,000, which was still a very high price (they originally were asking \$15,000). It was an investment in land as well as eliminating a future nuisance. The original developers, plus Fay L. Evans and Joseph T. Bentley, paid the following amounts to purchase this Leichty land:

	Unit #	Amount
Fay L. Evans	5	\$ 625
Joseph T. Bentley	7	625
Celestia	8	625
Celestia	6	625
Henry D.	3	625
Henry D.	4	625
Alice	13	625
Alice	15	625
Clarence	11	625
Clarence	16	625
Ethelyn	9	625
Ethelyn	10	625
Ruth	12	625
Ruth	14	625
Dixie	1	625
Dixie	2	<u>625</u>
Total		\$10,000

After recording the deed, we obtained a building permit from the City on November 22, 1976 and started construction on units #14 and #15.

Although the building had not been completed, Rex M. and June B. Catmull from Rexburg, Idaho, decided they would like to buy one of the units, so Alice and Roy agreed to sell them their second unit

#15, subject to the completion of the building as was planned.

Ruth and Fred decided unit #14 would serve as a good future investment for them, so they decided to complete and lease it, which they did.

So now with the completion of the construction of the sixteen dwelling units of the Taylor Terrace, articles of incorporation into a non-profit corporation were sent to the Utah State Secretary.

In December 1977, the Secretary of the State of Utah, issued a charter to the TAYLOR TERRACE HOME OWNER'S ASSOCIATION as a non-profit corporation.

Since the land had been recorded in the names of Clarence, Alice, and Ruth, during the construction phase, a deed for the common land from The Taylor Terrace, Trustee—Developers (Clarence, Alice, and Ruth) was recorded in the name of the Taylor Terrace Home Owner's Association.

On December 27, 1977, a deed to the land upon which the dwelling had been erected, was issued by the Trustee-Developers as follows:

Unit No.	
1	Boyd M. Frampton & Dixie T. Frampton
2	Boyd M. Frampton & Dixie T. Frampton
3	Trustees of Henry D. Taylor Trust
4	Henry D. Taylor
5	Fay L. Evans & Theda B. Evans
6	Harold W. Brown & Violet J. Brown
7	Joseph T. Bentley & Kathleen B. Bentley
8	Celestia J. Taylor
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor
10	Henry D. Taylor
11	Clarence D. Taylor
12	Fred D. Kartchner & Ruth T. Kartchner
13	ElRoy Nelson & Alice T. Nelson
14	Fred D. Kartchner & Ruth T. Kartchner
15	Rex M. Catmull & June B. Catmull
16	Clarence D. Taylor

Since this writing, the adjacent corner property to the north, then owned by Joseph Allen, was acquired by Henry D. Taylor, Jr. and with the approval of the Taylor Terrace Home Owner's Association, was annexed by the association. Now there are six more newly constructed units added to the Taylor Terrace, which makes a total of 22 units.

Addition to Taylor Terrace

By Henry D. Taylor Jr., 1980

In the late '70s, after the first sixteen Taylor Terrace units had been completed to create a very nice development, I became aware from Uncle Bud and Father that the piece of land directly to the north of the units belonged to Joseph K. Allen. Joe lived in Atherton, California near Colette and me. Uncle Bud indicated that Joe had some development plans of his own and didn't wish to sell.

I told Father and Bud that I knew Joe quite well and saw him now and then, and would speak to him about the property. Later I did talk to him and found that he had plans for all of his land, which runs along the south side of the Rock Canyon road, however the piece adjacent to the Taylor Terrace units was not an integral part of his planned development east of the Oak Lane dugway. He had laid out building lots for single family homes under the existing R-1 zoning for the approximate one-acre parcel which was adjacent to the Taylor Terrace units. It was his intent to subdivide and sell the three lots which that space would accommodate. He was receptive to the idea of selling his property to let the Terrace units extend north to the canyon road, but he needed some time to firm up his plans and to complete some negotiations with the City of Provo.

I had several conversations with Joe over the period of two or three years. His negotiations with the City were progressing slowly. Joe and the City had come to a basic agreement that Rock Canyon Road would shift to the north. Joe would give up some property on the north side of the road and pick up a little on the south side. Joe also had come to the conclusion that if he were to let the Taylor Terrace owners buy his land, it would need to be accomplished through a property exchange, for tax reasons. I told him that there would still be an interest.

In the Spring of 1980, I learned in talking to Joe that he was now ready to proceed. All the realignments had been surveyed, approved, and recorded by the City. We met

together and he gave me the forms of trust agreement that he wanted to use in a property exchange. I reviewed them and told him we could work it out.

In July or August, he said that he had concluded that a property exchange would not be necessary because of the change in Federal Tax law giving more favorable treatment to capital gains. A direct sale was agreed upon and a closing time was set in September 1980.

I talked to Bud and Father, thinking they would pick up the purchase and complete the development. They both wanted to see the development go ahead, but felt there was no one in the association, including themselves, who felt in a position to take the responsibility. They suggested that I might do it, along with some cousins they thought might want to participate, but none were in a position at that time to do so.

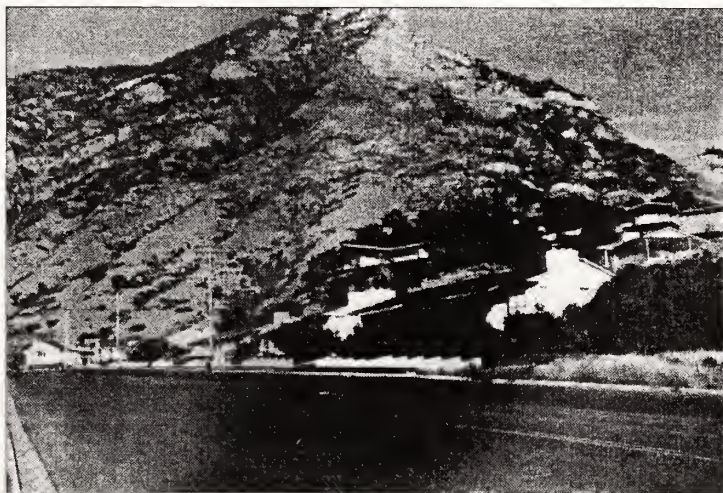
With more sentimental involvement than good judgment, Colette and I decided to go ahead. The land purchase from Joseph K. and Ruth S. Allen, his wife, was closed on 23 September 1980.

John and Dixon Markham had done site survey for us prior to the purchase and had concluded that the probability was high that the City would allow a zoning change to include the Allen land with the Taylor Terrace planned unit development. Upon the decision to purchase, John and his firm began some serious design and layout work on the property.

We had expected initially that there would be four additional units, but John strongly suggested that six units were quite feasible. His layouts and elevation designs were acceptable to the Taylor Terrace

Association and they gave their approval to proceed. They did say that they would not annex the land until the work was complete. They explained that they did not want liability for any damage that could occur during construction or responsibility for the completion of the project itself.

In addition to the



Taylor Terrace on Temple View Drive.

Taylor Terrace Association leaders, I talked to the leaders of the residents' association on the hill to make sure that they saw no problem with the development. Their only concern was with the proposed right angle intersection of Oak Lane to the Canyon Road, which the City engineer had proposed. That angle was changed back to the traditional dugway approach in a public hearing as reported by the Provo *Herald* in September 1980:

OAK HILLS DEVELOPMENT HAS GO AHEAD FROM PROVO CITY

The Provo City Commission approved a request by developers of Taylor Terrace at 1200 East 2320 North to expand the development after a "satisfactory" plan to re-align the intersection of 2320 N. Oak Lane was presented.

With more land in the development, the intersection needed to be moved further from the Taylor Terrace site. At last week's commission meeting, developers proposed re-aligning the two streets so Oak Lane intersected 2320 North at a 90 degree angle rather than the present Y-shaped intersection with a continuous right turn lane up the Oak Lane Hill.

Residents of Oak Hills protested the proposal, saying that when roads were slippery they needed the gentle right turn angle in order to "get a run at the hill." The commission agreed that further study was needed and delayed the decision.

At Tuesday's commission meeting, developers presented a new plan which would shift 2320 North about thirty feet to the north and shift the bottom of Oak Lane about thirty feet also. A continuous right turn lane, separated from Oak Lane intersection by an island, would be built at approximately the same angle as was presently available to residents. The developer will pay for the asphalt work and donate any additional land for the street right of way.

Provo Mayor James Ferguson said the new plan was better and would give residents "a better chance of making the hill." Moving 2320 North will also give traffic coming down the hill more time to stop before reaching the intersection, he said. A yield sign will be placed on Oak Lane.

J. LaDell Petersen, who had done all the building on the first sixteen units, said that he had work in progress which would make it impossible for him to take on the building of the new units. I did some exploring of other

possible builders, but none seemed to measure up to LaDell's standard.

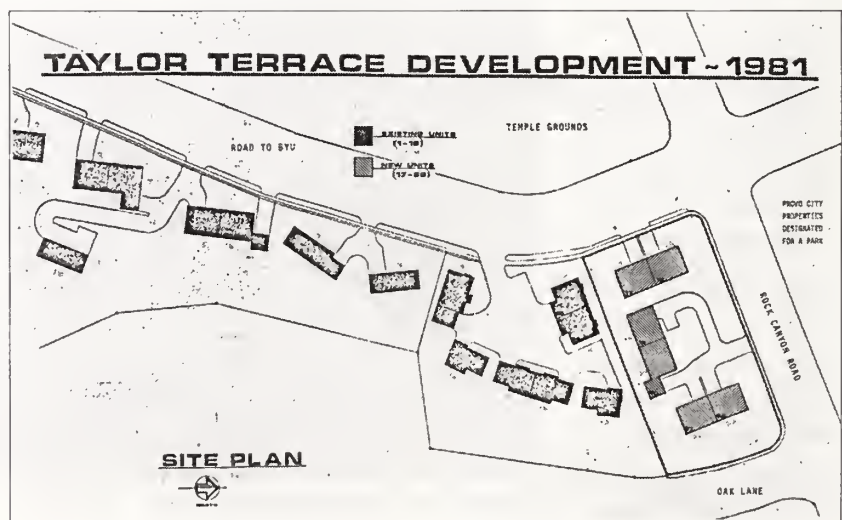
The City of Provo required a zoning change. John Markham handled all the necessary paper work and hearings and successfully obtained City approval and permits. There were a couple of snags however. One was the City Engineer's Oak Lane treatment and the hearing took care of that. The other difficulty was that the City Engineering staff, based on Federal studies, had concluded that the land was in the 100 year flood plain. This meant a redesign of all the units to avoid below ground level occupancy or some earth work to take the property out of the flood plain. We chose the latter approach and constructed a berm and kept the elevation difference between the road and the building sites.

Later the City decided that the new units were not in the flood plain after all. A few years later a real 100 year flood occurred and the units were protected by the berm and lower road elevation, so it was good to have taken those steps whether required or not.

Meanwhile, LaDell's schedule had cleared a little bit and he had second thoughts about someone else finishing the project he had started. He said if I could give him a little flexibility to complete the large home that he was working on, he would like to build the new section of the Taylor Terrace development. We gladly accepted his offer to build the units.

Some work on the new units started in November of 1980. During the winter the very rocky earth was excavated and foundations were poured. Some of the huge rocks which were turned up were used later at the site for a large retaining wall.

As the construction proceeded, another severe problem arose. Money had become so tight that all lenders who had given their tentative agreement to provide construction financing completely terminated this type of lending activity. Prime interest rates climbed to record highs of 21% during this time.



For more than a year after the start of the project, no Utah financial institution would even talk to us about lending money. The only way we were able to proceed was to borrow against all of our stock through a broker margin account and to remortgage our Palo Alto home with a new first and second mortgage. And, in addition, we arranged for a large unsecured note from our local bank and borrowed all the available cash value of our insurance policies. LaDell was also very accommodating at the times when payments were difficult.

In late April 1982, as the project was nearing completion, a Utah Savings and Loan, United, gave us a construction loan. This allowed us to complete the units. The loan was retired in three large chunks, as three units sold in July, August, and September.

The Henry D. Taylor Trust bought half of one building, unit #20, with payments during construction. On March 1, 1982 it was leased to John Swenson and was the first new unit occupied. The Waymires bought #17 and took occupancy on July 2, 1982. The Russell Johnsons bought #18 on Au-

gust 9, 1982 and on August 25, 1982 the Jay Jensens bought #19. Kris Taylor was the informal real estate agent. The last two units were held by Colette and me for rental. The sale of 3.5 units allowed the most painful portions of the construction debt to be retired. The Jensons left us with a building lot in trade for their unit. The lot is at 1500 North 1450 East, lot 1, Plat K, Oakhills Subdivision. In May 1985, the HDT Trust completed the purchase of unit #20.

The last major snag came when the city would not record the sale of individual units until the whole project was annexed by the Association. The Association would not allow the annexation until the project was complete, so that they could avoid all risk. Finally when we posted a bond which held them harmless, the Association allowed the annexation, which allowed the sales to be completed, which then allowed the last units to be completed.

The whole project was completed by September 1982, except for some residual landscaping and the units were all sold or leased and occupied.

Taylor Terrace, 1986

Unit #	Owner	Tenant	Address
1	C. Monroe Hart	C. Monroe Hart	2094 Temple View Drive
2	Boyd & Dixie T. Frampton	Del Stark	2096 Temple View Drive
3	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Edward Midgley	2120 Temple View Drive
4	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Eugence C. Roth	2122 Temple View Drive
5	Fay L. Evans	Fay L. Evans	2146 Temple View Drive
6	Violet J. Brown	Violet J. Brown	2148 Temple View Drive
7	Joseph T. Bentley	Joseph T. Bentley	2176 Temple View Drive
8	Celestia J. Taylor	Celestia J. Taylor	2202 Temple View Drive
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor	Bradley Pelo	2208 Temple View Drive
10	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Val J. Conlin	2214 Temple View Drive
11	Clarence D. Taylor	James E. Crawford	2218 Temple View Drive
12	Ruth T. Kartchner	Donald E. Matthews	2224 Temple View Drive
13	Alice T. Nelson	ElRoy & Alice T. Nelson	2238 Temple View Drive
14	Ruth T. Kartchner	Jacqueline Risser	2244 Temple View Drive
15	Rex M. Catmull	Rex & June Catmull	2246 Temple View Drive
16	Clarence D. Taylor	Clarence D. Taylor	2130 Temple View Drive
17	Cora B. Burmester	Cora B. Burmester	2274 Temple View Drive
18	Russell T. Johnson	Russell T. Johnson	2276 Temple View Drive
19	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	1226 East 2300 North
20	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Reginald Croft	1228 East 2300 North
21	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Fred Langrehr	1242 East 2300 North
22	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Karen Maxwell	1244 East 2300 North

My Employment History

My Employment

History

Employment—Paying Jobs

1919 Fall	Water boy, furnishing drinking water to peach pickers at Uncle John D. Dixon's orchard.	1925 Summer	Thinning and hoeing beets on farm at Logan. Succeeding in "japing" an acre in a day. \$7
1921 Summer	Construction of DTR building. At age 12, furnished the horsepower for the elevator to hoist the bricks, mortar, lumber, and building materials to the third and fourth floors and to the roof by leading the horse to pull the wooden elevator.	1926-29 Summer	Provona Beach. In charge of bath houses and rental of suits and towels. Later manager of store and dance hall.
1922-25 Saturdays	Each Saturday passed the DTR hand bills to all residents in Utah County. Pay was \$1 per day.	1929-30 Summer	Drugstore, "soda jerk," clerk, janitor.
1922 Summer	Thinning and hoeing sugar beets.	1934-42 1945-64	Dixon Taylor Russell Co. salesman, accounts collector, branch store auditor, accounts payable, assistant secretary treasurer.
1923 Summer	Helping John Holdaway install water line at Wildwood.	1936-67	Part-time agent for Hartford Fire & Casualty Insurance.
Christmas	Clerk in DTR toy department.	1942-45	United States Army.
1924-25 Dance Nights	Hat and coat checker at Provo High School dances and Provo Third Ward Married Folks dances on Thursdays.	1964-74	BYU Bookstore, supervisor accounts payable.
		1978-79	Provo Temple Treasurer.

Dixon Taylor Russell Company Bill Passing

ca. 1983

While visiting Ken Kartchner's new home, and observing the mother and children folding, rolling, and stuffing "The Journal," a County advertising paper, into their bags for delivery; it reminded me of the days I spent passing bills to the homes in Utah County.

In the fall of 1921, just prior to the Grand Opening of the Dixon Taylor Russell Home Furnishings Store in Provo, about ten of the boys of the employees were hired to distribute bills announcing the grand opening to all homes in Utah County—from Lehi on the North to Santaquin and Eureka on the South.

Before eight o'clock on the designated day, we kids would assemble at the new store building where Uncle Albert Dixon would load all of us in a model T open touring car and take us to one end of the Town we were covering. Here he would assign each one to deliver a bill to each house doorstep on that street, as well as into one-half the block, on both sides of the street on the intersecting streets.

By the time we would reach the top of the street, he would be waiting for us and assign another street to be covered. Often while he was waiting for us to finish each street, he would drop into one of his friends in the neighborhood for a friendly visit. He was not only well known to many residents in Utah County but in all the Counties South and in the mining camps of Eureka and Carbon Counties.

Having covered the Towns, about four of us would stand on the running boards of the "lizzie" and would take turns running into the homes in the rural areas. If the house was not located near the road, we were allowed to stuff it in the mail boxes.

This first bill carried the headlines, "Grand Opening of your old friends in a new location." It had a large cut of the newly completed three-story building. Under that was the picture of Albert F. Dixon, Vice-president with Arthur N. Taylor, President, in the center; and Sidney W. Russell, Secretary & Treasurer, next. Down along the margins on both sides of the page was the picture of the department heads. As I remember, Orson Bird was head of the Music Dept. J. William Howe was Dept. head of the Floor Coverings. William D. Norman was head of the Wallpaper, Refinishing and Decorating Dept. Hans O. G. Miller was head of the Furniture Repair Dept. All of these men were formerly employees and department heads in the Taylor Bros. Company.

Then in the full four page bill were cuts and descriptions of the specially purchased merchandise offered at this Grand Opening.

One article stressed the store motto, which was "The One Price House." At this time, many of the establishments offered different prices to different persons. This guaranteed the price on each ticket was the lowest price and would be given to all customers, no exceptions. Pricewise, all persons were treated alike.

During the next few years, there was a special promotion each month, and a bill was printed and distributed, winter and summer. During the school year, we boys would go out with Uncle Albert Dixon each Saturday and would cover Utah County in the four Saturdays. After returning to the Store, we each would received a silver dollar for our day's work. The old and the young received the same wages.

Wildwood

Wildwood Resort Company

On the fifty year charter issued by the State of Utah in June of 1906 when the Wildwood Resort Company was incorporated, the following names appeared:

Edward H. Holt	William Rawlings
Alfred Osmond	Caleb Tanner
Thomas N. Taylor	Elbert H. Eastmond
Arthur N. Taylor	E. D. Partridge
John C. Swensen	W. Lester Mangum
Joseph B. Keeler	Alfred L. Booth
John Saxey	Clair Reid

The last three persons above listed, did not build on a lot in Wildwood. Others who built cabins or tent frames soon after the Company was organized were:

John D. Dixon	John E. Hayes
Arthur Dixon	Dr. Christensen
George Startup	Dr. H. G. Merrill
Mose Gudmanson	LeRoy Dixon
J. W. Dangerfield	Leslie Cockrell

Caretakers of the Wildwood Resort who lived in the old Rock House included:

E. H. Eastmond and his mother
Bro. Koffard and his family
Mr. Noon and his family
Mr. Brooks, section foreman for the railroad, and his family
Y. M. Offret and his family who lived there for 36 years

A plat of the lots in Wildwood as of July 7, 1959 shows the original owners and subsequent owners. The lots outlined with a double line had improvements on them prior to 1920. All others have been built since that time.

Wildwood Lot Owners

A list of the original lot owners in Wildwood

and their subsequent owners down to the present, commencing at the south end on the east side of the road:

Lot #1
A. L. Booth
William B. Ashworth
Claude Ashworth
Dean Ashworth

Lot #2
ELBERT H. EASTMOND
Dr. J. C. (Laura) Clark

Lot #3
DR. W. CALDERWOOD
Dr. DaCosta Clark

Lot #4
ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
Arthur N. Taylor Estate
Dixie T. Frampton

Lot #5
THOMAS N. TAYLOR
H. Rex (Delenna) Taylor

Lot #6
ALFRED OSMOND
Mrs. Alfred Osmond
Irene O. Spear & Nan O. Grass

Lot #7
William S. Rawlings
Ashael Fisher

Lot #8
EDWARD H. HOLT
Paul Holt

Lot #9
CALEB TANNER
Ida Tanner Hamblin

Lot #10
 Albert F. Dixon
 Paul Ashworth
 Dr. Grant Y. Anderson

Lot #11
 J. Clifton Moffitt
 Robert L. Hamblin

Lot #12
 Lester R. Taylor
 Philip Taylor

Lot #13
 Dr. H. G. Merrill
 A. G. Brockbank
 Dr. Creed Brimhall

Lot #14
 J. W. DANGERFIELD
 Isaac Brockbank
 Helen Weech

Lot #15
 ARTHUR DIXON
 Arnold Dixon
 Monroe Paxman

Lot #16
 JOHN D. DIXON
 Fred L. (Maud) Markham

Lot #17
 GEORGE STARTUP
 Ernest Dixon
 Vern Whiting

Lot #18
 Dr. Thomas L. Martin
 Dr. Stanley Clark

Lot #19
 Victor J. Bird

Lot #20
 LESLIE COCKRELL
 Dr. L. Weston Oaks
 Ralph Reed Olsen

Lot #21
 DR. LLOYD CULLIMORE
 Orville Ellsworth

Lot #22
 HARVEY R. STAHELI
 Chester Oliver

Lot #23
 IVAN W. YOUNG
 Merrill Christopherson
 LeRoy Johnson

Lot #24
 DR. MADISON W. MERRILL

Lot #25
 WAYNE BOOTH

ROCK HOUSE—south end, west side
 George I. Taylor ranch house
 Wildwood caretakers home
 G. Byron Done

South end, west side of the road:

Lot #1
 JOHN C. SWENSON
 Fred C. Dust
 Ruby Clark (D. Spencer)
 Fae C. Cartwright
 Bruce Hafen

Lot #2
 Jacob Coleman
 John Booth
 Wilson (J. J.) Booth
 Ruth T. Kartchner (Fred D.)

Lot #3
 James Pierpont
 Thomas Cordner

Lot #4
 EDWARD D. PARTRIDGE
 Franklin J. Madsen
 Ruth M. Bracy

Lot #5
 JOHN SAXEY
 Marion R. Taylor
 Richard Taylor

Lot #6

JOSEPH B. KEELER

Jesse W. Johnson

J. W. Dangerfield

Sidney W. Russell

Carol Gray

Lot #7

DR. D. K. CHRISTENSEN

Lot #8

LE ROY DIXON

Verl G. Dixon

Lot #9

MOSE GUDMUNDSEN

Clarence Hawkins

Clifton Tolboe

Taylor Eastmond

Grant A. Fisher

Lot #10

JOHN E. HAYES

Fenton Miller

Lot #11

TRACY Y. CANNON

Frank Speckhart, Sr.

Phil Speckhart

Mary J. Shipman

Lot #12

RONALD DIXON

Lot #13

ARNOLD BOSHARD

Lot #14

MAURICE DAVIS

Catherine N. Smith

Lot #15

FRANK SPECKHART, JR.

Lot #16

No name given

Lot #17

DR. WENDELL VANCE

Lot #18

DR. J. WEIGHT G. BALLIF

Dr. Jesse Weight

Provo, Utah, March 15, 1909.

Dear Sir:

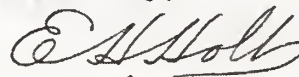
Enclosed please find certificate for one share of the capital stock of the Wildwood Resort Company.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held March 13, an assessment of \$10.00 per share was levied upon the outstanding capital stock of the company, payable on or before June 1, 1909. These funds will be used in finishing the road on the east side of the creek, to make some general improvements, and to meet the maintenance expense for the season of 1909.

The directors also decided to charge \$250.00 for any additional shares that may be sold this season.

Application has been made by Clarence J. Hawkins to purchase a share of the capital stock of the company. He is recommended highly by members of the company who know him. In the absence of objections he will be considered a desirable member.

Very respectfully,



Secretary.

WILDWOOD RESORT COMPANY
BUILDING LOTS PLAT A
TOWN OF WILSON, MISSOURI
SECTION 24, T. 55 S., R. 16 E.

ORIGINAL LOT OWNERS LISTED FIRST;
SUBSEQUENT OWNERS FOLLOW.



BLOCK 1									
A. L. BOOTH	4. ARTHUR N. TAYLOR	7. WILLIAM RAWLINGS	10. ALBERT F. DIXON	13. DR. H. G. MERRILL	16. JOHN D. DIXON	19. VICTOR J. BIRD	22. HARVEY R. STACHELI		
WILLIAM B. ASHWORTH	A. H. TAYLOR ESTATE	ASHAEL FISHER	PAUL ASHWORTH	DR. G. Y. ANDERSON	FRED L. MARKHAM	CHESTER OLIVER			
CLAUDE S. ASHWORTH	DIXIE I. FRAMPTON								
DEAN ASHWORTH									
2. ALBERT H. EASTMOND	5. THOMAS N. JAYLOR	8. EDWARD H. HOLT	11. J. CLIFTON MCCELL	14. J. W. DANGEREFIELD	17. GEORGE STARTUP	20. LESLIE COCKRELL	23. IVAN W. YOUNG		
DR. J. C. CLARK	REX TAYLOR	PAUL M. HOLT	ROBERT L. HAMBLIN	ISAAC BROCKBANK	GENEST DIXON	DR. L. W. OAKS	M. CHRISTOPHERSON		
				HELEN WEECH	VERNON WHITING	RALPH R. OLSEN	LEROY JOHNSON		
3. DR. W. CALDERWOOD	6. ALFRED OSMOND	9. CALFER YANNER	12. LESTER TAYLOR	15. ARTHUR DIXON	18. DR. I. L. MARTIN	21. DR. L. CULLINORE	24. DR. M. W. MERRILL		
	IRENE O. SPEAR and NAN O. GRASS	IDA T. HAMBLIN	PHILIP TAYLOR	ARNOLD D. DIXON	DR. STANLEY M. CLARK	ORVILLE ELLSWORTH	25. WAYNE BOOTH		
DR. DA COSTA CLARK				MONROE PAYMAN					

Disposition of Wildwood

From *Wildwood* by Maria D. Taylor

"Sometime before buying our share of stock in Wildwood, my husband had been speculating in mining stocks. I was very much opposed to it, as we had no money to lose. So after buying into Wildwood, he promised if Iron Blossom paid a dividend he would build me a cabin so that the children and I would be comfortable in the canyon. The mine did pay a dividend and I got my comfortable cabin in the mountains, one of my most cherished possessions.

"In June of 1906, a group of men and some women met at the George I. Taylor Ranch in North Fork, Provo Canyon, to select lots on which to erect tents and later cabins as summer homes for their families.

"A company was formed and secured the rights and title to about one hundred acres, as I remember correctly. A portion was divided into lots. Each lot was numbered and the number placed in a hat to be drawn.

"This drawing took place on a Sunday in June. I was unable to be present, but my husband, Arthur N. Taylor, drew lot number one, where our cabin now stands. All property below was to become recreational ground."

Now 65 years later in 1971, Lynn, Henry, Alice and Ethelyn had cabins in Brickerhaven, Clarence also had a lot there. Ruth had built a large house at Wildwood, so now the majority of the family had no further use and interest in Wildwood.

In order to dispose of the A. N. Taylor Trust Estate interest in Wildwood, it was proposed that the children of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor be given first chance to purchase this share of stock and cabin at the current market price and for cash. (A suggested current price of \$8,000.)

To determine those interested, a memorandum

was given each child which gave them the choice of accepting consideration for the purchase of the Wildwood property, or they could sign that they have no interest in acquiring the Wildwood property. If there was more than one interested, the highest bidder of those interested would be given the right to buy.

If none of the children were interested in buying for the cash price of \$8,000, then the grandchildren would be given the opportunity of submitting a bid with a minimum bid of at least \$8,000. The highest bidder to receive the property.

A letter would be sent to all the grandchildren or their guardians, to be signed and returned, after showing their interest or rejection of the transaction.

If still no "takers" it would be turned to Clarence D. Taylor for \$8,000, who can then hold it for a future sale to the grandchildren or any other person he can and at whatever price he can sell it.

The above plan will immediately provide cash for those who need it now and will also place the responsibility for the cabin in one person, as has been requested by the Wildwood Resort Co.

On October 11, 1971 the accompanying letter was sent to Arthur D. Taylor, Celestia J. Taylor, Elton L. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Alice T. Nelson, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Ruth T. Kartchner, and Clarence D. Taylor. All returned the signed letter indicating they were not interested and to give the grandchildren consideration.

On November 24, 1971 the accompanying letter was sent to all the grandchildren. The deadline for the bid was December 15, 1971. Of the 29 letters sent out, 24 of them were acknowledged. The highest bid of \$8,117.11 bid was submitted by Dixie T. and Boyd M. Frampton. Their names were submitted to the Wildwood Resort Co. for approval and were accepted as a new stockholder and owners of the A.N.T. WILDWOOD cabin.

Provo, Utah
October 11, 1971

To the Daughters, Sons and Daughter-in-laws
of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor:

I desire to buy the one share of stock of the Wildwood
Resort Co., registered in the name of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust
Estate, together with the cabin and all its furnishings for the cash
price of \$8,000.00.

I am not interested in buying the one share of Wildwood
Resort Co. stock, recorded in the name of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust
Estate, together with the cabin and all furnishings, for the cash price
of \$8,000.00.

I recommend that if none of my brothers, sisters, or
sister-in-laws desire to buy this Wildwood property that it be made
available to one of the grandchildren of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor,
to the highest bidder above the minimum bid of \$8,000.00.

Clarence D. Taylor

2180 No. Oakcrest
Provo, Utah 84601
November 24, 1971

TO THE GRANDCHILDREN OF ARTHUR N. & MARIA D. TAYLOR:

The beneficiaries and trustees of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate have unanimously agreed to sell the one share of stock in the Wildwood Resort Co., together with the cabin and all furnishings, to one of the Grandchildren of Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor.

Since it can only be sold to one person, and in order to give all an equal opportunity to acquire this property; one of the fairest ways to accomplish this purpose is to make it available to the highest cash bidder, above the minimum price of \$8,000.00.

If you are interested in buying this property, please sign the lower right-hand corner of this letter and indicate your cash offer.

If you are not interested in buying this property, sign the lower left corner.

Please return this signed letter before December 15, 1971. We must have a response from every Grandchild or their Guardian.

I submit the bid of \$ _____
cash for this Wildwood property.

I am not interested in buying the
Wildwood property.

Name

Name

2180 No. Oakcrest
Provo, Utah 84601
December 17, 1971

TO THE GRANDCHILDREN OF ARTHUR N. & MARIA D. TAYLOR:

Thank you for your response to my "Wildwood Cabin Sale" letter of November 24, 1971. Of the 29 letters sent out, 24 of them were acknowledged, signed and returned, for which I appreciate so much. Of the 5 who did not respond, we are concluding since they had no interest in returning a signed letter, certainly they had no interest in purchasing the Wildwood Cabin; so we accepted their silence as a vote of no interest in buying the Wildwood Cabin".

The highest bid of \$8,117.11 was submitted by Dixie and Boyd Frampton. This bid has been accepted by the family and their names will be submitted to Wildwood Resort Company Stockholders for their approval to buy the share of stock of the Arthur N. Taylor Estate.

I am writing this letter to inform you of the highest bidder and new owner of the Wildwood Cabin. We are pleased that this property, which was such a source of joy and rest to your grandmother, will still stay in the family.

Sincerely yours,

Clarence D. Taylor

Plaque at Wildwood

For more than 20 years, RUTH TAYLOR KARTCHNER has opened her heart and her Wildwood Cabin, each Sunday morning during the summer, to the Wildwood Branch Primary and Relief Society Sisters.

In doing so, she continued a tradition of loving service to Wildwood Mothers and Children begun in 1906 by her Mother, MARIA DIXON TAYLOR.

This plaque commemorates the loving and faithful service she and her family have given to our

Heavenly Father, and to thousands of Latter Day Saints who have attended the Wildwood Branch activities in her cabin.

It is presented to her with love and appreciation by members of the Wildwood Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Presented September 2, 1996, at Wildwood
By Richard Taylor

Uncle Bud's Park

Brief History of Uncle Bud's Park

Source unknown, 1994

The 1950s saw many new families moving into upper Oak Hills as the Taylor Hill subdivision and other developments opened up new lots, and as Provo City expanded its water and utility systems.

By the end of the decade, fourteen families lived on Oak Crest Lane: Ray and Ida Lee Beckham, Don and Virginia Riggs, Richard and Jeanne Gunn, Verl and Lu Allman, LaDell and Mary Petersen, Robert and Elizabeth Allen, Terry and Glenna Hansen, Marlow and Mabel Harston, Lynn and Celestia Taylor, Paul and Virginia Simmons, Max and Beverly Golightly, and Clarence D. Taylor. These families had fifty-one children.

In the center of the neighborhood was a large area consisting of two building lots. The kids referred to it as the "pit" because it was several feet below the road level, was sunken in the middle, and was rocky and covered with weeds. In 1959 the neighbors filled it up with water hoping it would freeze and become an ice skating area. However, the water disappeared every night after being filled all day.

Clarence Taylor and Ray Beckham discussed making it into a neighborhood park. Clarence agreed that he would let the neighborhood use the land for five years, and each of the families paid \$155 for lawn seed, fertilizer, playground equipment, and a sprinkling system.

The Brewster Building was under construction at BYU, and fill dirt was hauled from there to the park site. It was mostly sand, so Thorn Construction Company donated several truckloads of clay to cover the sand. After that came several Thorn trucks full of top soil. Then the neighbors raked, raked, and raked to smooth it out. Lines were dug for a sprinkling system that was later installed and tested. Then came the big day when seed was planted. With the addition of Fred and Ruth Kartchner (Ruth was Clarence's sister), the Oak Crest Neighborhood Association was formed to provide a legal entity to coordinate the business affairs of the park. By fall 1961 children from all over the area were playing in the park, and it was officially named "Uncle Bud's Park" after Clarence Dixon Taylor who was "Uncle Bud" to all the children.

Today (as in the beginning), neighbors pay an annual fee for the maintenance of the park and take turns mowing the lawns and picking up the litter. Anyone on "the hill" can use the park, except that no organized games can be played on Sundays. Groups can reserve the park by calling the president of the association (Dixon Anderson this year).

When the initial five years were up, Clarence offered the land for another five years. He made the same offer again in 1971 and again in 1976. In 1981 he traded two shares of stock in the Rock Canyon Water Company to Provo City in exchange for their agreeing to provide water for the park so long as it was used as a park. For the first twenty years the neighbors paid the water bill as well as the taxes, and they still pay the taxes.

When it was time to renew his commitment for another five years in 1981, Clarence had decided to deed the property to the neighborhood. He had already provided for permanent water rights, as noted above, and set plans in motion for giving the property to the neighbors. On 29 October 1982 an irrevocable trust was established as follows:

Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually understood and agreed by the parties as follows:

The Donor (Clarence D. Taylor) hereby transfers, assigns and conveys the Property to the Trustees in Trust for the sole purpose of benefitting the residents of the neighborhood in which the property is located. It is to be used for the exclusive purpose of providing a playground for said residents, and is to be maintained by the residents who shall provide the work and such other contributions as may be needed to maintain its recreational facilities, its clean and presentable appearance, its safety rules and regulations, and its safeguards against harmful influences or conditions. No part of the property or any income derived therefrom shall be used for the benefit of any private individual; it being understood that everything shall be for the benefit of the property and the recreational advantages it can afford to said residents.

At such time, if ever, the property ceases to be

used as a neighborhood playground or properly maintained, the Trustees shall convey the Property to The Clarence D. Taylor Trust for the purpose of developing building lots Thereon.

Named as trustees were Nan Stewart, Ray Beckham, LaDell Petersen, and Brent Stewart. Provisions were made for the election of successor trustees as needed.

At the time of the establishment of the trust, the property was appraised by the Provo Real Estate Guild for \$87,000. The valuable water rights were not appraised, but will save the neighbors several hundred dollars a year in perpetuity.

It should be noted that great care has been taken

to designate the area as a "private" park. This in no way implies that all neighbors and friends on the hill are not welcome. What it means is that if the time should come when public parks become a haven for negative or undesirable influences, the trustees have the option of limiting the use of the park to those who will obey its rules and regulations. Members of the Oak Crest Neighborhood Association share the expense of maintaining the park and the task of keeping it mowed, but everyone is welcome to use the park.

Hundreds of children and thousands of adults have used the park during its thirty-three year history. All of us are grateful to Uncle Bud for his generosity in making it possible.

Uncle Bud's Park: A History

Written 1982

In the summer of 1961 there were about fifty-one children in the neighborhood with only the street to play in. In the center of the area were two vacant lots which sloped to the west and were covered with weeds and rocks. Ray Beckham and Clarence Taylor, simultaneously, came up with the same idea of converting the weed patch into a playground.

With Ray's enthusiasm and connections, hundreds of loads of fill dirt were hauled in to level the area. The west boundary was raised about five feet to get a level field.

The Oak Crest Neighborhood Association was formed by the following families:

Raymond and Ida Lee Beckham
Don and Virginia Riggs
Richard and Jeanne Gunn
Verl and Lu Allman
LaDell and Mary Petersen
Robert and Elizabeth Allen
Fred and Ruth Kartchner
Terry and Glenna Hansen
Marlow and Mabel Harston
Lynn and Celestia Taylor
Paul and Virginia Simmons
Max and Beverly Golightly
Clarence Taylor

Each of fifteen families contributed \$155. to pay for the initial development:

Lawn seed, fertilizer	\$ 221.50
2,000 yds. fill dirt	450.00
Top soil	330.00
Clay soil	80.00
Leveling & grading	65.00
Materials for Sprinkling Syst.	169.50
Water meter, installation & box	156.40
basketball & volleyball equipment, horseshoes, swings, sandbox.	

Labor for carpentry work, plumbing, painting, grading, planting, etc., was donated by members.

Each family was assigned one week, during the summer, to check the automatic water system to see that it was watering correctly. During the week, preferably on Saturday, they were to mow and trim the grass, pick up the litter, and police the area. No organized sports were to be played on the playground on Sundays.

Each spring all families hold an annual clean-up day, consisting of clearing, raking, cutting and fertilizing the grass on the playground. After the work, a Park Party is held including refreshments and games.

The land on which the playground is located is owned by Clarence Taylor with the explicit understanding that it can be used for a neighborhood playground as long as it is maintained in a neat and orderly manner. If and when it is neglected, not watered, overgrown with weeds, and becomes a disgrace

to the neighborhood, the owner will convert it into building lots with attractive houses and yards.

On February 5, 1981, an agreement with Provo City was made with Clarence D. Taylor as follows:

Now, therefore, the parties agree as follows:

1. Clarence D. Taylor will herewith submit two (2) shares of stock in Rock Canyon Water Company to the City for the consideration hereinafter set forth. (Certificates #296 & #298).

2. The City will provide for "Uncle Bud's Park" located at 2185 Oakcrest Lane, Provo, Utah, free water from City sources for as long as that park is used as a park.

In October 1982, a real estate appraisal of the park area was submitted by Real Estate Guild of Provo, Utah:

"Based on listings and sale prices of property similarly well located, I appraise the property at \$87,000."

On the 29th day of October, 1982, an IRREVOCABLE TRUST AGREEMENT was established for "UNCLE BUD'S PARK."

"Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually understood and agreed by the parties as follows:

1. The donor (Clarence D. Taylor) hereby transfers, assigns and conveys The Property (the described Park area) to the Trustees IN TRUST for the sole purpose of benefitting the residents of the neighborhood in which the property is located. It is to be used for the exclusive purpose of providing a playground for said residents, and is to be maintained by

the residents who shall provide the work and such other contributions as may be needed to maintain its recreational facilities, its clean and presentable appearance, its safety rules and regulations, and its safeguards against any and all harmful influences or conditions. No part of the property or any income that may be derived therefrom shall be used for the benefit of any private individual; it being understood and agreed that everything shall be for the benefit of the property and the recreational advantages it can afford said residents.

The term of each Trustee shall be for life, unless he or she resigns, permanently moves from the neighborhood, or fails to serve hereunder. In the event any of said Trustees dies, resigns, moves, becomes incapable of serving or fails to do so, the other Trustees then serving shall elect a successor to take the place of such Trustee who dies, resigns, moves, or fails to serve; provided, however, that during his lifetime The Donor shall have the right to approve or disapprove the selection of each such new Trustee.

At such times, if ever, as The Property (Park) ceases to be used as a neighborhood playground or properly maintained, the Trustees shall convey the Property to "The Clarence D. Taylor Revocable Living Trust," for the purpose of developing building lots thereon."

The original TRUSTEES are: Nancy T. Stewart, Raymond E. Beckham, J. LaDell Petersen, Brent T. Stewart.

The Donor, Clarence D. Taylor.





Oh, say, can
you see . . .



Oak Hills Sixth Ward
Annual Freedom Festival Flag Raising Ceremony
Monday, July 5, 1993
7:00 am



Sound System	Larry Rowland
Prelude	Oak Hills Sixth Ward Band
Welcome	Bishop James H. Calder
Opening Song	Number 339 "My Country 'Tis of Thee"
Invocation	Clayton Nielsen
Presentation of Colors and Pledge of Allegiance	Troop 766
Congregational Hymn	Number 340 "The Star-Spangled Banner"
Speaker	Rear Admiral C. Monroe Hart U. S. Navy (Retired)
Patriotic Songs	Oak Hills Sixth Ward Primary Children
Benediction	Blaine F. Bates

Fourth of July Talk by Ret. Admiral Monroe Hart

5 July 1993, Oak Hills 6th Ward

Bishop Calder, Brothers Bartlett, Knudsen, and Davis. Brothers and Sisters.

1. It is an honor for me to be invited to speak to all of you Americans in this park today—the Fourth of July—Independence Day. It has become our custom to pause to observe this anniversary because it has so much significance in our lives. To pause for a moment to recall...and to ponder. We pause to remember the heroism and wisdom and courage of those never-to-be-forgotten men and women who brought about this remarkable, even divinely inspired, “Grand Experiment.” But also to honor the courage and sacrifice of many, many men and women whose names may not be recorded in history but who, down through the years, by their own sacrifices and examples have made important contributions to the continuing success of this “Grand Experiment.”

2. It was on July 4, 1776, that these historic words in the pages of history came forth:

“We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights—among them being life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.”

3. A great American whom I first met in Washington, D.C. in 1936 and who later became President of BYU once said,

“Freedom cannot be vouchsafed from one generation to another. One generation may win it on the battlefield, and another may lose it for the lack of resolve.”

4. And thus it is that the preservation of this Land of the Free and Home of the Brave falls upon the shoulders of us all. By honorable service in war if war is necessary, yes, but also each day in living and teaching and demonstrating the principles upon which this land was founded.

5. With this in mind, let me refer to two Americans who have been examples of those who have helped the perpetuation of our freedoms and our good lives by their service to our nation and to our community.

All was quiet—and our nation was still at peace. On the battleship, USS Nevada, at the northern end of battleship row at Pearl Harbor, band leader Oden McMillan waited with his band to play the national anthem as the flag was raised at morning colors at eight o'clock. As his 23 men moved into formation,

some of the musicians noticed planes diving at the other end of Ford Island.

McMillan saw a lot of dirt and sand go up, but thought it was another drill. Now it was 0758—two minutes to go and the planes started coming in low from southeast Loch. Heavy muffled explosions began booming down the line—enough to worry anyone. And then it was eight o'clock.

The band crashed into “The Star Spangled Banner” as the flag was hoisted to the mast. But just then a plane skimmed across the harbor and dropped a torpedo aimed at the battleship Arizona and peeled off right over the Nevada's fantail. The rear gunner sprayed the men standing at formation. But he missed the entire band.

McMillan knew now. But he kept on conducting. The years of training had taken over. He continued playing the national anthem.

“On the shore, dimly seen thru the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream; 'tis the Star Spangled Banner, Oh long may it wave O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!”

And another strafed by. This time McMillan unconsciously paused as the deck splintered around him, but he quickly recovered and picked up the beat again. The entire band stopped and started again with him, as though they had rehearsed it for weeks. Not a man broke formation until the final note died. At no other time in our history had the anthem meant so much, or had been more sacred.

When the anthem ended, the men dropped their instruments and ran to their places. Shoulder to shoulder with their shipmates on the gun-mounts, in the firefighting parties, on the stretcher-bearing teams. When one man fell in battle, another was right there to take his place. No one on that day worried whether the man next to him was a gunner's mate, or a musician, or a boson's mate, or a cook. They were American sailors, nothing less.

7. And today as well, we do not speak of position or rank, but of HONOR that is inseparably a part of a person, herself or himself. HONOR is freedom from deceit, from evil thinking, from evil

intent. And it is the tradition of Americans to serve with Honor, Courage, and Loyalty.

8. There is one among us who also has been an example of Americans who have served our country, our church, and our community. He was born in Provo into a highly respected family—a family on the move in the Church and in the West. In his youth, he learned to work, to ride a horse, and to learn. He played football on the Provo High School team and after graduating, he attended BYU. With the devotion with which he had been taught, he served a mission in South Africa where his grandfather had lived and had heard the gospel preached by the first missionaries sent to South Africa. That grandfather was baptized and then emigrated to America and the West in 1857.

9. The grandson returning from his mission, continued his active and vigorous life. America was attacked at Pearl Harbor on Seven December, 1941. War was declared. He didn't run to Canada to evade the draft nor wait to be drafted. Rather, he, himself, promptly entered the U.S. Army in order to serve his country. As a cannoneer in the 104th Regiment of the 28th Division, he and his comrades came ashore on Utah Beach in the first landing of the U.S. Army in France. Then on through France in the drive to Germany, including holding the line in the famous Battle of the Bulge. Having served throughout the entire war, he was honorably discharged in September, 1945. And then, Clarence Dixon Taylor (Uncle Bud) continued his service in the Church in

the Administration of the Provo Temple and in the community. This service included leadership in the building of Taylor Terrace, a housing community designed to complement the Provo Temple. And he made available and aided in the establishment and maintenance of this very park. We are grateful.

10. But we recognize that life today is so very complicated—sometimes seemingly crowding out our memories of the services rendered by our compatriots. During the Victorian period, there was a popular song with lyrics which said, "I could see the Crystal Palace were it not for the houses in between." This song referred to the story of an elderly lady during the reign of Queen Victoria. As a child and a young woman, from windows of the house where she was born and grew to adulthood, she could see the Crystal Palace, a giant glass and steel Exhibition Hall in Hyde Park, London, that housed the great Exhibition of 1851. As the years flew by, the houses built in between her and the Crystal Palace obscured her view, just as events of her mature life veiled the years of her youth. And our lives are like that.

11. On this Fourth of July, let us see if we can strip back the veil of events just enough to recall the contributions to us all which many have made and are today making.

12. There have been many cataclysmic events in our lives to hide those precious memories. But this day, this hour—let us be thankful that through it all we do remember—because we still remember the Crystal Palace. We always will.

News from the Oak Hills Sixth Ward

Oak Leaves

News from Oak Hills 6th Ward—July 1994

Sixth Ward celebrates Fourth of July, honors "Uncle Bud" Taylor

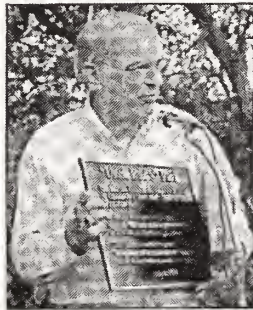
"I've never been so gratified in all my life." Those were the words of Uncle Bud Taylor, spoken in response to the ceremony that honored him for providing the two lots that became Uncle Bud's Park in 1982.

Uncle Bud quickly gave credit to Ray Beckham for



Clarence "Uncle Bud" Taylor

making it all happen. The morning ceremony was led by Dixon Anderson, during which a large stone monument was unveiled by Verl Allman. Each of the original trustees, La Dell Peterson, Nan Stewart, Ray Beckham and Brent Stewart paid tribute to



Ray Beckham shows plaque

And the band played on



Sixth Ward celebrates Fourth

Continued from page 1



Mark Calder



Matt Ashworth



Arian Lewis

Uncle Bud and reminded all present just how much the park has done for the neighborhood.

Directed by Ed and Evelyn Haines, the patriotic program included a recitation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by Mark Calder, a history of the flag by Matt Ashworth, and a moving account of the writing of the national anthem by Arian Lewis as Francis Scott Key. The Primary children sang, the band played, and the scouts raised the flag just as the sun burst through Rock Canyon.

Continued on page 3

Appendix

Items Donated to Brigham Young University

by Clarence D. Taylor

Journals of Maria Dixon Taylor.

Arthur N. Taylor Missionary Journal, May 8, 1902 to February 7, 1903. Trip to Strawberry Valley. July 10, 1894 to July 31.

Papers of Henry Aldous Dixon, 1835-1884.

Henry A. Dixon—Certificate of Citizenship, May 27, 1869. "Penmanship" journal.

Account of administration of will of John Henry Dixon. Appraisal and inventory of Henry Aldous Dixon. Copy of will of Henry A. Dixon.

Copy of Decree of Court Distribution to Heirs.
Copy of Supplemental Decree of Distribution.
Guardianship Accounting of Rec. to Court.

Agreement for Lease of Brickyard (Follett) Farm to Arthur D. Dixon and Sarah D. Dixon and Sons.

Patented Land Deeds from U.S. Government to William A. Follett (Brickyard Farm). Patented Land Deeds from U.S. Government to Henry A. Dixon (Carterville Farm). Warranty Deeds.

Copy of Leases.

Blackhawk War Pension to Widow, Sarah DeGrey Dixon.

Minutes of Seventies of 2nd District, Provo City,

Karl G. Maeser, President. Utah County Treasurer Reports—School funds, etc.

Albums and Scrapbooks

Maria D. Taylor photo album.

Maria D. Taylor scrapbook.

C.D.T. magnetic page photo album.

C.D.T. mission photo album.

C.D.T. photo album.

C.D.T. mission scrapbook and colored scenes pictures.

George Taylor, Sr. family photos.

Mother's letters 1930-Aug.1931.

Mother's letters 1931-Aug.1932.

Mother's letters 1932-Apr.1933.

C.D.T. letters 1931-1933.

C.D.T. "Lifetime Peaks" scrapbook loose-leaf.

My Dixon Folks loose-leaf (Original).

My Dixon Folks loose-leaf (Copy).

My Taylor Folks loose-leaf (Original).

My Taylor Folks loose-leaf (Copy).

Gen. Record Comp. Print-outs:

Gen. Mgr. Dixon Ind. Records

Taylor Ind. Records

P.A.F. Taylor Lists

P.A.F. Dixon Lists

Certificate of Appreciation

From the Harold B. Lee Library Archives and Manuscripts Department

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

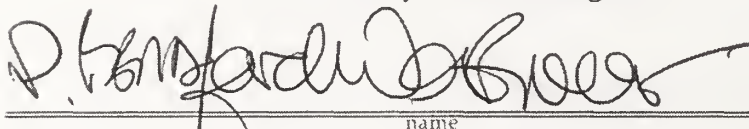
John A. Taylor

name

has presented to
the Archives and Manuscripts Department
of the Brigham Young University
Harold B. Lee Library

2 family photo albums created by
Clarence Dixon Taylor

this gift is greatly appreciated
and is hereby acknowledged.



name

Chair, L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library

title

1 February 2007

date

Obituary and Funeral Program

by Kenneth Taylor Kartchner, 24 May 2005

DAILY HERALD Tuesday, May 24, 2005



Clarence Dixon Taylor Duty, Integrity, and Plain Hard Work A Consummate Uncle

Clarence Dixon Taylor, known to all as "Uncle Bud," a life-long Provo citizen, died on 21 May 2005, at the Courtyard at Jamestown, just ten days after his 96th birthday.

When Clarence was born on 11 May 1909, on 5th West, there were no paved roads in the city and the largest employer was the Provo Woolen Mills, of which his grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, had been the first superintendent. He was the sixth of eight children of Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Dixon.

Although never married, his life was devoted to his family in a consistent, helpful way that set a standard for all who knew him. He early recognized the value of computers for genealogical work and entered all his family records on an Apple IIe. Before that, his basement was lined with 32 lineal feet of 4' x 8' plywood panels with hundreds of names of his collateral relatives on small strips of paper. Each of his nieces and nephews received, at their marriage, a booklet with family group sheets of their ancestors, and their own, ready to be continued.

When his call to the English Mission arrived in 1930, his mother paid a visit to President Heber J. Grant to explain that there must have been a mistake because he should be going to South Africa; which, he did. And for the rest of his life, he carried on his mother's devotion to their South African roots, where her father had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1856.



His published books include a history of the 1820 settlers of South Africa and two volumes of family records and stories, *My Folks, the Dixons*. He prepared hundreds of names for temple ordinances and was a worker and the treasurer of the Provo Temple.

Clarence graduated from Brigham Young University in 1936 with a degree in business administration and worked with his father and brothers in their furniture business, Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company, until it closed in 1964. He then took care of accounts payable for the BYU Bookstore, until he retired in 1974.

His life was interrupted by World War II, which he spent freezing one winter at Margum Castle in Wales; then, slogging through the worst of the European Theater. He was a cannoneer in the 109th Regiment of the 28th Division, landed on Utah Beach, barely escaped capture during the Battle of the Bulge, and fought on into Germany. He would never talk about the war, much to the



disappointment of his nephews, but wrote, "There is no good that comes from war, other than retaining one's liberty. War only results in destruction, heartache, and sorrow - a pe-

riod of waste, loss of life, pain, and suffering. To me, a period of time to be forgotten."

He liked to travel, but, wouldn't go camping, probably because his unit had once gone six weeks without ever being indoors. As a veteran, he was eligible to purchase a war surplus jeep in 1945. He and a cousin, Ver-

Dixon, picked it up at Hill Air Force Base; all four tires blew out on the way back to Provo.

Uncle Bud's jeep was the envy and pride of the entire extended family and Oakhills neighborhood. As each niece and nephew got their driver's license, they were allowed to use the jeep for a week - until, one of them drove it up the front steps of the high school in Price! For his 95th birthday, his nieces and nephews each wrote a memory of Uncle Bud. Many involved the jeep; all reflected his influence for good.

Uncle Bud was a quiet example of a good neighbor. The Taylor family developed the Oakhills neighborhood and the Taylor Terrace condominiums east of the temple. Before there was city water, he cleaned the ditches and tank and helped keep the water running out of Rock Canyon. The jeep was fitted with a snowplow and for years before the city began maintaining the roads, he kept the roads and many driveways clear. Rather than wringing out the last dollar from the land, he donated his own property for a neighborhood park. When the power lines were buried, he hand-dug through hundreds of feet of rock and roots to avoid backhoe damage to the scrub oak of land he didn't even own.

He was preceded in death by five brothers and one sister, two nephews and one niece. He is survived by his sister, Ruth Taylor Kartchner; and 25 nieces and nephews. All of them are grateful to be part of his family.

We extend a heartfelt thanks to the staff at Courtyard for their tender care during his last few weeks.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday, 25 May, at 11 a.m., in the Hillside Chapel, 2000 North 1500 East, Provo. Friends may call Tuesday from 6-8 p.m. at the Berg Mortuary in Provo; and, one hour prior to the services. Interment will be in the Provo City Cemetery.

In Loving Memory of a
Consummate Uncle

Clarence Dixon Taylor

".....is and has been for all the years that I have known him one of the intelligent, concerned, aware, skillful, and diligent types who wanted not public acclaim or attention but made the world go by and kept the record of its going."

Harold H. Smith
January 20, 1987



Clarence Dixon Taylor

Born May 11, 1909, Provo, Utah
Died May 21, 2005, Provo, Utah

In Loving Memory of a
Consummate Uncle

Clarence Dixon Taylor

Born May 11, 1909, Provo, Utah
Died May 21, 2005, Provo, Utah



Pallbearers

Grant Fisher
Ken Kartchner
Art Nelson
David Taylor
George Taylor
Hank Taylor
James Taylor
John Taylor
Paul Taylor
Steve Taylor
Brent Stewart

Funeral Service

Wednesday, May 25th 2005, 11:00 a.m.
Oak Hills Stake Sixth Ward
(Hillside Chapel) 2000 North 1500 East, Provo, Utah

Family Prayer	Henry D. Taylor Jr.
Officiating	Bishop Robert S. Collins
Prelude & Postlude Music	DeAnn R. Gardner
Invocation	James S. Taylor
Obituary	Terri F. Jensen
"Memories of Uncle Bud"	Kenneth T. Kartchner
Musical Selection	Christine L. Davis
<i>"Meditation," from Thais by Massenet</i>	
Accompanied by	DeAnn R. Gardner
Speaker	George T. Taylor
Remarks	Bishop Robert S. Collins
Congregation	<i>"God Be With You Till We Meet Again"</i> 152
Benediction	John C. Nelson

Interment, Provo City Cemetery
Dedication of Grave John A. Taylor

Memories of Uncle Bud

by Kenneth Taylor Kartchner, Funeral address 25 May 2005

Clarence Dixon Taylor

Uncle Bud was right about a lot of things but he was the victim of half-baked theology. Because he never married and had no children, in his darker moments he said, "My life is of no value; when I am gone that will be the end of me." In recent years our understanding has improved as prophets have taught that "all that is beautiful and lovely about eternal partnership and family life will be available sometime, and with joy we cannot imagine here, to those individuals who endure to the end in Christ-like living."

As the cousins got older and conversation turned to Uncle Bud, we occasionally speculated how someone as stable, handsome, kind, and family-oriented could have missed getting married. But none of us ever thought it appropriate to ask. But Dawn Brummer did. In 1994 we were visiting relatives in south Africa. Dawn and Pierre Brummer owned a sugar cane plantation in Zimbabwe. One evening, as we sat in their comfortable living room talking about family and the unpredictable turns of life, Dawn abruptly asked, "Clarence, how is it you never married?" Uncle Bud was quiet for a spell, looking wistfully across the room, and finally replied, "Well, I guess I just never got around to it." Dawn said, half jokingly, "I think it was because you never found anyone to match your mother." To which he replied, "Well, that could have been part of it."

Who Was Uncle Bud?

Regardless of the reason he never married, the fruits of his life are unassailable evidence that his life was of great, eternal value. Adlai Stevenson remarked (referring to patriotism) that what we need is not occasional bursts of fanaticism but the "tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime." That phrase, tranquil and steady, is a good description of Uncle Bud's character in almost all respects and George will relate some examples. I would like to give you a glimpse of his life near the end. After a stroke last year he moved to the Courtyard. His house was left untouched; no chance to tidy up or set things out that would leave a good impression. Here are some of the things that were around his desk:

Budget—thirty-six line items, totaled and reconciled monthly, a sheet like this for every year of his adult life. His personal wants were few and because of his careful stewardship he left resources with instructions that any descendent of Arthur and Maria Taylor can be supported during their missionary service. When he told me about this, he made me promise to not say a word until he was gone. Typically, modest and self-effacing. It was Uncle Bud who taught me to buy a 10-cent saving stamp at Provo S&L each week from my shoe shine money.

Errands—order Ensign binder (a complete collection since 1946), temple, reconcile bank statement, dry clean temple clothes, clean files.

And under the glass on his desk:

A list of things to do DAILY—Have a project underway, Get out of the house everyday, and eight reminders: Daily scripture reading, Daily good turn to others, Daily physical exercise, Mental exercise, Do that which you don't like doing that needs to be done (diary), Daily do something you enjoy doing, Morning and evening prayer, and Foremost, keep a positive and cheerful attitude. What better evidence of someone who followed King Benjamin's counsel to be "calling on the name of the Lord daily, and standing steadfastly in the faith of that which is to come" Mosiah 4:11.

A Prayer—"Lord, thou knowest better than I that I am growing older. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every occasion. Release me from trying to straighten out everybody's affairs."

A Quote—"Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. . . . Strive to be happy."

Scriptural understanding—his definitions of justification by faith, sanctification, grace.

A faithful combination of pioneer thrift and the Great Depression, Uncle Bud didn't throw much away. Here are some other things we found:

His pith helmet, brought back from his mission in South Africa and used to tatters,

Dr. Scholl's bunion pads—10 cents,

A white shirt from Leven's—\$11.

And, of course, a box of Shredded Wheat—I wanted to be a Scout, most of all, so I could try the Indian Lore that used to be printed on the cardboard separators in the boxes of Uncle Bud's Shredded

Wheat.

Uncle Bud was not perfect. But he was better than most men and as good as I ever hope to be.

References

“Tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime,”
Adlai Stevenson on patriotism. Quoted by Oaks in
CES talk

Your dedication of a lifetime should follow King

Benjamin’s advice to be “calling on the name of the Lord daily, and standing steadfastly in the faith of that which is to come” Mosiah 4:11.

“The Lord’s prophets have taught us that all that is beautiful and lovely about eternal partnership and family life will be available sometime, and with joy we cannot imagine here, to those individuals who endure to the end in Christlike living.” Marion D. Hanks. Found by search on www.lds.org, “unmarried.”

In Remembrance of Clarence Dixon Taylor

by George Terry Taylor, 25 May 2005

Brothers and Sisters:

My desire today is to adequately display in words the summation of a great life well lived.

I really want to please my uncle, Clarence Dixon Taylor, in what I say. I want to please my brother John, my cousins Hank Taylor and Ken Kartchner, who have been solicitous to Uncle Bud in his declining years. We thank you for kindness and generosity in helping Uncle Bud maintain his dignity, comfort, and longevity. We thank all of our cousins, friends, and Church leaders who have helped Uncle Bud.

I want to speak on behalf of Uncle Bud’s living family—Aunt Ruth, Aunt Ethelyn, all of us nieces and nephews of Uncle Bud.

I want to please those who have preceded him in death who may sometimes observe our earthly efforts—his mother, Maria Dixon and his father, Arthur Nichols Taylor. His grandparents—Henry Aldous and Sarah DeGrey Dixon and Eliza Nichols and George Taylor—all sacrificed to join the Church, cross the plains, build a humble home, have a magnificent family, and endeavor to live the gospel of Jesus Christ in this beloved mountain valley. Uncle Bud never forgot them and neither shall we!

I would like to please his brothers and sisters who may also listen to and observe this proceeding.

I would like to shout out to everyone with our combined earthly and heavenly voices the swelling feelings of gladness for knowing Uncle Bud and of his great goodness.

Finally, I would like to please the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who in the day of resurrection can unite each of us with our friends and families.

Uncle Clarence Dixon Taylor, the fifth son and

sixth child of Arthur N. and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor was born May 11, 1909 to a great pioneer and enterprising family. He was blessed and named by his father, Arthur, on July 4, 1909.

Christina N. Preston

Alice identified a photograph of herself and Bud when they were about 6 and 3 years old. She said that she told Bud, as she took hold of his hand, that she would hold it for the rest of her life.

In reminiscing about Uncle Bud, Aunt Ruth recalled how he sure teased her by taking her out to the barn to show her how he was going to milk the cows.

He set me up on a little window-seat ledge and then he would squirt milk in my face. (What a surprise!) He taught me to drive and he’d help me practice by driving all over the beach at the lake or up on the hill. He showed great kindness and fun to me and my girl-friend “gang” of cousins. He took us all around and we all thought the world of him.

Uncle Bud attended school at Timpanogos Elementary School, Central Jr. High, and Provo High School. He played high school basketball and football along with his older pal Sanky Dixon. He graduated from Brigham Young University in business administration.

Sanky Dixon

Clarence “Bud” Taylor was my Buddy and best friend. We spent many happy hours together. Aunt Rye was a second Mother to me and she would

invite me to spend summers in Wildwood to be company for Bud. I'll always cherish the wonderful friendship I had with Bud.

Uncle Bud served in the South African Mission from 1930 to 1933. After arriving, he was immediately assigned as the mission secretary at Mowbray, Capetown for fourteen months. He was then appointed district president at Port Elizabeth until his release. Written in Cumorah's Southern Cross, October 1930:

...his dutiful and congenial spirit together with his obedient and lovable disposition, and his willingness to do something for someone else endeared him to the hearts of all who know him. He has a smile for all occasions, and it [the smile] does not seem to come off easily. To Elder Taylor and his dear father and mother . . . goes the love and esteem of his many friends and co-labourers, and the joy they will have will be the exclamation as recorded by Addison—"Thanks to God my boy has done his duty" (HDT, p. 107).

Harold H. Smith, his first missionary companion

Clarence was always very quiet. He spoke quietly, and he moved quietly. I had the impression that either from example or by self-discipline he followed his Father.

Uncle Bud returned home by way of the east coast of Africa, into Palestine, touring Jerusalem and Egypt, to Europe and thence to America. Upon returning he was employed by the Dixon Taylor Russell Company for a time before entering military service.

Uncle Bud served his country and his family during World War II from January 1942 to September 1945. He served in the middle of the horrific "Battle of the Bulge." He was awarded five Battle Clusters for action in Northern France, Normandy, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe (HDT, p. 122).

He wrote:

We were on the front line that was so thinly protected, and it was here the Germans made their last major assault. As the line began to bulge and break, orders were given to retreat. I was fortunate to catch the last service company truck which carried us back into France for regrouping, thus avoiding being taken as a prisoner of war" (HDT, p. 124).

He again picked up his work at DTR and continued faithfully in several positions until 1964 when the store closed. I remember his always cheerful greeting, "Hello, George Terry" as I would enter

his small DTR office to empty his garbage can.

Uncle Bud enjoyed traveling at certain points in his life. In 1951, he embarked on a BYU Church History travel tour visiting every major Church historical site. He gained an increased appreciation for the early leaders of the Church and the trek westward of his own grandparents.

He traveled to South America with Cousin Tony to pick up Elders David Taylor and Hank Nelson from their missions.

Stephen Taylor

We all remember Uncle Bud's famous meal: Shredded Wheat and honey with milk. Tony often told the story of a flight to or from Argentina, when, late at night, the hostess came by offering passengers "hot meat." Tony said that Uncle Bud was amazed and shocked by such a strange offering at such an unholy hour. Tony, of course, partook with great relish.

Uncle Bud traveled with Cousin Ken to once again see his Dixon ancestral home in South Africa. There he made special family contacts and friendships which gave him great satisfaction.

Uncle Bud built his home on the hill.

George T. Taylor

His small white-framed immaculate home, was always neat, tidy, Spartan inside; outside, a model of industry and horticultural beauty. The green landscaped razor-clipped lawn, the manicured majesty of his roses and other flowers, the produce of his small fruit tree-orchard—they all bespoke the wealth of his soul.

The pleasant breeze coming out of the canyon, his little guest bedroom, the high and comfortable bed with its clean linens, the quiet, peaceful tranquility was a haven for some of the family on occasions.

Terri Fisher Jensen for Elayne T. Fisher

His tidy white house and immaculate yard on Oak Crest Lane were Provo landmarks. Everyone knew where Uncle Bud lived. Everyone knew how much he cared about his family and his community.

Art Nelson

Uncle Bud gave up his home to the Nelsons for

an entire summer and slept on a cot in the unfinished basement. Somehow he put up with us with a smile, typically willing to inconvenience and sacrifice himself for others.

Jim Taylor

Uncle Bud was so generous with his time and possessions. One of the fondest memories that my family has of Uncle Bud was when we moved back to Provo from Ohio where I had just finished my doctorate. Uncle Bud offered to move downstairs and let us live in the upstairs part of the house. What patience he had as he endured the noise overhead and how our children grew to love him as he would play and read with them and let them climb the apricot trees.

Mary Ann K. McCollum

His little house on the hill across from his park was nice for me to visit because it was always cool and quiet there. Uncle Bud never got too riled up and was a constant calming influence whenever he was around. He is a kind, courteous person who has had a positive influence on myself and my brothers and sisters. We love him!

Jim Nelson

We used to go to Uncle Bud's house the night before Memorial Day. It was a big adventure. I loved the story of how he won his house after the war by having the lucky number. He would take us on rides in his WW II jeep. We would bed down on his floor in sleeping bags. On Memorial Day we would get up and go to the cabin at Wildwood and clean it for the upcoming summer. Uncle Bud took care of the annual mowing, not with a lawn mower, but with a



Jon Stewart and Clarence D. Taylor in the jeep.

scythe. I thought it was the most amazing way to cut grass I had ever seen.

Uncle Bud sure knew how to work.

David Taylor

I was astounded at his ability to work like a coolie in the hot summer sun when most men his age were dozing in front of a television.

Hank Nelson

A few years ago, I went to Mom's house on Temple View one day to remove a pine tree that had been tipped over in a windstorm and lay against her house. Uncle Bud was eighty-six at the time, as I recall, and when I jammed my chain saw in the tree, I reluctantly called Uncle Bud to borrow his hand saw because I knew he would feel obligated to come and help. Sure enough, before I could get out on the sidewalk, he was there with his tools. Before I could explain what I wanted to do, he was on the top of the tree cutting away branches—about fifteen feet off of the ground. I couldn't help but think out loud, "What's wrong with this picture?! Here am I, an able-bodied, relatively young man, studying how to rectify the situation, and my venerable eighty-six year old uncle is simply getting the job done!"

Ken Kartchner

Through a lifetime of working in construction, I have seldom met his equal for perseverance. He always wore his pith helmet, a souvenir from his mission in South Africa, and was forever wiping his brow with his handkerchief. His enthusiasm for plain, hard work was contagious and I will forever be grateful for his example.

Dixie T. Frampton

Uncle Bud is enjoyable to work with because of his work ethic, honesty, industry, and trustworthiness. We love him very much.

Lynn Anne T. Richards

I remember how generous he always was to let Cousin Nan take us for rides in his army jeep. What a thrill it was to ride up the foothills hanging on for dear life as Nan drove Uncle Bud's jeep in unimagi-

nable places so that we could see the spectacular view of Provo Valley.

David Taylor

Like urchins under the spell of the Pied Piper, we had to discover where Uncle Bud was going before he left the driveway and to determine if we could go too. There was nothing more splendid than being allowed to sit in the open back of the jeep; the destination was irrelevant. The wind in our hair, the bouncing up and down on the benches over the rear wheels, the smell of gasoline fumes, and the smell of the jeep itself are imprinted in my memory.

George T. Taylor

Rock Canyon held such golden mysteries to me as a child. Looking eastward from our home on the hill, I often wondered about the canyon. Its massive sidewalls and mountain peaks appeared as awesome sentinels blocking possibilities to unknown adventures. I remember Uncle Bud drove us right up Rock Canyon past the second bridge. I was awestruck by the adventure; those were the good-old days as Cousin Tony used to call them.

David Kartchner

He spent much of his life weeding the rock garden on the hill. When Uncle Bud was working alongside . . . as we dug and picked, it seemed to no longer be work. Using Uncle Bud's jeep and trailer to haul the rocks off to a gully down the road to dump our load was always a motivator to get the trailer filled up as quickly as possible. That's because Uncle Bud let us ride in the trailer along with the rocks, which was great fun for us.

David Kartchner

Uncle Bud would always ask us if we wanted a Fig Newton or a sugar cookie . . . I always left his house feeling cared about and important . . .

Uncle Bud was the driving force behind the development of Taylor Terrace just east of the Provo Temple.

George T. Taylor

I shall never forget his stand in the public Provo

City Council meeting when considerable public opposition was generated toward the development. There he stood alone—fearlessly defending his proposal. His words of honesty, and his bearing and image of solid integrity showed forth more brightly than any burnished armor. How could anyone stand permanently against such a man!

Stephen K. Taylor

. . . so many folks at the Taylor Terraces commented on seeing you out working your land or helping with projects or shoveling snow for them well into your high 80s. You are revered and well thought of by so many. I thank you . . .

Uncle Bud had many business dealings over the years which repeatedly displayed his honesty and generosity. He arranged for valuable gifts—gifts of land to the Provo Temple site, gifts of rich residential land given for a neighborhood park, loans to individuals, and contributions to the Church.

He looked after the affairs of his sisters and his brothers' widows; he helped manage the Taylor estate. He served for many years as Secretary/Treasurer of the Brickerhaven Corporation. And, on and on.

May I share with you the echoing voices of love and appreciation from his large extended family members:

Jim Taylor

We will always remember Uncle Bud as a kind, thoughtful, and generous man who always made people feel better and see the positive side of life.

John Nelson

In many ways Uncle Bud was a wonderful mentor and friend. His enthusiasm, his patience and concern for each of us has been constant over the years and our memories of those summer trips will never be forgotten.

John Arthur Taylor

Uncle Clarence has filled a warm niche in the hearts of all his extended family. He is an "original," and will never be forgotten by those who have known and loved him.

Julia T. Anderson

[He shows many] examples of a man who loved and cared for his family, especially his mother and his extended family. Thank you Uncle Bud for all that you've done for the family and for each one of us individually.

Linda K. Tyler

I have always thought of Uncle Bud as my favorite uncle. He was always around when we needed help. When Dad was in the hospital following his car accident, and later when he was hospitalized in Kentucky, . . . Uncle Bud came to our house every day. I'm sure he did for Mom whatever she needed, but for me it was just a steady presence that let me know everything was all right.

Louise T. Woodruff

We had hiked into the Delicate Arch. It was a long hard hike for me (I was a teenager) and I was lagging behind on our way back. Uncle Bud stopped and waited for me and stayed with me the rest of the hike encouraging me every step of the way. I thought that was neat that he would do that for a kid.

Rosena K. Heal

It was Uncle Bud who baptized me when Dad was caught at the hospital with a patient delivering a baby. I don't remember a great deal about that day, but I do remember the feelings of happiness and being "clean," and I am grateful that Uncle Bud was able to perform that sacred ordinance for me. Uncle Bud, you've been a blessing in my life, and an inspiration as I have watched your dedication to family, church, and God over the years. I love you, and thank you for the example you have been to me.

Lynn Anne Taylor Richards

Each time I would see him, he would always smile and say, "Well, how are you Annie?" Never once do I remember ever seeing him unhappy or dissatisfied with life. He always went out of his way to make others feel good. He truly personified the Dixon motto: "Be pretty if you are, be witty if you can, but be cheerful if it kills you!"

I will always remember his loving kindness in caring for his mother and staying at her side when

she needed him the most.

My children and I have all of the family history books which Uncle Bud has compiled; they are a great treasure. His whole life has been dedicated to serving his Lord and his family. Those books are such a great tribute to a selfless man who dedicated his life to others.

Janice T. DeGraw

He is one very special uncle and I love him dearly.

David Arthur Taylor

Uncle Bud never failed to call me by my first and middle names, a reminder of our great Taylor/Dixon heritage which he did so much to research, preserve, and share. Uncle Bud has always held a special place in the hearts of his nephews and nieces. Uncle Bud, we love you.

Nancy T. Stewart

The last few years Uncle Bud, Keith, and I have taken in the BYU football and basketball games together. The "Three Musketeers" you might call us. I have always admired Uncle Bud for his fairness and honesty.

Ethelyn P. Taylor

He is recognized by all who know him as a man of . . . industry, modesty, . . . integrity, and accomplishment. My life, as well as the lives of many, has been enriched by Clarence Dixon Taylor. To him I am most grateful.

Hank Taylor

In his methodical way, Uncle Bud has shown his love for the family and his faith in the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. He has given a very personal gift that will be a blessing for generations to come. For all of his thoughtful gifts of love and service over a lifetime, Uncle Bud will always be remembered and loved.

Uncle Bud received, in 1930, blessings from two patriarchs one month apart. One reads,

“Remember, dear brother, that this life is but a brief span, with the eternity of the past and the eternity to come but the present is precious. Use every moment wisely . . . You have had a remarkable past in that other world. You have seen your Redeemer face to face, and have sat in His councils; you will see Him again; and when you behold His glorious countenance you will know you have seen Him before . . .”

In his later years, I have heard him say to my

brother John, more than once, that his life had been wasted—that he had failed in living up to what was expected of him. I think today, we have heard enough witnesses to assure him and all of us who know him that that is not the case. We honor him as we honor our own fathers, for he was a father to all of us. If there were ever men on the earth who lived that are good, that are pure, that are true, that were loved, one of them will have to be our Uncle Clarence Dixon Taylor.

Dedication of the Grave

by John Arthur Taylor

Our Gracious and Eternal Heavenly Father,
On this beautiful day we are gathered around
this grave site, relatives and friends of Clarence
Dixon Taylor.

We have experienced a wonderful memorial
service this morning, for a most unusual man, who
we all love and revere.

Our memories of Uncle Bud are choice and
sweet. We are grateful for his life of selfless service.
He has touched the hearts of each one of us in some
singular way. We will remember him as long as we
are on the earth.

In one last act on his behalf, in the power and
authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood vested in
me, I dedicate and consecrate this burial plot as the
final resting place of the mortal remains of Clarence
Dixon Taylor.

May this spot be hallowed. May it be protected
from every sort of damage or disturbance until
in the morning of the Resurrection when he shall
come forth, renewed, to join his father and mother,
brothers and sisters, and all the myriads of departed
friends and relatives his life has touched.

Heavenly Father, please be with and comfort
all those who mourn Uncle Bud's passing, for we all
know that he is now happy and at peace.

These thoughts, tender expressions, and prayers,
I offer in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.



Uncle Bud's Ninety-fifth Birthday Book

by John Arthur Taylor, January 2008

Ken Kartchner was especially close to Uncle Bud and was very alert to his needs in his last years. Ken suggested to all of Uncle Bud's numerous nieces and nephews that they prepare a sketch or anecdote of their memories of Uncle Bud.

Nearly all responded with very humorous, tender, and sweet memories. It was amazing that almost every one of his nieces and nephews had good reason to believe that they had a close relationship with their "consummate" uncle.

All of these materials were assembled by nephew John Arthur in a large binder, fronted by a photograph of Clarence wearing a tuxedo, youthful and

handsome, perhaps bound to a Goldbricker dinner dance.

Many of us had an opportunity to examine, read, and enjoy the contents of the Birthday Book.

While it was taken to Uncle Bud, then residing in an assisted care center, he was not able to read it himself, but many of us attempted to help him appreciate it.

Regrettably, this book has disappeared, and all efforts to find it have been unsuccessful.

Fortunately, some of the choice anecdotes from his Birthday Book survive in talks given at his funeral service, which appear elsewhere in this volume.

Clarence Dixon Taylor Memorial Missionary Trust

Uncle Bud's letter to the descendants of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR
2130 TEMPLE VIEW DRIVE
PROVO, UTAH 84604

April 24th 2002

To The Descendants of Maria Dixon & Arthur Nicholls Taylor

Dear Family Members:

As you will see, I am writing this note while I am still alive; hale, hearty, and of sound mind.

Over a long lifetime, I have lived well, but frugally. With the help of Deseret Trust, a Church-owned financial institution, I have established a trust fund to benefit descendants of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor, who are worthy to fill a full-time mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Under appropriate circumstances, this trust will provide up to one-half of the financial support needed for their missions.

This benefit will begin about six months after my death.

At that time, members of the family who are being called on full-time missions may contact one of the TRUSTEES of my estate for details on how to apply for the benefit.

I leave my blessings behind. Remember you are members of a great family.

Love,

Clarence Dixon Taylor
Clarence Dixon Taylor

CDT/jat

The Process of Establishing Uncle Bud's Missionary Trust: An Explanation and Exhibits

Clarence Dixon Taylor's missionary trust was provisionally established before his death. However, it was not operational until after that time. As his trustees liquidated his assets and moved the proceeds into the trust, we wanted some evidence that it would fulfill his expectation of helping support family missionaries over the fifty-year life of the trust. Henry Dixon Taylor Jr. took on the complex and time-consuming task of surveying all the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor descendant families and projecting the theoretical number of missionaries.

It should be noted that the trust, in accord with the guidelines of the Church (which owns Deseret Trust Company) could extend only through fifty

years. After that time any residue falls back into the Church's general missionary fund.

Hank Taylor's projections are based on actual family births from 1979 through 2005 and extend only to 2026, while the trust's life ends around 2050. Based on current information and thinking, we believe the trust will likely serve the missionary requirements of the Taylor and Dixon families through its full life.

In addition to the massive (ten pages) *ANT Family Listing—Mission Potential* exhibit, there also follows a two-page projection of total family missionaries expected, the projected support payments, and a list of twenty-four missionaries supported by the trust to date (31 December 2007).

—John Arthur Taylor

The process of establishing Uncle Bud's Missionary Trust

In the summer of 2005 the trustees of Uncle Bud's estate were working to fulfill his wish that a trust be established to contribute to the support of his family members who wished to serve missions. To determine what was possible, A.N.T. family members were surveyed and the Family listing below was roughly updated from the 1979 listing which Uncle Bud had done. This listing with birth year for single, mission eligible children of the family was then used to forecast the number of potential missionaries and financing required.

For an explanation of the family number used here see the note at the bottom of this list.

A.N.T. Family Listing - Mission Potential

Family No.	Names	sx	Birth Yr or Cousin Steet Addr	City	St	zip
611	Elayne T & Grant A Fisher		Elayne Deceased			
6111	Terri Fisher & Lawrence Jensen		4503 E Crystal Hill Cir	SLC	UT	84108
61111	Jennifer M Jensen & Eric McArthur					
611111	Michael Jensen McArthur	M	2004			
61112	Sarah Elizabeth Jensen	F			RM	
61113	Emily Anne Jensen	F	1983			
6112	Jeffrey Taylor Fisher & Donnette M					
61121	Hillary Fisher & Daniel Ross					
611211	Taylor Ross	F	2002			
611212	Lorlyn Ross	F	2004			
61122	Jeffrey Grant Fisher	M	1983			
61123	Jameson Fisher	M	1987			
6113	Kathy F & Paul H Duncan					
61131	Megan Duncan	F			RM	
61132	Tiffany Duncan	F	1982			
61133	Taylor Duncan	M			RM	
61134	Brigham Duncan	M	1991			
61135	BreAnna Maria Duncan	F	1995			
612	Kent G. Taylor		Deceased			
613	Nancy Taylor & G Keith Stewart		2171 Oak Crest Ln	Provo	UT	84604
6131	Brent T & Karen Stewart					
61311	Shari Stewart Macbeth	F	1980			
61312	Allison Stewart	F	1982			
61313	George G Stewart	M	1991			
6132	Kim Taylor Stewart					
61321	Carly Stewart	F	1985			
61322	Mathew Sean Stewart	M	1988			
6133	Jan Stewart & Kevin Schindler					
61331	Kevin Jameson Schindler	M	1988			
61332	Andrea M Schindler	F	1991			
61333	Kaitlin Schindler	F	1996			
6134	Jon Taylor & Lisa Stewart					
61341	Korteney Stewart	F	1995			
61342	Kalin Stewart	F	1995			
61343	Austin Tate Stewart	M	2002			
614	Dixie T & Boyd M Frampton		1345 E. Oakcrest Ln.	Provo	UT	84604
6141	Marianne F & Ned Bushnell		170 Westview Circle	Orem	UT	84058

61413	Angela Bushnell	F	1985			
61414	Kimberly Bushnell	F	1987			
61415	Brody Bushnell	M	1991			
61416	McKenzie Bushnell	F	1995			
6142	David Taylor and Keri Frampton		520 E. San Angelo Ave.	Gilbert	AZ	85234
61421	Amber Frampton	F	1983			
61422	Chase Frampton	M	1988			
61423	Tiffanee Frampton	F	1991			
6143	Bruce T Frampton	M	1382 W. 1825 N.	Provo	UT.	84604
61433	Heather Frampton	F	1984			
61434	Colby Frampton	M	1991			
6144	Susan T. & Mark Fisher		9814 Dublin Rd.	Walkersvi MD		21793
61442	Nathan Fisher	M	1983			
61443	Crystal Fisher	F	1985			
61444	Austin Fisher	M	1989			
61445	Brittany Fisher	F	1991			
61446	Melissa Fisher	F	1992			
6145	Paul T. and Jennifer Frampton		4748 W. Vista Dr.	Highland Ut		84003
61451	Taylor L. Frampton	M	1988			
61452	Jenessa N. Frampton	F	1990			
61453	Shelby a. Frampton	F	1992			
61454	Devin P. Frampton	M	1994			
61455	Bailey C. Frampton	F	1998			
61456	Asia B. Frampton	F	2002			
6146	Alan T. and Debbie Frampton		55-568 Naniloa Loop 10A	Laie	HI	96762
61461	Tatum K. Frampton	F	1994			
61462	Zachary B. Frampton	M	1996			
61463	Garret T. Frampton	M	1998			
61464	Wyatt W. Frampton	M	1998			
6147	Kent T. & Stacey Frampton		607 25th. St.	Ogden	UT	84401
621	John A & Catherine P Taylor		2165 N Oak Ln	Provo	UT	84604
6211	John Jr. & Natalie					
62111	Catherine (CAT) Taylor	F	1995			
62112	Daniel Taylor	M	1998			
6212	Thomas & Carolyn					
62121	Paige	F	1985			
62122	Eric	M	1988			
62123	Allison	F	1993			
6213	David & Anissa					
32131	Benjamin	M	2003			
622	Janice T & Monte DeGraw		204 Solana Vista Drive	Solana Bc CA		92075
6221	Michele D. & Frank Stribling					
62211	Ian Sean Stribling	M	1986			
62212	Selena Stribling	F	1993			
6222	Dirk & Bonnie DeGraw					
62221	Bowen Glen DeGraw	M	2005			
6223	Gregory and Suzanne DeGraw					
62231	Danielle DeGraw	F	1991			
62232	Taylor DeGraw	M	1993			

62233	Sarah DeGraw	F	1996	
6224	Nicole D. & Stephen Kovalenko			
62241	Andrew Kovalenko	M	1993	
62242	Emily Kovalenko	F	1996	
62243	Matthew Kovalenko	M	1999	
6225	Michael DeGraw	M	1979	
623	Lynn Anne T. & Brian Richards		2865 Kentucky Ave	Holladay UT 84117
6231	Carol Lynn and Kim Gregson			
62311	Daniel and Rachel Gregson			
62312	Michael Gregson	M	1980	R.M
62313	Melissa and Mark Allred			
62314	Kathryn Gregson	F	1987	
62315	Chelsea Gregson	F	1989	
62316	Emilee Gregson	F	1992	
6232	Shari and Ben Turnbow			
62321	Benjamin Turnbow	M	1987	
62322	Courtney Turnbow	F	1989	
62323	Dallas Turnbow	M	1982	
62324	Dylan Turnbow	M	1995	
62325	Matthew Turnbow	M	1996	
6233	Taylor and Barbara Richards			
62331	McKay Richards	M	1986	
62332	Jessica Richards	F	1988	
62333	Spencer Richards	M	1992	
62334	Ashley Richards	F	1994	
62335	Kimball Richards	M	1997	
6234	Robyn and Craig Stulce			
62341	Alexander Stulce	M	1993	
62342	Berkely Stulce	M	1995	
62343	Devon Stulce	M	1998	
6235	Heidi and Michael Poulter			
62351	Britton Poulter	F	1993	
62352	Haley Poulter	F	1998	
6236	Rebecca and Anthony Tholen			
62361	McKenna Tholen	F	1995	
62362	Rylee Tholen	F	1997	
62363	Ashtyn Tholen	F	2001	
62364	Logan Tholen	M	2003	
6237	JennyLynn and Jason Rockwood			
62371	Madelynn Rockwood	F	1997	
62372	Lynsey Rockwood	F	2000	
62373	Jake Rockwood	M	2003	
6238	John and Ashley Richards			
624	Kathryn T & A Brent Brockbank		Kathryn Deceased	
6241	Allen Brent Jr. & Janice Brockbank			
6242	Anne B. & Wayne Sackley	F	13114 SW 153rd Terrace	Tigard OR 97223
62421	Madison Sackley	F	1990	
62422	Mallory Sackley	F	1993	
62423	Logan Sackley	M	1995	

62424	Garrett Sackley	M	1999			
6243	Lynne B & David Mower	F				
62431	Sydney Mower	F	1996			
62432	Peyton Mower	M	1998			
62433	Samantha Mower	F	2003			
62434	Brooklyn Mower	F	2004			
6244	Laura B & Leroy Pertab	F				
62441	Kathryn-Anne Pertab	F	1998			
62442	Hana Pertab	F	2000			
62443	Noah Pertab	M	2003			
6245	Rebecca B & Brandon Johnson	F				
62451	Gwen Johnson	F	2000			
62452	Darby Johnson	F	2002			
62453	Paige Johnson	F	2004			
6246	Dixon Taylor & Leanne Brockbank	M				
62461	Kathryn Brockbank	F	2003			
62462	Isaac Brockbank	M	2004			
6247	Mary-Kathryn & Alex McKinlay	F				
62471	Isabel McKinlay	F	2003			
6248	David Clayson Brockbank	M				
625	George T & Debbie Taylor		1376 N 1350 W	Provo	UT	84604
6251	Douglas Dixon Taylor	M	Deceased			
6252	David and Manya Taylor					
62521	Celestia June Taylor	F	2004			
6253	AnnaLise and Thomas Draschil					
62531	Thomas Richard Draschil	M	2004			
6254	Allen Craig Taylor	M	Deceased			
6255	Amy Jean Taylor	F	1984			May Srv
6256	George Terry Taylor II	M	1986			Mission
631	Julia T & Kenneth Anderson			SLC	UT	84116
6311	Kristine and Phillip Bandley					
63111	Jeremiah Bandley					
63112	Christian Bandley					
6312	Scott and Annette Anderson					
63121	Mandi and Martin Jeppson					
631211	Kelby Jeppson	F	2002			
631212	Gage Jeppson	M	2005			
63122	Jason and Melanie Anderson					
631221	Taylor Anderson	F	2004			
6313	Kennen and Fred Bandley					
63131	Nicholas and Hillary Bandley					
631311	Maxwell Bandley	M	2003			
63132	Stefan and Alyse Bandley					
63133	Morgan and Ryan Thomas					
631331	Ellison Thomas	F	2004			
6314	Jed and Carolyn Anderson					
63141	Brett Anderson	M	1984			
632	James S & Deanna Taylor		612 N 800 E	Orem	UT	84097
6321	James H & Julia Taylor					

63211	Anneke Taylor	F	1999			
63212	Corwin Taylor	M	2002			
6322	Scott H & Echo Taylor					
63221	Benjamin Taylor	M	2000			
63222	Emily Taylor	F	2002			
6323	Teri Taylor Griffin					
63231	Sawyer Griffin	M	1996			
6324	Kathy Taylor					
6325	David H Taylor		Deceased			
6326	Julie Taylor & Kenneth Ransom					
63261	Ethan Ransom	M	1995			
63262	McKay Ransom	M	1998			
63263	Gabriel Ransom	M	2001			
6327	Steven H & Jenny Taylor					
63271	Alexander Taylor	M	1995			
63272	Ada Taylor	F	1998			
63273	Mateo Taylor	M	2001			
6328	Thomas H & Robin Taylor					
63281	Micah Taylor	M	1999			
63282	Malachi Taylor	M	2001			
6329	Kent H Taylor		Deceased			
632.10	Susan Taylor & John Cocanour					
632.10.1	Juniper Cocanour	F	2004			
632.11	Anna Taylor					
633	Paul Scott & Nancy Taylor		191 N 170 E	Orem	UT	84057
6331	Diane and Gary Romecha					
63311	Layne Taylor Hodson					
633111	Tyler Hodson	M	1997			
633112	Dustin Hodson	M	1999			
63312	Melanie and Terry Broadhead					
6332	Wayne and Miriam Taylor					
63321	Ryan Taylor	M	1984			Mission
63322	Christopher Taylor	M	1986			Mission
63323	Erin Taylor	F	1989			
63324	Megan Taylor	F	1991			
63325	Kyle Taylor	M	1997			
63326	Tanner Taylor	M	1999			
6333	John and Sally Taylor					
63331	Bailey Taylor	F	1990			
63332	Kelly Taylor	F	1992			
63333	Todd Taylor	M	1995			
6334	Paul Scott II and Rebecca Taylor					
63341	Colvin Taylor	M	1998			
63342	Emma Taylor	F	2004			
634	Louise T & Clifford Woodruff		SLC, UT 84119			Mission
6341	Shelly W & John Craig					
63411	Julie Craig	F	1984			
63412	Jenny Craig	F	1984			
63413	Cassie Craig	F	1984			

63414	William Craig	M	1992		
63415	Dixon Craig	M	1994		
6342	Becky W & David Wood				
63421	Jenifer W and Jose Briseno				
634211	JJ Briseno	M	2000		
634212	Ben Briseno	M	2002		
634213	Sam Briseno	M	2002		
63422	Trevor Wood				
634221	Kambri Wood	F	2002		
63423	Kaylynne and Brady Black				
634231	Peyton Black	M	2003		
63424	Jacob Wood	M	1983		
63425	Lynsey Wood	F	1985		
63426	Whitney Wood	F	1987		
6343	Barry C & Karen Woodruff		570 N Mill Road	Heber City, UT	84032
63431	Jacob Woodruff	M	1986		
63432	Shanna Woodruff	F	1988		
63433	Taylor Woodruff	M	1989		
63434	Kelli Woodruff	F	1991		
63435	Sharee Woodruff	F	1994		
6344	Russell E & Melanie Woodruff				
63441	Mequelle Woodruff	F	1986		
63442	Wilford Woodruff	M	1987		
63443	Heather Woodruff	F	1989		
63444	Dixon Woodruff	M	1991		
63445	Alexis Woodruff	F	1996		
63446	Valerie Woodruff	F	1998		
6345	Taylor J & Elizabeth Woodruff				
63451	Taylie Woodruff	F	1996		
63452	Nicole Woodruff	F	1998		
63453	Tanner Woodruff	M	2000		
63454	Kaylen Woodruff	F	2002		
6346	Wendy W & Trevor Buckley				
641	Henry and Colette Taylor		745 Christine Drive,	Palo Alto CA	94303
6411	Dixon and Denise Taylor				
64111	Rachael and Brad Edgren				
641111	Colman Edgren	M	2000		
641112	Andrew Edgren	M	2003		
641113	Sammie Lou Edgren		2005		
64112	Rebecca & Kody Damron				
641121	Carter Henry Damron	M	2005		
64113	Michelle Taylor	F	1984		
64114	Nicole Taylor	F	1999		
6412	Thomas & Kathleen Taylor				
64121	Anders H. Taylor	M	1985		Mission
64122	Griffin S Taylor	M	1989		
64123	Zenobia Taylor	F	1994		
6413	Bradford & Ann Taylor				
64131	Daniel Taylor	M	1985		Mission

64132	Aleen Taylor	F	1987			
64133	Corajane Taylor	F	1990			
64134	Lucy Taylor	F	1992			
6414	Amy & Jeffrey Ringer					
64141	Taylor Ringer	M	1987			
64142	Kelsey Ringer	F	1989			
64143	Hansen Ringer	M	1992			
64144	Eliza Ringer	F	1994			
6415	George & Marian Taylor					
64151	Brian Taylor	M	1990			
64152	Bradley Taylor	M	1991			
64153	Tessa Taylor	F	1993			
64154	Gregory Taylor	M	1995			
64155	Kallan Taylor	F	1998			
64156	Mark Taylor	M	2000			
64157	Melissa Taylor	F	2003			
64158	Sarah Taylor	F	2005			
6416	Nicole & John Ricks					
64161	Jordan Ricks	F	1993			
64162	Jonathan Ricks	M	Deceased			
64163	Julia Ricks	F	1995			
64164	Riley Ricks	M	1997			
64165	Emma Ricks	F	2000			
6417	Brigham & Michelle Taylor					
64171	Olivia Taylor	F	1994			
64172	Grace Taylor	F	1997			
64173	Audrey Taylor	F	1999			
64174	Henry B. Taylor	F	2002			
6418	Megan & Matthew Clawson	F				
64181	Graham Clawson	M	1994			
64182	Phoebe Clawson	F	1997			
64183	Calvin Clawson	M	2000			
64184	Ethan Clawson	M	2002			
64185	Bronwen Clawson	F	2004			
6419	Timothy S & Shelby Schmalbeck					
64191	Eve Schmalbeck	F	2003			
64192	Tyra Schmalbeck	F	2005			
642	Anthony H. Taylor	M	Deceased			
643	Stephen and Ann Taylor		770 N 1100 E	Provo	UT	84606
6431	Stephen and Tiffany					
64311	Camile Taylor	F	2001			
64312	Annika Taylor	F	2003			
6432	William & Jamie					
6433	Millie & Colton Soelberg					
644	David & Kristine Taylor		760 N 1100 E	Provo	UT	84606
6441	Emily & Jayson Ensign					
64411	Madeline Plato	F	1995			
64412	Max Ensign	M	1999			
64413	Elizabeth Ensign	F	2003			

6442	Anna & Rob Hastings					
64421	Lucy Hastings	F	1999			
64422	Tucker Hastings	M	2002			
64423	Anders Hastings	M	2003			
6443	Phillip & Meagan Taylor					
64431	Oliver Taylor	M	2003			
64432	Meg Taylor	F	2004			
6444	Maren & Gavin Young					
64441	Finnigan	M	2004			
6445	Kathryn Taylor	F	1985			
651	Arthur T & Bonnie Nelson		4976 S Naniloa Dr	Holladay	UT	84117
6511	Michael M & Laura M Nelson					
65111	Zachary Nelson	M	2003			
6512	Jean L N & Jacen Soffe					
65121	McKenna Soffe	F	1997			
65122	Taylor Soffe	M	1999			
6513	Thomas T Nelson					
652	John C & Mary Lynn S Nelson		2415 E Maywood Circle	SLC	UT	84109
6521	Christine Gregory					
65211	Spencer Gregory	M	1995			
6522	David Nelson					
65221	Eliza Nelson	F	1994			
65222	Emma Nelson	F	1996			
65223	Nathan Nelson	M	1999			
65224	Elyse Nelson	F	2000			
65225	Emelia Nelson	F	2003			
65226	Noah Nelson	M	2005			
6525	Steven Nelson					
65251	Elias John Nelson	M	2005			
653	Christina N & Ronald W Preston		1302 E Maryland Ave. #8	Phoenix	AZ	84024
6531	Suzanna P & David Nielsen					
65311	Michael Preston Nielsen	M	2003			
65312	Andrew David Nielsen	M	2005			
6532	Trevor J Preston	M	1972			
6533	Elizabeth Preston	F	1979			
654	Henry A & Kristy Nelson		1935 W 13550 S	SLC	UT	84065
6541	Rebecca Nelson & Mike Dastrup					
65411	Morgan	F	1996			
65412	Camryn	F	1999			
65413	Scott	M	2004			
6542	Annie Nelson & Jason Sullivan					
65421	Whittney	F	1999			
65422	Carter	M	2003			
6543	Scott A Nelson & Roxanne R.					
65431	Meredith	F	2005			
6544	Melissa Nelson & Brett Andrew Robinson					
6545	Allison Nelson					
6546	Anthony Stewart Nelson					
6547	Craig Taylor Nelson					

6548	Erica Nelson	F	1988			
655	James & Consuelo M Nelson			SLC	UT	84124
6551	Sarah Jane Nelson	F	1979			
67w	Ethelyn P. Taylor	F	123 Second Av #801	Salt Lake	UT	84103
68	Ruth Taylor Kartchner	F	2025 1200 E	Provo	UT	84604
681	Linda K & Steven L Tyler		c/o 908 High Country Dr	Orem	UT	84097
6811	Michael and Susan Tyler					
6812	Dan and Heidi Tyler					
68121	Emily Tyler	F	1997			
68122	Danya Tyler	F	2000			
68123	Caleb Tyler	M	2003			
6813	Jenny and Troy Smith					
68131	Arabella Smith	F	2000			
68132	Henry Smith	M	2002			
68133	James Smith	M	2004			
6814	Ruth and Michael Wheeler					
68141	Alexa Wheeler	F	1996			
68142	Madisen Wheeler	F	1997			
682	Kenneth & Marianne Kartchner		908 E High Country Dr	Orem	UT	84097
6821	Drew Kartchner					
6822	Heather Kartchner					
6823	Robin and Briton Barker					
6824	Nathan & Charisse Kartchner					
68241	Emmalyn Kartchner	F	2003			
68242	Parley Kartchner	M	2005			
683	Elaine Kartchner		Deceased			
684	Ellen K & Rand G Farrer		7268 So 1540 E	SLC	UT	84121
6841	David & JoLynn Farrer					
6842	Hilary Farrer					
6843	Melissa and Chase Petersen					
6844	Brian K. Farrer	M	1984			Mission
685	Richard T and Kathryn Kartchner		4325 North Ten Mile	Meridian	ID	83642
6851	Mark A & Marianne Kartchner					RM
68511	Holland Kartchner	M	2000			
68512	Kate Kartchner	F	2002			
68513	Caleb Kartchner	M	2003			
6852	Keriann K & Tom Barlow					RM
68521	Emma Barlow	F	2001			
68522	Matti Barlow	F	2003			
68523	Samuel M. Barlow	M	2005			
6853	Taylor A & Wendy Kartchner					RM
6854	Kelli Kartchner					RM
6855	Kenneth A & Andrea Kartchner					RM
68551	William Taylor Kartchner	M	2003			
68552	Jerome Ray Kartchner	M	2005			
6856	Paul Kartchner					RM
6857	Jordan Kartchner	M	1987			
6858	Ethan Kartchner	M	1989			

6859	Claire Kartchner	F	1991			
686	David T and Joyce Kartchner		5263 S Xenophon Ct	Littleton	CO	80127
6861	Jeffrey Nelson Kartchner					
6862	Erin K & Mark Galbraith					
68621	Jaron Galbraith	M	2003			
6863	Benjamin Nelson & Jenny Kartchner					
6864	Chad & Jenny K Kingsbury					
6865	Christopher & Brittany Jackman					
68651	Rylee Bryn Jackman	F	2003			
6866	K. Lindsey Kartchner	F	1983			
6867	D. Jacob Kartchner	M	1984			Mission
687	Rosena K & Alan P Heal		6389 Clenates	West Jorc	UT	84084
6871	Maria A Heal & David Petersen		13334 So Jessie Ln	Riverton	UR	84065
68711	Allyson Petersen	F				
68712	Expected Petersen	F	2005			
6872	Amy L Heal & Revell Phillips					
68721	Isaac	M	2001			
68722	Adalynn Ruth	F	2004			
6873	Jared Heal	M				
6874	Nicole Heal & Chad Hoyt					
68741	McKinzeley Hoyt	F	2003			
68742	Taylin Hoyt	F	2004			
688	Maryanne K McCollum			SLC	UT	84132
6881	Ashley Warner					
6882	Kristen Warner					

Family Number Explanation:

The family number shown on this list was a scheme developed by Bud. Each numeral represents the individual in that generation. For example in the number 611, the 6 represents the sixth child of Henry Aldous Dixon, or Maria Dixon our grandmother (or ggm or gggm, etc.). The first 1 represents her first child, Arthur Dixon Taylor and the next one represents his first child Elayne Taylor Fisher and so on. When a family member had more than 9 children Bud separated the number with decimals to make it clear that the number indicated just one person in one generation. For example 16.41 points to Maria's brother Arnold's grandson Eldon Reed, the first son of Eldon Arnold, who was the fourth child of Arnold. Maybe still too tough? Oh well.

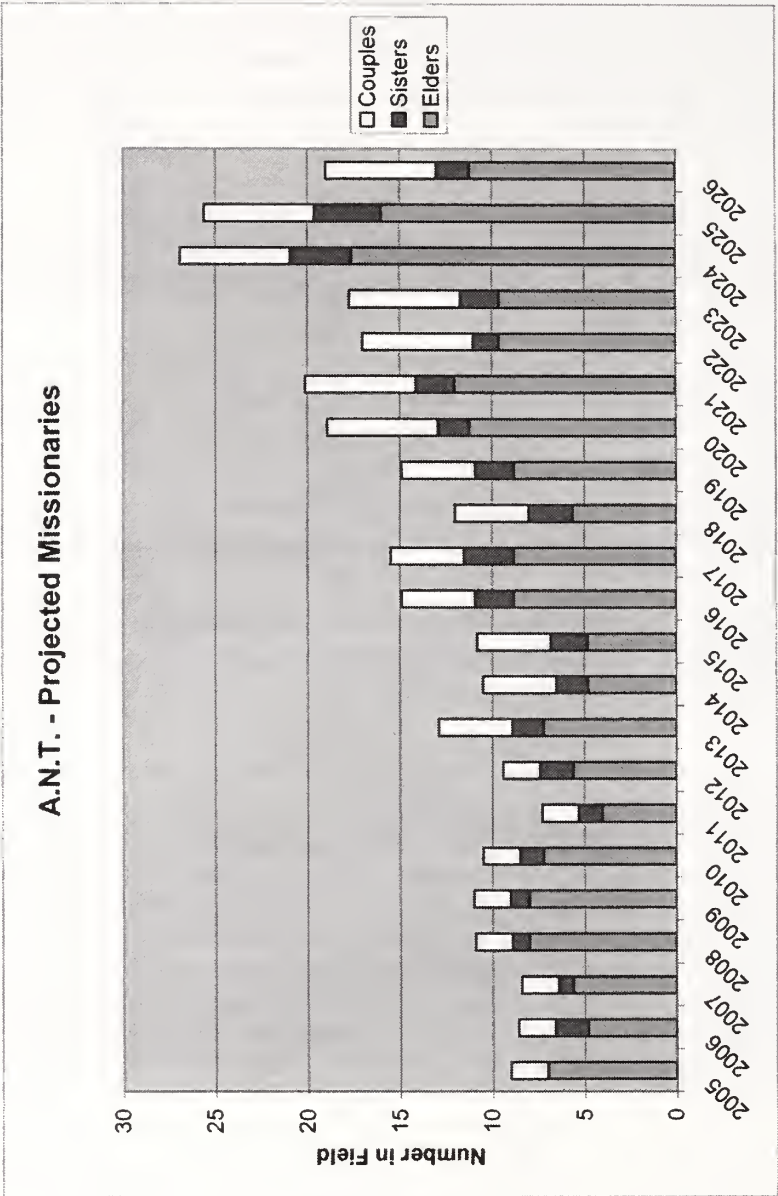
Projecting A.N.T. Family Missionaries:

Each youth and child in the A.N.T. family was counted by their year of birth year below. Then because the family as a whole is so strong in the Church, I estimated that 80% of the young men would serve missions and that 20% of the young women would also serve. For couples I just made the guess that a few would be going out all along. Taking into account that young men serve for 24 months starting at age 18 and young women serve for 18 months starting at age 21 the number of missionaries serving each future year was estimated. The Projected Missionaries chart reflects those estimates. After these projections were made the Trustees learned that Uncle Bud had enlarged the field to be served by his Trust to include all the descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon. This enlarged the group to be served by 10 fold. It appears at this point that Uncle Bud's Trust will successfully provide support for the larger group

CDT - Trust Prospective Missionaries

(Numbers from Family Survey)

Birth Year	Total Male	Total Female	Male Serving	Female Serving
1979	1	2	0	0
1980	1	1	0	0
1981	0	0	0	0
1982	1	2	0	0
1983	3	3	0	0
1984	4	6	3	0
1985	2	6	2	0
1986	5	1	2	0
1987	5	4	0	0
1988	5	3	0	0
1989	4	5	0	0
1990	1	4	0	0
1991	6	7	0	0
1992	3	5	0	0
1993	3	6	0	0
1994	3	7	0	0
1995	8	7	0	0
1996	3	10	0	0
1997	4	7	0	0
1998	7	7	0	0
1999	7	5	0	0
2000	8	8	0	0
2001	4	3	0	0
2002	8	9	0	0
2003	14	12	0	0
2004	6	12	0	0
2005	8	3	0	0
2006				
Couples			1	1
Totals	124	145	8	1

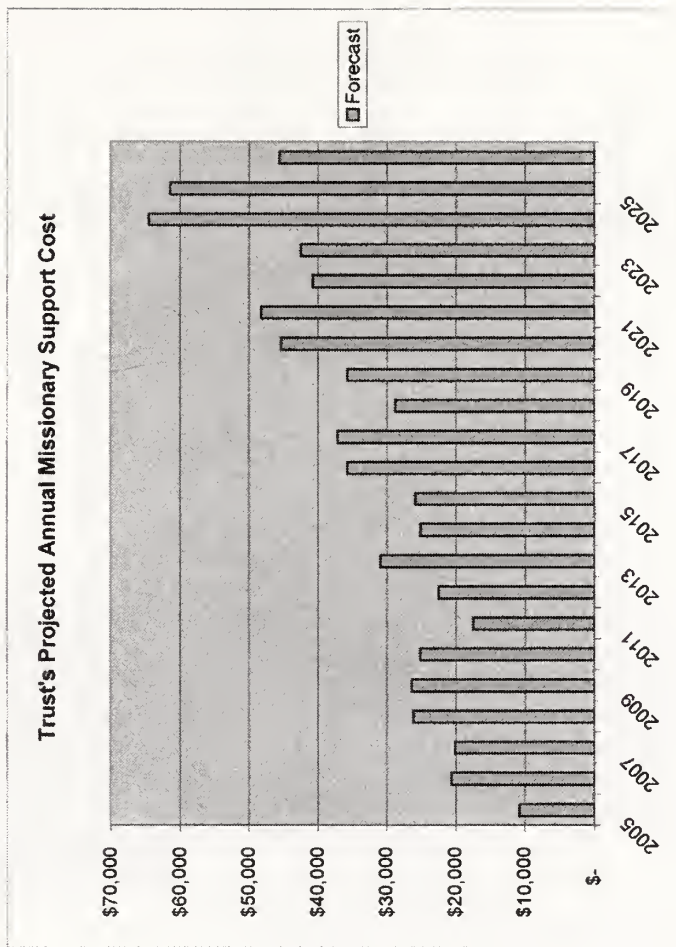


Projecting Trust Support Payments:

With the number of projected missionaries in the field it was possible to estimate the annual support payment from Uncle Bud's trust and validate the sustainable feasibility of meeting 50% of the monthly payment to the Church Missionary Fund. The chart reflects the estimated annual support costs and it is illustrated in the graph.

CDT - Trust Projected Support Payments

Projected Number Serving Missions by Year							Support Funds @ 50% Distribution	
80% of M	20% of F	Est. Cpls	In Field	Actual			Forecast	Actual Distribution
Elders	Sisters	Couples	Missionaries					
2005	7	0	2	9	9	2005	\$ 10,800	Sum Paid 10,150
2006	5	2	2	9	10	2006	\$ 20,640	17,500
2007	6	1	2	8	16	2007	\$ 20,160	29,600
2008	8	1	2	11	TBD	2008	\$ 26,160	
2009	8	1	2	11	TBD	2009	\$ 26,400	
2010	7	1	2	11	TBD	2010	\$ 25,200	
2011	4	1	2	7	TBD	2011	\$ 17,520	
2012	6	2	2	9	TBD	2012	\$ 22,560	
2013	7	2	4	13	TBD	2013	\$ 30,960	
2014	5	2	4	11	TBD	2014	\$ 25,200	
2015	5	2	4	11	TBD	2015	\$ 25,920	
2016	9	2	4	15	TBD	2016	\$ 35,760	
2017	9	3	4	16	TBD	2017	\$ 37,200	
2018	6	2	4	12	TBD	2018	\$ 28,800	
2019	9	2	4	15	TBD	2019	\$ 35,760	
2020	11	2	6	19	TBD	2020	\$ 45,360	
2021	12	2	6	20	TBD	2021	\$ 48,240	
2022	10	1	6	17	TBD	2022	\$ 40,800	
2023	10	2	6	18	TBD	2023	\$ 42,480	
2024	18	3	6	27	TBD	2024	\$ 64,560	
2025	16	4	6	26	TBD	2025	\$ 61,440	
2026	11	2	6	19	TBD	2026	\$ 45,600	
2027	6	0	0	7	TBD	2027	\$ 16,080	
2028		0				2028	\$ 753,600	



Missionaries Supported by the Trust to Date

31-Dec-07

<u>Missionary</u>	<u>Start Date</u>	<u>Dixon #</u>	<u>Mission</u>	<u>Child of Arthur & Maria or their Dixon Cousin</u>
Taylor, Anders	7/14/2004	64121	Canada, Calgary	Henry
Taylor, Christopher R.	5/11/2005	63322	California San Diego (Spanish)	Elton
Taylor, Daniel Bradford	8/18/2004	64131	Canada Vancouver Mission	Henry
Taylor, George Terry II	6/29/2005	6256	Oregon Portland Misison	Lynn
Farrer, Brian K.	10/6/2004	6844	Mozambique Maputo Mission	Ruth
Kartchner, D. Jacob	3/17/2004	6867	Hungary Budapest Mission	Ruth
Woodruff, Cliff &	1/31/2005	634h	Fiji Suva Mission	Elton
Woodruff, Louise	1/31/2005	634	Fiji Suva Mission	Elton
Hills, Austin D.	5/26/2004	12.2313	Peru Lima East Mission	Richard Dixon
Fisher, Jameson Taylor	1/4/2006	61123	California Los Angeles (Spanish)	Arthur
Taylor, Kathryn	5/31/2006	6445	Washington Spokane (Spanish)	Henry
Markham, Elizabeth Anne	5/24/2006	2511_	California Oakland Mission	Maud Dixon Markham
Taylor, Amy J.	6/14/2006	6255	Ohio Cleveland	Lynn
Ringer, Taylor	8/9/2006	64141	Sweden Stockholm Mission	Henry
Turnbow, Benjamin	9/6/2006	62321	Argentina Resistencia Mission	Lynn
Bigelow, Hannah J.	9/20/2006	8221_	Calif. Long Beach (Spanish)	Lois Amber Dixon Ford
Woodruff, Wilford A.	11/23/2006	63442	South Africa, Cape Town	Elton
Stewart, Carly Ann	12/13/2006	61321	Argentina Cordoba Mission	Arthur
Wiggins, Andrew	7/19/2006	2116_	El Salvador San Salvador East	Phyllis Lucile Dixon Shaw
Kartchner, Jordan A.	5/9/2007	6857	New York New York South (Spanish)	Ruth
Schindler, K. Jameson	6/6/2007	61331	Dominican Republic, Sanitago	Arthur
Frampton, Taylor Lewis	7/5/2007	61451	Japan, Sendai Mission	Arthur
Taylor, Eric W.	7/25/2007	62122	Mexico Oaxaca	Lynn
Frampton, Chase	7/18/2007	61422	Dominican Republic, Santo Domingo E	Arthur

Newspaper Advertisement

Looking for Descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon, Provo Daily Herald

PROOF OF PUBLICATION

from

The Daily Herald



STATE OF UTAH } SS.
Utah County }

NOTICE
Looking for descendants of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON (born March 14, 1835). If you are a descendant of Henry Aldous Dixon, and if you are serving (or may in the future serve) as a missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, your missionary service may qualify for partial financing from a fund at Deseret Trust Company. For more information, please contact E. Bruce Haws, Deseret Trust Company, P.O. Box 11558, Salt Lake City, UT 84147-0558.
Legal Notice 310119 Published in The Daily Herald January 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 2008.

I, Rowena A. Adams , being first duly sworn depose and say that I am the Legal Billing Clerk of the Daily Herald, a newspaper of general circulation, published seven times each week at Provo, Utah, County of Utah; that the notice attached hereto, 310119-NOTICE Looking for desc , and which is a copy, was published in said newspaper, the first publication having been made on the 16th day of January, 2008, and the last on the 22nd day of January, 2008; that said notice was published in the regular and entire issue of every number of the paper during the period and times of publication, and the same was published in the newspaper proper and not in the supplement.

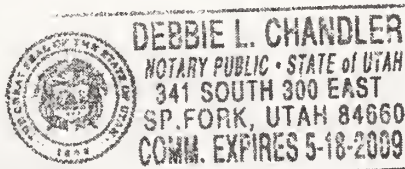
Rowena A. Adams

Subscribed and sworn before me
this 22nd day of January, 2008.

Debbie L. Chandler

Notary Public

Residence: *Spanish Fork, UT*
My commission expires *5-18-2009*



Sample Application for Missionary Support

Martin Ray Ford, descendant of Henry Aldous Dixon

APPLICATION FOR MISSIONARY SUPPORT FROM THE CLARENCE D. TAYLOR MEMORIAL MISSIONARY FUND



The undersigned hereby applies to the above-named fund for financial support for
(Elder/Sister) Martin Ray Ford, of the Fruit Heights 8th
(ward/branch) who has been called by the Church to serve as a missionary in the
Texas Dallas Mission beginning 21 May 2008.

*** (Attach copy of mission call & home address) ***

The above-named missionary is a "memorial missionary" by reason of the following lineage to
Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Dixon Taylor; or of Henry Aldous Dixon: Dixon #

Martin is the 3rd great grandson of Henry Aldous Dixon
See attached Pedigree Chart

The amount requested is \$ 200⁰⁰ per mo., which is not more than one-half of the amount
officially recommended amount for the mission involved.

**The undersigned and the missionary acknowledge that the Trustee has discretion and may
limit the amount requested as expressed in the trust instrument.**

In the event this application is approved, funds will be deposited into the CFAR account of:

Ward: Fruit Heights 8th
Unit #: 358770
Stake: 517976 Fruit Heights Utah

The name, position, telephone number, and address of the Church officer making this application:

Name MAX V. GREEN
Phone # 801-593-6552
Address 1508 GREEN RD.
FRUIT HTS UTAH 84037

Send this application to Deseret Trust Company, P.O. Box 11558, Salt Lake City, UT 84147-
0558, Attn: E. Bruce Haws (1-801/363-2991 or toll free 1-800-746-8250. Fax 1-801-433-1559)

Respectfully yours,

Bishop/Branch President

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150-1000

19 February 2008

Elder Martin Ray Ford
1397 East 400 South
Fruit Heights, Utah 84037

Dear Elder Ford:

You are hereby called to serve as a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. You are assigned to labor in the Texas Dallas Mission. It is anticipated that you will serve for a period of 24 months.

You should report to the Missionary Training Center at Provo, Utah on Wednesday, 21 May 2008. You will prepare to preach the gospel in the English language. Your mission president may modify your specific assignment according to the needs of the mission.

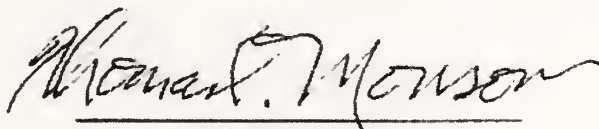
You have been recommended as one worthy to represent the Lord as a minister of the restored gospel. You will be an official representative of the Church. As such, you will be expected to maintain the highest standards of conduct and appearance by keeping the commandments, living mission rules, and following the counsel of your mission president. As you devote your time and attention to serving the Lord, leaving behind all other personal affairs, the Lord will bless you with increased knowledge and testimony of the Restoration and of the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Your purpose will be to invite others to come unto Christ by helping them receive the restored gospel through faith in Jesus Christ and His Atonement, repentance, baptism, receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, and enduring to the end. As you serve with all your heart, might, and strength, the Lord will lead you to those who are prepared to be baptized.

The Lord will reward you for the goodness of your life. Greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you humbly and prayerfully serve the Lord in this labor of love among His children. We place in you our confidence and pray that the Lord will help you become an effective missionary.

You will be set apart as a missionary by your stake president. Please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by your bishop.

Sincerely,



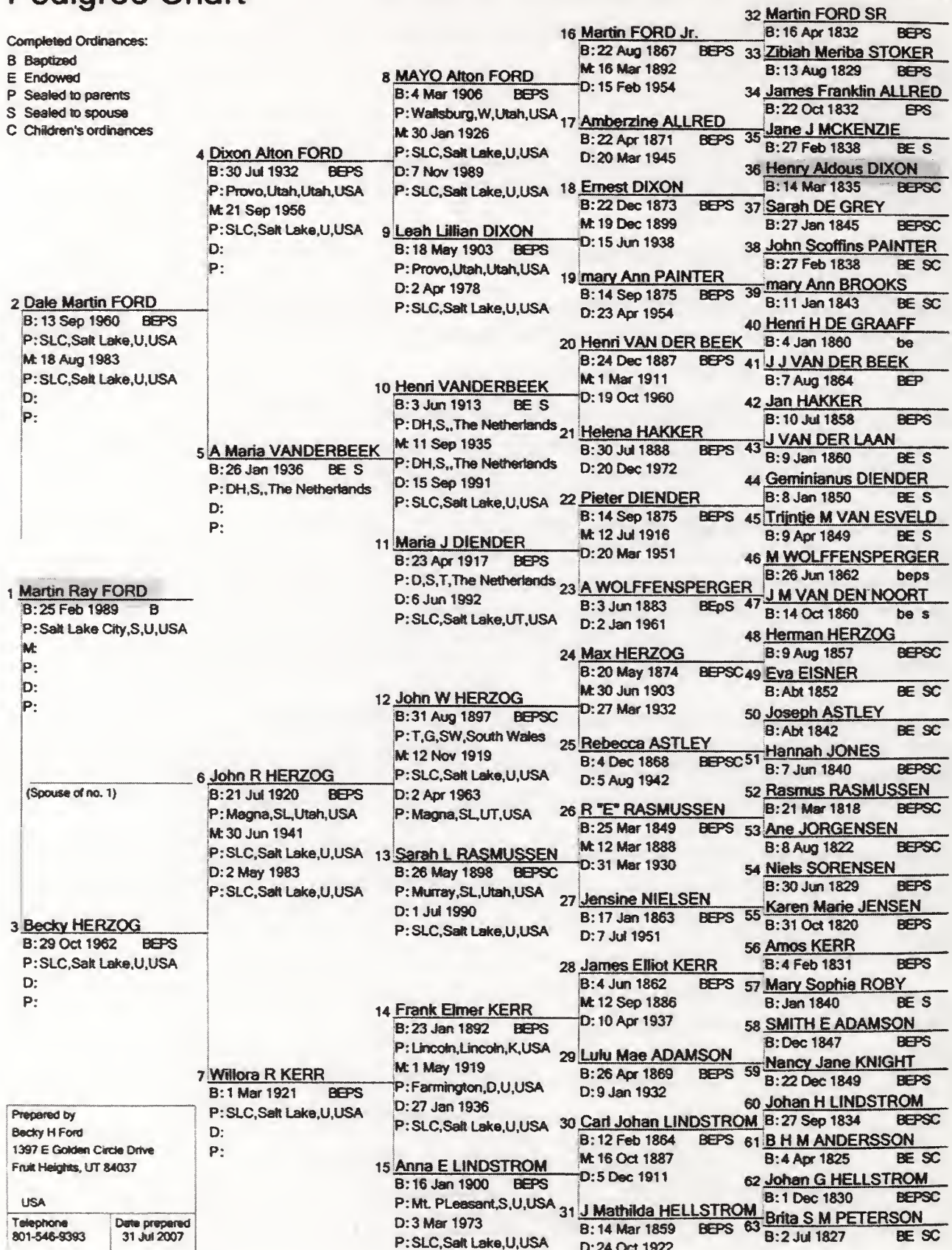
President

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

B Baptized
E Endowed
P Sealed to parents
S Sealed to spouse
C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
Becky H Ford
1397 E Golden Circle Drive
Fruit Heights, UT 84037

USA

Telephone
801-546-9393

Date prepared
31 Jul 2007

Deseret Trust Company Letter

Sent to Missionary Applicants

Deseret Trust Company

October 29, 2007

Sister Jenny Lynne Boshard
745 West 500 North.
Provo, UT 84601

Dear Sister Boshard:

We believe you will be pleased to know that as a descendant of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor you are eligible to receive a substantial financial benefit in the form of missionary support from

The Clarence Dixon Taylor Memorial Missionary Fund.

Clarence Taylor, greatly loved by his 25 nieces and nephews, was familiarly known to all as “Uncle Bud.” Along with this letter you will find his interesting life sketch, which will help you understand more about his productive and useful life. He died in May of 2005, shortly after his 96th birthday. Three years before, he composed the following letter, directed to “The Descendants of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor.” In other words, to you:

Dear Family Members:

As you will see, I am writing this note while I am still alive, hale, hearty, and of sound mind. Over a long lifetime, I have lived well, but frugally. With the help of Deseret Trust, a Church-owned financial institution, I have established a trust fund to benefit descendants of my father and mother, Maria Dixon and Arthur N. Taylor, and other descendants of my grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, who are worthy to fill full-time missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Under appropriate circumstances, this trust will provide up to one-half of the financial support needed for their missions.

I leave my blessings behind. Remember you are members of a great family.

*Love,
Clarence Dixon Taylor*

Under the provisions of the Memorial Trust, during the remainder of your mission an amount representing one-half of the standardized missionary expense, established by the Church Missionary Department, will be credited to your ward’s missionary fund on your behalf.

We extend our congratulations on your worthiness to receive this support made possible by the foresight and generosity of your relative, Clarence Dixon Taylor. May the Lord continue to bless you in the performance of the great mission you have been called to serve.

Yours truly,

DESERET TRUST COMPANY

E. Bruce Haws
Vice President

Providing preferred best-in-class trust and custody services at an affordable cost to those who help sustain The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
[g://ebh/Taylor/Taylor C missionary letter](http://ebh/Taylor/Taylor%20Missionary%20Letter)

30 East 100 South, Suite 900 | Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1900 | www.deserettrust.com

800-746-8250 | 801-363-2991 | 801-363-2995 Fax

Clarence Dixon Taylor Life Sketch

Sent to Missionary Applicants

A Life Sketch of
Clarence Dixon Taylor
A Consummate Uncle
Duty, Integrity, and Plain Hard Work

Clarence Dixon Taylor, known to all as "Uncle Bud," a life-long Provo citizen, died on May 21, 2005, at the Courtyard at Jamestown, an assisted living facility in Provo just ten days after his 96th birthday. When Clarence was born on May 11, 1909 on Fifth West, there were no paved roads in the city and the largest employer was the Provo Woolen Mills of which his grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, had been the first superintendent. He was the sixth of eight children of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Dixon.

Although never married, his life was devoted to his broader family in a consistent, helpful way that set a standard for all who knew him. He early recognized the value of computers for genealogical work and entered all his family records on an Apple IIe. Before that his basement was lined with 32 lineal feet of 4' x 8' plywood panels with hundreds of names of his collateral relatives on small strips of paper. Each of his nieces and nephews received at their marriage a booklet containing family group sheets of their ancestors and their own, ready to be continued.

When his call to the British Mission arrived in 1930, his mother paid a visit to President Heber J. Grant to explain that there must have been a mistake because he *should* be going to South Africa, which subsequently he did. And for the rest of his life he carried on his mother's devotion to their South African roots where her father had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1856.

Among his many published books are histories of the 1820 settlers of South Africa and two volumes of family records and stories, *My Folks, the Dixons*. He prepared hundreds of names for temple ordinances and was a worker and the treasurer of the Provo Temple.

Clarence graduated from Brigham Young University in 1936 with a degree in Business Administration and worked with his father and brothers in their furniture business, Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company, until it closed in 1964. He then took care of accounts payable for the BYU Bookstore until he retired in 1974.

His life was interrupted by World War II, during which he spent one winter freezing at Margum Castle in Wales, then slogging through the worst of the European Theater. He was a cannoneer in the 109th Regiment of the 28th Division, landed on Utah Beach, barely escaped capture during the Battle of the Bulge and fought on into Germany.

He would never talk about the war, much to the disappointment of his nephews, but wrote, *"There is no good that comes from war other than retaining one's liberty. War only results in destruction, heartache, and sorrow – a period of waste, loss of life, pain, and suffering. To me, a period of time to be forgotten."*

He liked to travel but wouldn't go camping, probably because his unit had once gone six weeks without ever being indoors.

As a veteran, he was eligible to purchase a war surplus Jeep in 1945. He and a cousin, Verl Dixon, picked it up at Hill Air Force Base; all four tires blew out on the way back to Provo. Uncle Bud's Jeep was the envy and pride of the entire extended family and Oak Hills neighborhood. As each niece and nephew got their driver's license they were allowed to use the Jeep for a week. Until one of them drove it up the front steps of the high school in Price! For his 95th birthday, his nieces and nephews each wrote a memory of Uncle Bud. Many involved the Jeep; all reflected his influence for good.

Uncle Bud was a quiet example of a good neighbor. The Taylor family developed the Oak Hills neighborhood and the Taylor Terrace condominiums east of the Provo Temple. Before there was city water, he cleaned the ditches and tank and helped keep the water running out of Rock Canyon. The Jeep was fitted with a snowplow and for years before the city began maintaining the roads, he kept the roads and many driveways clear. Rather than wringing out the last dollar from the land, he donated his own property for a neighborhood park. When the power lines were buried, he hand-dug through hundreds of feet of rock and roots to avoid backhoe damage to the scrub oak of land he didn't even own.

Uncle Bud, was "one of a kind." We shall not see his like again. We honor his memory.

ktk May 2005



Missionary Trust Account

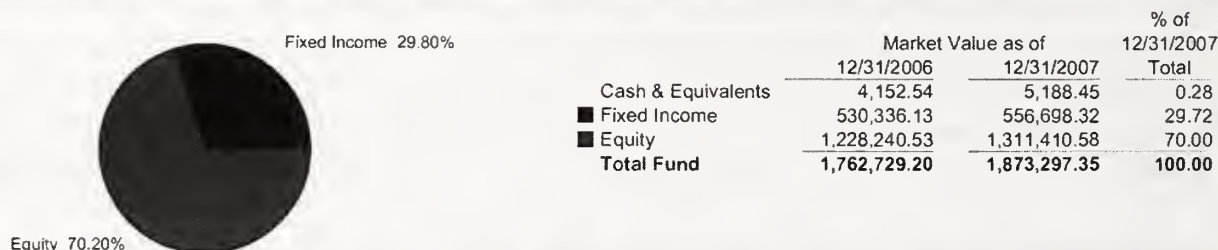
Deseret Trust Company
 30 East 100 South, Suite 900
 Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1900
www.deserettrust.com

TAYLOR, CLARENCE

Account #: 242210052
 Reporting Period: 01/01/2007 - 12/31/2007
 Your Administrator: E. Bruce Haws
 801-433-1505

JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR
 2165 NORTH OAK LANE
 PROVO UT 84604

Portfolio Summary



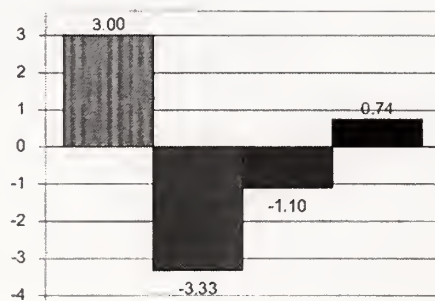
Account Activity Summary

FIRST QUARTER 2008 INVESTMENT SUMMARY

The economy continues to grow but at a slowing pace. There are considerable concerns over housing, employment, energy costs and inflation. We are facing a mid-cycle slowdown or an outright recession in 2008. A recession is avoidable and economic growth of 1% is possible as long as events don't deteriorate. The Federal Reserve Bank is friendly and we expect a further reduction in short-term interest rates in order to stabilize the credit markets and stimulate growth. We are cautious on bonds with the yield curve returning to a more normal shape as short-term rates have declined. Stocks are rated neutral since they have reasonable P/E's and profits are expected to increase. For the long term, stocks should provide a better return than bonds.

	Income	Principal	Total
Beginning Market Value (12/31/2006)	70,266.49	1,692,462.71	1,762,729.20
Income			
Common Trust Funds	54,989.44	0.00	54,989.44
Dividends	0.00	0.00	0.00
Interest	157.75	0.00	157.75
Other Income	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Income	55,147.19	0.00	55,147.19
Expenses			
Account Fees	-9,269.54	0.00	-9,269.54
Other Expenses	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Expenses	-9,269.54	0.00	-9,269.54
Net Income	45,877.65	0.00	45,877.65
Distributions to Beneficiaries	-30,400.00	0.00	-30,400.00
Miscellaneous Receipts	0.00	0.00	0.00
Miscellaneous Disbursements	0.00	0.00	0.00
Income/Principal Transfers	0.00	0.00	0.00
Realized Gains/Losses	3,178.31	96,996.54	100,174.85
Unrealized Gains/Losses	-66.91	-5,017.44	-5,084.35
Ending Market Value (12/31/2007)	88,855.54	1,784,441.81	1,873,297.35

Performance Summary - Time Weighted Returns



Last Quarter

Portfolio returns for the year are calculated using time weighted monthly returns consistent with the industry standards.



Deseret Trust Company
 30 East 100 South, Suite 900
 Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1900
www.deserettrust.com

TAYLOR, CLARENCE

Account #: 242210052

Reporting Period: 01/01/2007 - 12/31/2007
 Page 2

Asset Statement

Units	Description	Book Value	Mkt Value	% Acct	Estimated Income	Yield at Mkt
Cash & Equivalents						
Cash						
	Income Cash	5,188.00	5,188.00	0.28	253.69	4.89
	Principal Cash	0.45	0.45	0.00	0.02	4.44
Total Cash		5,188.45	5,188.45	0.28	253.71	4.89
Fixed Income						
Fixed Income Common Fund						
61,724.335	D.T.C. FIXED INCOME FUND	561,548.97	556,698.32	29.72	32,837.34	5.90
Equity						
Equity Common Fund						
6,270.859	D.T.C. EQUITY FUND	610,119.50	701,987.47	37.47	18,461.41	2.63
19,855.214	D.T.C. GROWTH EQUITY FUND	521,078.02	609,423.11	32.53	9,153.25	1.50
Total Equity Common Fund		1,131,197.52	1,311,410.58	70.01	27,614.66	2.11
Total Fund		1,697,934.94	1,873,297.35	100.00	60,705.71	3.24

Sons of the Utah Pioneers/BYU Subtrust Account

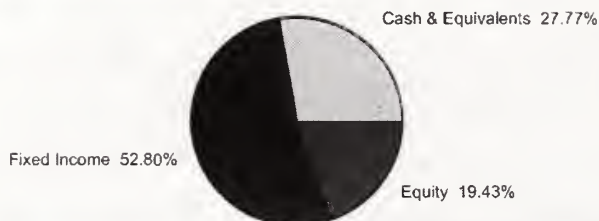
Deseret Trust Company
30 East 100 South, Suite 900
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1900
www.deserettrust.com

TAYLOR SUP/BYU

Account #: 242210235
Reporting Period: 01/01/2007 - 12/31/2007
Your Administrator: E. Bruce Haws
801-433-1505

JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR
2165 NORTH OAK LANE
PROVO UT 84604

Portfolio Summary



	Market Value as of		% of
	12/31/2006	12/31/2007	Total
■ Cash & Equivalents	21,390.23	24,116.12	27.77
■ Fixed Income	59,870.92	45,844.98	52.80
■ Equity	21,374.45	16,867.53	19.43
Total Fund	102,635.60	86,828.63	100.00

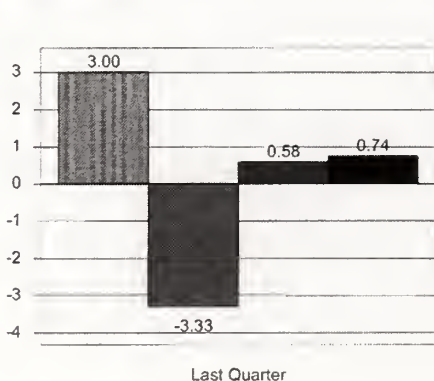
Account Activity Summary

FIRST QUARTER 2008 INVESTMENT SUMMARY

The economy continues to grow but at a slowing pace. There are considerable concerns over housing, employment, energy costs and inflation. We are facing a mid-cycle slowdown or an outright recession in 2008. A recession is avoidable and economic growth of 1% is possible as long as events don't deteriorate. The Federal Reserve Bank is friendly and we expect a further reduction in short-term interest rates in order to stabilize the credit markets and stimulate growth. We are cautious on bonds with the yield curve returning to a more normal shape as short-term rates have declined. Stocks are rated neutral since they have reasonable P/E's and profits are expected to increase. For the long term, stocks should provide a better return than bonds.

	Income	Principal	Total
Beginning Market Value (12/31/2006)	1,390.23	101,245.37	102,635.60
Income			
Common Trust Funds	3,991.41	0.00	3,991.41
Dividends	0.00	0.00	0.00
Interest	124.71	0.00	124.71
Other Income	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Income	4,116.12	0.00	4,116.12
Expenses			
Account Fees	0.00	0.00	0.00
Other Expenses	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Expenses	0.00	0.00	0.00
Net Income	4,116.12	0.00	4,116.12
Distributions to Beneficiaries	-1,390.23	-20,000.00	-21,390.23
Miscellaneous Receipts	0.00	0.00	0.00
Miscellaneous Disbursements	0.00	0.00	0.00
Income/Principal Transfers	0.00	0.00	0.00
Realized Gains/Losses	0.00	1,515.29	1,515.29
Unrealized Gains/Losses	0.00	-48.15	-48.15
Ending Market Value (12/31/2007)	4,116.12	82,712.51	86,828.63

Performance Summary - Time Weighted Returns



	Last Quarter	Year to Date
■ Net Assets	0.58	6.84
■ Market Indices		
■ Lehman Aggregate Bond	3.00	6.96
■ S&P 500 Composite	-3.33	5.49
■ Consumer Price Index (CPI-U)	0.74	4.08

Portfolio returns for the year are calculated using time weighted monthly returns consistent with the industry standards.



Deseret Trust Company
 30 East 100 South, Suite 900
 Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1900
www.deserettrust.com

TAYLOR SUP/BYU

Account #: 242210235
 Reporting Period: 01/01/2007 - 12/31/2007
 Page 2

Asset Statement

Units	Description	Book Value	Mkt Value	% Acct	Estimated Income	Yield at Mkt
Cash & Equivalents						
Cash						
	Income Cash	4,116.12	4,116.12	4.74	201.28	4.89
	Principal Cash	20,000.00	20,000.00	23.03	978.00	4.89
Total Cash		24,116.12	24,116.12	27.77	1,179.28	4.89
Fixed Income						
Fixed Income Common Fund						
5,083.096	D.T.C. FIXED INCOME FUND	45,913.81	45,844.98	52.80	2,704.21	5.90
Equity						
Equity Common Fund						
79.132	D.T.C. EQUITY FUND	8,532.21	8,858.38	10.20	232.96	2.63
260.941	D.T.C. GROWTH EQUITY FUND	7,941.07	8,009.15	9.22	120.29	1.50
Total Equity Common Fund		16,473.28	16,867.53	19.43	353.25	2.09
Total Fund		86,503.21	86,828.63	100.00	4,236.74	4.88

Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship Fund

Trustees Proposal to the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, 11 December 2005

Discussion With Representatives of the Brigham Young Chapter, Sons of the Utah Pioneers

Sunday, December 11, 2005

Subject: Establishment of the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship Fund, Effective January 1, 2006

Proposed Guidelines

1. At the end of 2006 and each succeeding year for five years (through 2010), the Brigham Young Chapter of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers will receive the proceeds from a Five Year Self-liquidating Donor Designated Fund, administered by Deseret Trust Company. The benefit paid to the local Chapter will probably be a cumulative total of around \$15,000. For planning purposes it might be assumed that the benefit in 2006 will be \$5,000, and in successive years, \$4,000, \$3,000, \$2,000, and finally \$1,000.

2. This entire amount is a gift conditional on the establishment of The Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship Fund. The donor is the late Clarence Dixon Taylor, in memory of his father and mother.

3. We propose that at the end of each of the five years, the local SUP Chapter will select three worthy recipients, each to receive a scholarship in the amount of \$1,000. The selection of the candidates and any conditions applied will be the responsibility of the Brigham Young Chapter. However each recipient is to be made aware that this gift is from the Taylor Scholarship Fund (fully spelled out).

4. We assume that recipients will be selected based on need and worthiness, not necessarily based on scholarship. However, this is the business of the Chapter Selection Committee.

5. We assume that notwithstanding this five-year gift, the Chapter will continue its usual schol-

arship fund-raising activities. However, this is the business of the Brigham Young Chapter.

6. Clarence Dixon Taylor's Trustees will not supervise or interfere with the Chapter's management of the Scholarship Fund or selection of candidates. However, we would appreciate a timely annual report on the disbursement of the scholarship fund.

7. It should be understood that if at any point the Brigham Young Chapter ceases its scholarship program, or decides to withdraw from support of the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship program, payments to the Chapter will cease and remaining monies will be diverted by Deseret Trust Company to a separate Clarence Taylor Trust.

8. Clarence Dixon Taylor's Trustees (John Arthur Taylor, Henry Dixon Taylor Jr., and Kenneth Taylor Kartchner), would appreciate the opportunity, at the appropriate time, to make a brief initial presentation in a regular dinner meeting of the local chapter. The purpose would be to speak of the donor, his parents, and our pleasure at making this scholarship fund available.

We look forward to discussing this matter with you, and obtaining your comments and contrary views, if any.

Sincerely,

John Arthur Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.
Kenneth Taylor Kartchner

c: George Terry Taylor, Family Representative
E. Bruce Hall, Vice President, Deseret Trust Company

Sons of the Utah Pioneers Resolution

24 January 2006

RESOLUTION

COPY

The Brigham Young Chapter of Sons of the Utah Pioneers (hereafter "SUP"), each year awards college scholarships to TOMORROW'S PIONEERS. These are young people of high school and college age who have demonstrated pioneer character and courage by overcoming significant handicaps of health, disability, or severe social or economic difficulties. Recipients must always be youth who are not in trouble with the law, not users of alcohol, tobacco or drugs, but who are exemplary in their lives and in serving others. They must have demonstrated sufficient scholastic ability to succeed in college.

These scholarships are funded by donations from members of the SUP and other donors. Funds are paid directly by the SUP to the college of the young person's choice.

The SUP has been offered annual donations to its Scholarship Fund from the Arthur Nichols Taylor and Maria Dixon Taylor Memorial Scholarship Fund (hereafter "Taylor Trust"), which is administered by the Deseret Trust Company of Salt Lake City, Utah. It is understood that these annual donations will begin in the year 2007. Each donation will consist of one year's earnings from the Taylor Trust, as follows: Earnings from \$100,000, paid to the SUP in the year 2007, from \$80,000, paid to the SUP in 2008, from \$60,000, paid to the SUP in 2009, from \$40,000, paid to the SUP in 2010, and from \$20,000, paid to the SUP in 2011. It is anticipated that these earnings will approximate 5% per annum on the above amounts, and will be sent by the Deseret Trust Company by the first day of February of each year to the SUP Treasurer, currently Lynn Smith at 571 West 530 South, Orem, Utah 84058.

It is further understood and agreed that the SUP will use funds from the Taylor Trust on a one-for-one matching basis with ordinary donations from members of the SUP, up to a total expenditure of \$3,000 of funds in any one year from the Taylor Trust. In other words, funds supplied each year from the Taylor Trust will be used in any year only in amounts which are matched in dollars from ordinary donations by SUP members, and only up to \$3,000 in any one year. Taylor Trust funds not matched or used in any year will be carried over by the SUP in its Scholarship Fund to be used on the same matching basis in future years.

The SUP will be fully responsible for selecting recipients for all scholarship funds. However, scholarship recipients awarded amounts totaling the contributions from the Taylor Trust will be notified that their scholarships are funded by contributions from the Taylor Scholarship Fund (fully spelled out), and will be given copies of the Taylor biography.

In the event the SUP discontinues its Scholarship Fund and program, or decides not to receive further donations from the Taylor Trust, payments received but unused from the Taylor Trust will be returned to the Deseret Trust Company.

This resolution was voted and approved by the Officers of the Brigham Young Chapter of Sons of the Utah Pioneers on the 20th day of January, 2006.

Lynn B. Smith

Treasurer

Deane Smith

President

Received and Acknowledged by The Deseret Trust Company on 24 of Jan. 2006.

Ed Bruce Hawk

Creation of a Sub-Fund for SUP and Lee Library

December 2005

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
OF
CREATION OF SUB-FUND AND AMENDMENT OF
THE CLARENCE D. TAYLOR MEMORIAL MISSIONARY FUND
CREATED BY AN AGREEMENT DATED OCTOBER 26, 1998**

THIS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, is made this ____ day of December, 2005, by _____ (the "Donor") and Deseret Trust Company, a Utah nonprofit Corporation ("DTC").

WHEREAS, Clarence D. Taylor created the Clarence D. Taylor Memorial Missionary Fund (the "Fund") by a certain Designated Purpose Fund Agreement between Clarence D. Taylor and DTC dated October 26, 1998 (the "Agreement"); and

WHEREAS, Donor desires to make a charitable contribution to the Fund for the charitable purposes set forth herein; and

WHEREAS, DTC is willing to accept, hold, and administer Donor's charitable contribution pursuant and subject to the terms of the Agreement and this Acknowledgement.

NOW THEREFORE, in consideration of the premises and of the mutual covenants herein contained, the Donor does hereby irrevocably assign, convey, transfer and deliver to DTC, as a charitable contribution, One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged by DTC, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD as part of the Fund, a component part of DTC, for the following uses and purposes and subject to the terms and conditions of the Agreement as well as the terms and conditions herein set forth:

1. DTC shall hold, manage, invest and reinvest the charitable contribution as a separate sub-fund of the Fund (the "Sub-Fund").
2. For a period of five (5) years beginning in 2006, DTC shall pay and distribute annually the net income of the Sub-Fund to the Brigham Young Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers to be used for the creation of, or to be added to, the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Memorial Scholarship Fund.
3. For a period of five (5) years beginning in 2006, DTC shall pay and distribute annually the cash sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000.00) from the principal of the Sub-Fund to the Lee Library Special Collections, Brigham Young University, to be used for the creation of, or to be added to, the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Historical Fund; provided, however, that if the Lee Library Special Collection, Brigham Young University shall fail to create or to properly administer the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Historical Fund, the payments provided for in this paragraph 3 shall instead be made to the Provo Public Library.

4. Any provision to the contrary notwithstanding, in connection with the fifth and final annual distribution provided for in paragraph 3 above, DTC shall distribute all of the then remaining principal of the Sub-Fund in accordance with said paragraph. If the amount of the remaining principal of the Sub-Fund is less than Twenty-Thousand Dollars (\$20,000.00), DTC shall not be obligated to satisfy the distribution obligation from other assets of the Fund.
5. The Sub-Fund shall be terminated following the expiration of the five (5) year period referred to in paragraphs 2 and 3 above.
6. The parties acknowledge and agree that the creation of the Sub-Fund and the distributions provided for herein are consistent with and pursuant to paragraph 2 of the Agreement.
7. To the extent the Agreement does not expressly allow the creation of the Sub-Fund and the distributions provided for herein, the Agreement shall be deemed amended pursuant to paragraph 8 of the Agreement to allow for the creation of such Sub-Fund and the distributions provided for herein.
8. All other provisions of the Agreement shall remain unaffected by the terms of this Acknowledgement.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have executed this Acknowledgement of Creation of Sub-Fund and Amendment on the day and year first above written.

DONOR:

DESERET TRUST COMPANY

By: _____

Its: Vice-President

Family Presentation to the SUP

Introducing the Scholarship Fund, 18 May 2006

Presentation to the Sons of the Utah Pioneers

Brigham Young Chapter
Riverside Country Club
Thursday, May 18, 2006

The Arthur Nicholls & Maria Dixon Taylor Memorial Scholarship Fund

I have been offered a few minutes to tell you about a project that is of importance to our family.

My grandfather, Arthur Nicholls Taylor was a prominent Provo businessman who was involved with Taylor Brothers Company, and was founder of Dixon Taylor Russell Company, a home furnishings business that flourished in Central Utah a few generations ago.

He married Maria Louise Dixon and they had a family of eight children, six sons and two daughters. The last surviving son, Clarence Dixon Taylor, known as Uncle Bud, passed away on May 21, 2005 at the age of ninety-six.

Clarence Taylor—Uncle Bud—lived a comfortable, but frugal life, and his industry enabled him to leave behind sufficient funds to accomplish many worthy objectives, one of which involves the Brigham Young Chapter of the SUP.

Three of Uncle Bud's nephews serve as his executors. In addition to myself, Henry Dixon Taylor Jr., Kenneth Taylor Kartchner, and my brother George Taylor, who has ably assisted us in an informal capacity, are here this evening. Please stand.

Also, we are most pleased to have as our guest, the last surviving child of Arthur and Maria Taylor, Ruth Taylor Kartchner.

As we executors reviewed Uncle Bud's papers and documents, we noted that he had made

some preliminary notations about establishing a "monument" with the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, in memory of his beloved father and mother, Arthur and Maria Taylor.

Picking up on this thought we concluded that we wanted to fulfill his undirected wishes, not in works of stone, but with a living kind of memorial.

We concluded that the admirable scholarship program of this SUP chapter would be the ideal vehicle. The thought of helping qualified young people who are not necessarily "academic stars," but who are good people who need a helping hand, really appealed to us.

While the funds provided to the chapter on a matching basis come from the hands of Clarence Taylor, they are actually bestowed to the SUP in the name of the Family of Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor.

We are very pleased, and hope you will be as well, to provide a fund that, over the course of five years, matched by contributions of chapter members, could well provide scholarship support to as many as thirty qualified applicants.

We ask only that you remember the names of wonderful people, now gone from the earth, who worked very hard to establish strong and noble families and who cherished the thought of hard work and resulting success.

Recently, in going through family records, I found a motto penned by my grandfather, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, which greatly impressed me. He said: "Grow two blades of grass where only one grew before."

John Arthur Taylor
05.17.06

Letter to TOMORROW'S PIONEERS Scholarship Recipients

From the Trustees

We congratulate you on being awarded a TOMORROW'S PIONEERS College Scholarship from the Brigham Young Chapter of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers.

This scholarship attests to your worthiness and eligibility under the guidelines established by the Brigham Young Chapter.

As the funds awarded to you come in part from the Taylor Trust, we would like you to be acquainted with the honorable people whose generosity made this meaningful support possible.

These funds are derived from the estate of Clarence Dixon Taylor who died on May 21, 2005, at the age of ninety-six. Clarence, known to his many relatives and friends as "Uncle Bud," was a lifelong bachelor. Though he'd not a large income, he was frugal, and at the end of a long life was in a position to establish a Deseret Trust Fund to assist missionaries descended from his grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon.

When trustees and executors examined his documents following his death, they noted with appreciation that he had intended, but never acted upon the desire to establish a memorial in honor of his of parents. We immediately rejected the idea of a memorial in art, bronze, or stone, but took delight in the idea of providing scholarships to worthy students who needed some financial help to achieve their educational goals.

Clarence's paternal grandfather was born in England. His maternal grandfather was born in Grahamstown South Africa. These two men and their wives had many children. Their descendants have provided singular service in the growth and development of Utah Valley and far beyond. Among these are doctors, lawyers, merchants and businessmen, congressmen, state representatives, General Authorities, mayors, bishops, stake presidents, mission

presidents, patriarchs, and temple presidents.

Grandfather George founded Taylor Brothers Department Store. Clarence's father founded Dixon Taylor Russell Company, a large home furnishings firm throughout Central Utah that flourished in the '20s, '30s and '40s.

Grandfather George, in addition to being a merchant and banker, early on was a skilled, self-taught photographer, and his pictures are highly sought for their vivid portrayal of early Provo history.

The Taylor and Dixon families were solidly bound, but of immediate interest is the marriage of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor. Clarence Dixon Taylor was the fifth of their six sons.

In memory of Clarence, and to fulfill his desire, we have established the Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship Fund.

We are highly pleased that you have been honored with a TOMORROW'S PIONEERS Scholarship, and we are hopeful that it will help you fulfill your educational objectives, and lay the groundwork for success and happiness throughout your life.

We only ask that you remember the names of wonderful people, now gone from the earth, who worked hard to establish strong and noble families and who cherished the thought of hard work and resulting success.

Among our family records we found a motto penned by Arthur Nicholls Taylor we would like to share with you. He said: "Grow two blades of grass where only one grew before."

John Arthur Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.
Kenneth Taylor Kartchner

Trustees & Executors
January 24, 2006

Report on Students Assisted

As of January 2008

Taylor Memorial Fund Scholarships Awarded

Sons of the Utah Pioneers

Since the beginning of the collaboration of the SUP with The Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Memorial Scholarship Fund, ten \$1,000 TOMORROW'S PIONEERS Scholarships have been awarded in the first two years. Five hundred dollars each have been contributed by the SUP and the Tay-

lor Fund for each award. As this program is designed to continue for five years, we anticipate that many more students will be assisted.

John Arthur Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.
Kenneth Taylor Kartchner

Trustees
January 1, 2008

Letter of Response

From the Parents of a Student Assisted in 2006

*Oscar and Stephanie Pike
2344 North 920 West
Provo, Utah 84604*

February 6, 2008

John A. Taylor
2165 North Oak Lane
Provo, Utah 84604

Dear Mr. Taylor:

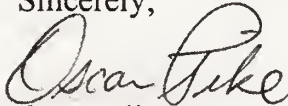
We are writing in behalf of our son, Benjamin H. Pike, who received the Sons of the Utah Pioneers Scholarship in 2006. We have come to understand that the scholarship Benjamin received involved the Arthur Nichols Taylor and Maria Dixon Taylor Memorial Scholarship Trust Fund.

Benjamin is currently serving as a full-time missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Argentina Buenos Aires South Mission and therefore is obviously unable to correspond with you directly. He did, however, express his appreciation for the scholarship, when he originally received, it in a letter to the Sons of the Utah Pioneers organization.

After receiving the scholarship, Benjamin attended Brigham Young University during the fall semester of 2006 where he excelled in his studies and obtained a high first semester GPA. He then began his service as a missionary in January 2007. This start with his schooling at the university level is attributable in part to the financial help you helped provide via the Sons of the Utah Pioneers.

As his parents, may we express our appreciation for your generosity and support of our son. He is a conscientious individual who, we have no doubt, will continue to pursue a college degree upon his return from Argentina. Your financial support conveys an implicit trust in Benjamin that he will someday provide a profitable "return on investment" via his contributions to his profession and society. Though we may be somewhat biased, as parents are prone to be, we also trust that your investment in our son will bear fruit in the future. Thank you for giving him the opportunity. Please express our gratitude to anyone and everyone involved with your trust fund.

Sincerely,



Oscar Pike

cc J. Elliot Cameron, Scholarship Chairman, Sons of the Utah Pioneers

Family Historical Research Fund

Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University

Estate of Clarence Dixon Taylor

11 May 1909 to 21 May 2005

Based on instructions from our uncle, we three nephews, his trustees, have participated in the establishment of several trusts, one of which could benefit the Brigham Young University Lee Library. Our purpose is to establish a Family Historical Research Fund in the memory of Clarence Dixon Taylor's father and mother, Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor.

Clarence's grandfather, George Taylor, was a pioneer Provo photographer, merchant, and banker. His maternal grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born in Grahamstown, South Africa and immigrated to Utah. The Taylors and Dixons are a strongly rooted Provo family and have made many religious, social, and economic contributions to the life and growth of Provo.

The Taylor's are a writing family, and Clarence and his older brother, Henry Dixon Taylor, have produced many books (see p. 386).

Clarence was a very productive man throughout his life, with strong interests in family and Provo history. He collected information and wrote about his grandfather's business, Taylor Brothers Department Store; about his father's business, Dixon Taylor Russell Company; about the Lake Resort Provona; about the Wildwood Resort in Provo Canyon; about the Brickerhaven Country Club; about the Bonnevill Development Corporation, which developed the hills east of Provo; about the construction of Taylor Terrace east of the Provo Temple; about the Taylor Family Trust; and a myriad of other matters. He served a mission in South Africa in the early 1930s. He fought in Europe with the US Army in the 1940s. His extensive correspondence with his mother during these periods is of possible interest (letters from each to the other have been preserved).

While a substantial number of files and records in Clarence's home were discarded after his death or distributed throughout the families of his thirty nieces and nephews, to whom he was their "Consummate Uncle," a lot of materials are intact. Their potential value has yet to be determined.

Proposal to University Librarian Randy Olson and Staff

By Clarence Dixon Taylor's Executor's, November 2005

Proposal

We propose the establishment of an Arthur Nicholls & Maria Dixon Taylor Historical Family and Provo City Research Fund at the Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University.

Clarence Taylor's estate would provide funding for this project over a six-year period, as described below.

While subject to discussion, negotiation, and interpretation, we would like to see certain objectives set for each of the six years. During each year there should be sufficient funding to accomplish our specific family objectives, while allowing the L. Tom Perry Special Collections flexibility to establish other projects concurrently, if there is some relationship to

the Taylor and Dixon families, their interests, Provo history, and/or other matters subject to agreement between the Trustees and Lee Library.

The below mentioned work, to be executed by the L. Tom Perry Special Collections, will be accomplished by staff archivists and rare book librarians and their student assistants and interns, the latter under careful professional supervision.

Tentative annual schedule and accomplishments:

2006

1. All relevant Clarence Dixon Taylor papers, books, photographs, and correspondence will be gathered by the Taylor family. The L. Tom Perry Special Collections will box and transport these materi-

als to the Harold B. Lee Library.

2. Taylor and Dixon family members will be invited to contribute additional historical materials they may be holding, if any, to include in this Taylor Dixon Family Collection.

3. The L. Tom Perry Special Collections staff will evaluate these materials and identify those portions which have potential historical value. In this review, materials that have no enduring value, in the judgment of qualified archivists and librarians, may be discarded.

4. Special Collections will produce a preliminary inventory and catalog record for the Clarence Dixon Taylor papers, and a Processing Strategy Plan for processing of the collection. The plan will outline arrangement, levels of description, and a time line/schedule for estimated dates of completion for steps in the plan.

5. Special Collections will photocopy selected photographs, in order for Taylor and Dixon family members to identify unidentified people, locations and events, recognized in the photographs. Family members will record identifications on these copies and return the copies to Special Collections, so they can be included in the official collection description. Special Collection will interview Ruth T. Kartchner, and other senior Taylor and Dixon family members, to aid in this identification process.

2007

1. All surviving materials will be described by Special Collections, using the previous mentioned plan. The preliminary inventory will be expanded into a larger final finding aid and will be made available online (web) using EAD (encoded archival description), which will make the finding aid available to all qualified individuals for research purposes.

2. The photographs contained in the collection will also be processed and described as mentioned above, and will also be available to qualified individuals for research purposes.

2008

1. All correspondence (hand-written letters in the main) between Clarence and his mother, and other selected materials as determined by the Taylor family and Special Collections, will be transcribed and made available for research purposes. All transcriptions will also be included with the previously processed collection and will be mentioned in the

collection finding aid.

2009

1. A vigilant search will be made of all Special Collection photographic collections to find originals or copies of George Taylor's photographs. Special Collections will also search for George Taylor photographs and manuscript materials in Provo, Utah County, and Salt Lake City archival and photograph repositories.

2. L. Tom Perry Special Collections will create a small outreach program to seek early historical photography of Provo from private sources. First and foremost this effort will entail seeking after George Taylor photographs, which are some of the earliest images taken of Provo and environment, and the collecting of photographs that document early Provo commercial and business interests.

2010-2011

All remaining Taylor Dixon funds not previously spent, as well as funds given in 2010 and 2011, will be used to create a research fellowship endowment that will fund annually, one or more qualified persons to undertake original historical research, the only caveat that they make some intellectual or organizational contribution to the Taylor, Dixon, or related family histories. Studies related to early Provo development would also be acceptable. Alternatively, Special Collections could apply some of this funding to the long-term preservation and accessibility of these materials.

The name of the research fellowship will be the "The Clarence Dixon Taylor Research Fellowship."

All George Taylor archival and photographic materials will be housed in the George Taylor Collection and will include the following statement: Acquired with the Clarence Dixon Taylor Family Historical Research Fund, in memory of his mother and father, Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor.

All other early Provo photographic materials will be housed in a separate Early Provo Photographic Collection and will include the following statement: Acquired with the Clarence Dixon Taylor Family Historical Research Fund, in memory of his mother and father, Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor.

The Clarence Taylor materials will be housed in the Clarence Dixon Taylor Collection and will include the following statement: Acquired with the

Clarence Dixon Taylor Family Historical Research Fund, in memory of his mother and father, Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor.

Funding

The Deseret Trust Company is handling all arrangements in connection with the proposed Clarence Dixon Taylor Memorial Research Fund.

Clarence Dixon Taylor's trustees will provide a check in the amount of \$20,000 to cover expenses during 2006. Hopefully completion of the desired objectives would not consume the entire amount so that any residue will pass to the next year, or successive years. Optimally, funds conserved over the six-year period could remain as an endowment to perpetuate the Taylor-Dixon family objectives.

At the end of each year through 2011, Deseret Trust will provide a check in the amount of \$20,000 to the Lee Library. The total endowment would amount to \$120,000.

We think it not unreasonable to ask the Lee Library to report to the trustees at the end of each year, on the status of this fund, and report on compliance with our objectives.

Yours respectfully,

John Arthur Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor Jr.
Kenneth Taylor Kartchner
29 November 2005

Following is a partial list of books by members of the Taylor-Dixon family:

My Folks the Dixons, Clarence Dixon Taylor
My Folks the Dixons, Volume II, Clarence Dixon Taylor
My Dixon Taylor Pedigree, Clarence Dixon Taylor
George Taylor, Sr. and His family; Photographer, Merchant, Banker, Clarence Dixon Taylor
Diary of Henry Aldous Dixon, South Africa, 1861-1863
Clarence Dixon Taylor, My Younger Brother, Henry Dixon Taylor
Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, My Parents, Henry D. Taylor
Events in My Life, Elton LeRoy Taylor
Orson Kenneth Taylor, Henry D. Taylor
Henry Dixon Taylor, Henry Dixon Taylor autobiography
California Mission, 1955-1958, "The Taylor Years," Henry Dixon Taylor
Henry D. Taylor Talks, 1958 to 1973, Henry Dixon Taylor
Rev. William Boardman, 1768-1825 and His Family; Teacher, Priest, 1820 Settler (Union of South Africa) Party Leader, Clarence Dixon Taylor
Arthur V. Watkins, My Stake President, Henry D. Taylor
Talks and Articles By and About Henry D. Taylor, 1947-1983, Henry Dixon Taylor

Lee Library Board Meeting

Thursday, 28 February 2007

I have been invited to tell you about the recent establishment of a Family Historical Research Fund in the Lee Library. First a little background.

My uncle, Clarence Dixon Taylor died on May 21, 2005 at the age of ninety-six. He was a lifelong bachelor. Though he'd not a large income, he was frugal, and at the end of a long life was in a position to establish a Deseret Trust Fund amounting to a million and a half dollars to assist missionaries descended from his father and mother. To date about two dozen missionaries have benefitted with, we

hope, many, many more to follow.

Three of Clarence's nephews acted as his trustees and executors. We were able to establish a sub-trust that we put to very good use. Each year for five years, three needy but worthy students will be selected by the Brigham Young Chapter of the Sons of The Utah Pioneers to receive a \$1,000 scholarship from a fund named for Clarence's father and mother: The Arthur Nicholls and Maria Dixon Taylor Scholarship Fund.

Concurrently, each year for six years beginning

in 2006, the Lee Library will be awarded \$20,000 per year for an expected total of \$120,000, if certain requirements are met.

Stepping back I would like to tell you briefly about two of my progenitors. My paternal great grandfather, George Taylor, was born in England. My maternal great grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born in Grahamstown, South Africa. These two men and their wives had many children. Their descendants have provided singular service in the growth and development of Utah Valley. Among these are doctors, lawyers, merchants and businessmen of many talents, congressmen, state representatives, General Authorities, mayors of Provo, bishops, stake presidents, mission presidents, patriarchs, and temple presidents.

Great grandfather George founded Taylor Brothers Department Store. His son, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, founded Dixon Taylor Russell Company, a large home furnishings firm with stores throughout Central Utah that flourished in the '20s '30s, and '40s.

Great grandfather George, in addition to being a merchant and banker, early on was a highly skilled, self-taught photographer, and his pictures are highly sought for their vivid portrayal of early Provo history.

The Taylor and Dixon families were solidly bound, but of immediate interest is the marriage of Maria Dixon and Arthur Nicholls Taylor. Clarence Dixon Taylor was the fifth of their six sons.

In his memory, and theirs, we have established The Clarence Dixon Taylor Family Historical Research Fund.

Very briefly, over a six-year period the library has committed to the following program:

2006, which is Year 1: All of Clarence Taylor's voluminous records have been collected, evaluated, and preliminarily catalogued, including a large number of family photographs.

Year 2007: All saved materials including photographs will be encoded individually for research purposes.

Year 2008: Voluminous handwritten correspondence will be transcribed and made available for research purposes.

Year 2009: A vigilant search will be made through the library's Special Photographic Collection to find originals or copies of George Taylor's photographs. Other archival collections in Provo, Utah County, and Salt Lake City will be similarly searched.

Year 2010 and subsequently: All remaining funds not heretofore spent will be used to create a research fellowship endowment that will fund annually one or more qualified persons to undertake original historical research related to the Taylor-Dixon or related family histories. Studies related to early Provo development would also be acceptable. Special Collections would be free to apply some of this funding to long-term preservation and accessibility of these materials.

John Arthur Taylor



George Terry Taylor with fifteen cartons of Clarence Dixon Taylor's files to be deposited with Special Collections in the Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University.

Bolivia Dental Hygiene Program

“Healthy Teeth for a Healthy Life,” by Marianne Kartchner

When Ken and I were in the Peace Corps, my job working with CARE was to visit the schools in Potosi, Bolivia. I couldn't help but notice how bad the children's teeth were. I was able to acquire funds for toothbrushes and toothpaste for children in eighteen third grades during a four-month dental hygiene education project. Together with a local dentist, we wrote lessons on dental hygiene which we gave once a week to each of the eighteen third grades. When the project was over we realized that at this point the dental hygiene habit had not been internalized by the students.

When Uncle Bud died, it occurred to me that maybe he would not have looked unkindly on a project for saving children from the discomfort he had suffered for years from bad teeth. I approached the trustees about dedicating some of Uncle Bud's assets for a five-year dental hygiene education project in Potosi, Bolivia, and they agreed to establish a fund of \$30,000.

As of this writing we have just finished the second year of the project. One of the benefits to the Bolivians is that we are giving work to three dentists, one of whom directs the program and two who do the weekly lessons and fluoride treatments and twice-yearly teeth cleanings. We also pay the teachers about five dollars a month to stay an extra hour a week during the lessons and to take the children each day to brush their teeth.

Although the children had been brushing their teeth every day at school for a year and had weekly lessons in dental hygiene, after the first summer vacation it was noted that hardly any children had brushed their teeth during the holidays. We realized that we, therefore, needed to also educate the parents and so hired an educator and a social worker to visit the families of the children to teach them the importance of daily brushing and tooth care. We offered to pay half the cost of dental treatment for their children at the clinic one of our dentists set up by

the school. At the end of the second year, 147 or 37 percent of the children have gone to the dentist for dental treatment. It now remains to be seen if after the second summer the children will have brushed their teeth.

We are also working with a control school that receives only teeth cleaning twice a year plus toothpaste, toothbrushes, and fluoride treatments. Our aim is to compare the control group with the experimental group and write a paper for publication after the five years with the goal of garnering support financing for other programs of this sort.

Ivanna Claire (in Bolivia) is the director of the program with whom I have worked on dental health education. She and the other dentists with whom we work are very much interested in expanding the program nationwide. They did a presentation in 2005 to the National Congress of Bolivian Dentists in which various government officials participated and I was informed that they were received with enthusiasm and told by the government officials that they would like to make it a national program. However, in Bolivia many promises are made, few are fulfilled. Promises are often a cultural way of saying, “Get lost.”

I have made yearly trips to Bolivia at my own expense, but it has not been a sacrifice. It gives me great personal satisfaction to work with these fine individuals, to see the program unfolding, and to work with the team to make improvements each year.

As I have recently been doing a little review of similar projects, I realize that we are not alone in a sea of dental health projects. However, what stands out in our project is that we are using a specific educational theory in our lessons and they are presented weekly, long term.

Marianne Kartchner
January 2008

Conversation Between Clarence D. Taylor and John A. Taylor

Tape Recorded 30 December 2000

Today is December 30, the year 2000. It is Saturday, almost exactly 1:30 in the afternoon. This is John Arthur Taylor and I'm going to be having a conversation with my Uncle Clarence Dixon Taylor.

It is worthy of note that at one time I had five uncles on my father's side of the family: Arthur, Elton, Henry, Clarence, and Orson Kenneth. And they're all gone except Uncle Bud. He's my sole remaining uncle. I was going over the ledger mentally today and observed with interest that, over my life, I've had more to do with Uncle Bud than I have with all of my other uncles put together. [laughter] So this is a great time for me to sit down and talk.

John: Uncle Bud, how much older was my father than you?

Bud: It would be about, let's see, I guess it would be . . .

John: My dad was born in 1898, wasn't he?

Bud: That's what I don't remember.

John: It was 1898; I know that.

Bud: Yes. And, well I'm up to the point now where I'm 91, and I was born in 1909 . . .

John: So you were about 11 years . . .

Bud: Right.

John: . . .younger than Dad.

Bud: Yeah, I think it was about 11.

John: You know, I had conversations with Alice who was younger than you and she remembered my father best when he was married and older.

Bud: Now, correction.

John: Yes?

Bud: I'm younger than Alice. She was born in 1906.

John: Of course, you were younger than Alice. But

Alice didn't have many memories of my father when he was young. And Aunt Ruth was too young to have any memories of my father when he was young.

Bud: Right.

John: So, about when did you begin to realize that Dad was in your life? How old were you when you had involvement with him?

Bud: Just, all my life I recognized him as my older brother. That he was in school, and I guess it was when he probably came back from his mission that I can remember a little more.

John: He went to Portland on his mission, didn't he?

Bud: Yes. I remember one time, we were up to the Wildwood cabin and he was out doing painting on some new material that had been part of the outside of the kitchen. The kitchen wall. I remember that and another very impressive remembrance I had was he was in the drapery department of DTR (Dixon Taylor Russell Co.) and he had one of the very good salesmen come in, I guess every year, and this one time he took this salesman on a hike up Mt. Timpanogos. I can't remember his name just offhand. Anyway, before we started the hike, he took me up to, the three of us went up to the Elliot Cafe on Center Street and there, I think, I had my first real big dish of raspberries and cream! Thick cream. I remember that, but then after that, we went up Timp (Mt. Timpanogos), to the top, and had a real good trip there.

John: How did the salesman enjoy his trip to the top?

Bud: I can't remember now [laughs].

John: Just loosely speaking, you must have been about seven when Dad went on his mission and probably about nine when he came back, something like that. If Dad went when he was eighteen and got back when he was around twenty then you would have been about nine. When Dad got home was he drafted into the Army?

Bud: What?

John: He had been drafted into the Army?

Bud: No, he joined the BYU group.

(Insert provided by Clarence, copied from the *Provo Post*, Tuesday, July 30, 1918.)

MANY BYU BOYS LEAVE FOR PRESIDIO TO ENTER TRAINING

The Brigham Young University's quota for the Presidio Training Camp has been filled and the boys left for the coast today under the leadership of Coach E. L. Roberts. They will remain at the camp until September 16, and while away will be paid the pay of privates. Upon their return to Provo they will teach at the BYU and will be the leaders in military activities.

The following young men have been chosen to take the courses in training offered by the government: E. L. Roberts, C. W. Whitaker, Herald R. Clark—teachers. Abner Baird, Provo; Bert Ballard, Payson; Harry Butler, Provo; Elmer Baddley, Salt Lake; Ray Butler, Payson; Lyman Brown, Provo; Grant Crandall, Provo; Ford Crandall, Springville; Alden Chatwin, Provo; Erval Christensen, Provo Bench; Rulon Dixon, Provo; Alfred Powers, Provo; Roe Grosbeck, Springville; J. Clifford Harris, Payson; Wm J. Halladay, Provo; Paul Harding, Provo; Ralston Irvine, Provo; Leon Jackson, Oasis; Ralph Keeler, Provo; Clyde Keyte, Mona; Wm J. Knudsen, Provo; Elmer Loveless, Payson; Aldus Markham, Provo; David O. Peterson, Huntsville; Earl Page, Payson; Walter Strong, Payson; Starr Swenson, Provo; Wm. Dewey Sargent, Payson; Vernon Tolboe, Provo; Lynn Taylor, Provo; Roscoe Douglas.

John: I see.

Bud: That was, what did they call that, R-O, it wasn't ROTC, maybe SATC, I'm not sure. Anyway, it was one group of students at the BYU. And, then they were called to go down to the Presidio for training. And, that would be the first time that probably he left. And then I remember when the influenza epidemic hit, they were living up at the Maeser Memorial Building on the BYU campus. That's where they were stationed then, after they came back from the Presidio. And that was the beginning of the

Goldbrickers. The group that went down there came back and started the Goldbricker Club at BYU. And, during that time, he caught the flu and they were living in the hospital just directly south of the lower BYU campus. And, as I remember, that was where he had to spend some time. So, evidently, he wasn't home when he was sick.

John: So that was about the first time that he left home besides his mission?

Bud: As I remember, yes.

John: Okay, going back to his younger years, I recall vividly my father telling me a story about something that happened to him and I mentioned it to Alice and she had no memory of it. So, I'm wondering if I fabricated this thing, invented it in my mind, or if it's something my father really told me. As I recall what he said was that your father, of course, had farms and behind your house on Fifth West was a barn and you had horses. I don't know when this might have happened, but it seems your father had some new harnesses that were very expensive or very good. And my dad when he was a young boy needed some leather to make a slingshot or a flipper and apparently he cut some leather right out of this harness. He got in really bad trouble with his father, and probably took a good licking. Do you remember anything like that?

Bud: I don't remember ever hearing that.

John: Well, I just remember that so clearly but I can't get anybody to confirm it, and of course there is no one on earth now who can confirm it.

Bud: No, I don't remember. That's where we all had chores to do and even at one time, we almost had a dairy at 256 North on Fifth West. And Mother used to make butter. She had a big churn that she'd make that butter in. That's where the boys had to take care of the cows. And they always had some horses there, even their riding ponies. Your dad had a little riding pony of his own but I wasn't existing then.

John: You didn't keep cows at 256 North, did you?

Bud: Oh, yes.

John: Oh, you did? Really? You had cows?

Bud: It was a dairy.

John: Wow!

Bud: That's where they were kept. The boys had to milk them and that's where Mother got the cream, and even had the horses right up until, oh, until I was in college.

John: Well, that lot must have run back into the middle of the block then?

Bud: It did, yes. It was, oh, and the thing that they had, the barn serviced Grandma Dixon's home on the north. And the barn's directly behind it. So, oftentimes they had the whole access to the barn . . . and at one time, Father had a chicken coop back there. It was almost . . . under the house and they had quite a large kitchen industry there as well. Your grandfather was always into something . . . because you have to realize that that was all to keep his boys busy and that's where your dad got a little bit on the outs with his father when he would like to go out and play somewhere with the boys and he had to do the chores. But, on holidays and all, they had to . . .

John: See, I'm remembering that, was it Grandma, did not want him to wrestle, and he wanted to and did, but had to do his chores anyway?

Bud: Yep, he had to take care of his chores, but they used to wrestle on the top floor of the BYU Elementary Training School. That's where the gymnasium was and in the dressing rooms up there, they would pull out these big wrestling mats. And that's where he, in wrestling, got infections in his back. [pause] He used to have problems all the time because that's where it was infected and I know oft times I would help him loose some of the scabs . . .

John: I remember that. I remember how bad his back was. Even when he was older.

Bud: That came from wrestling.

John: Was he a pretty good wrestler?

Bud: This I don't know. I never saw a wrestling match or heard anything about them, but that's where they had to work out on it up there.

John: He seemed to play tennis, too, back in those days.

Bud: Yes. He was on the BYU tennis team at one

time. I can't remember who was on the same team . . .

John: I guess probably he would play with Buck and Sank Dixon and he must have played a lot up at Wildwood at the tennis court.

Bud: Well, the tennis court wasn't up there then. No, and, he was much older than Buck and Sank, but it seems like Reed Holt might have been on . . .

John: Well, Dad seemed to have a pretty good friendship with Buck because I remember, after he had been married and so on, he and Buck and Helen and my mother were involved socially quite a bit, and also with Sank and Lettie.

Bud: We were the next door neighbors to them and all of us spent a lot of time over at their place. So there wouldn't have been any . . .

John: Were they literally next door neighbors?

Bud: There was one house in-between.

John: Which direction did they live up or down the street?

Bud: On Fifth West, on Second North there was a big three-story home that the Frank Ewell's were living in and that was the Roberts' home. That's where Coach Roberts' family lived at one time. Right next to Uncle Walt Dixon, was the next house north.

John: Oh, north?

Bud: North, it was on the corner. The big house is still there. Then there's a little lumber home between our place and Uncle Walt. At that time, Minnie Thomas lived there for years and her oldest son, Wallace. Then next to that was Grandmother Dixon's home.

John: Okay, now where did Buck and Sank live then?

Bud: In Uncle Walt's.

John: Okay.

Bud: Uncle Walter [Dixon]. He was the sports-minded boy. He loved baseball and that's where Buck and Sank got started. He was very, very sports-minded. He was a great person. He was, I guess one

of the closest friends of Coach Gene Roberts. Coach Roberts' son was named after Walter Dixon, Walter Robert.

John: Uncle Bud, tell me something about my father when he was young. Was he pleasant to be around, was he enjoyable to be around? What kind of person was he?

Bud: As I remember, everybody liked him pretty much. He was very likeable and got along with everybody. He was that type and then Elton was so much different. But your Dad was easy to get along with. Elton wasn't [laughter].

John: So Elton was a little cantankerous, huh?

Bud: Yeah. [laughter]

John: Well, Alice said they used to get into a scrap quite a bit.

Bud: Well, I guess your Dad . . . [pause] I remember one time that I was told. . . . I guess your Dad had wanted to go swimming . . . and Father, I guess, gave him some chores to do . . . busy on it and then later that evening, I guess Father checked up and I guess Lynn had gone with the boys over swimming in the daytime and got sunburned. So that revealed what it was and I guess he got a . . . dressing down after he came back.

John: So he hadn't done his chores.

Bud: Yeah [laughs], that's right.

John: Wasn't his nickname something like "Sunshine"?

Bud: "Sunbeam."

John: Sunbeam.

Bud: Yeah.

John: Was that because of his red hair or his disposition?

Bud: I don't know where that came from. I don't know where that, it was just that everybody in the neighborhood had a nickname and the first I heard about it was in college when he was up there. Sunbeam.

John: Let's see if we're still cranking along here, I will check the tape. Yeah, okay. Well, Uncle Bud, after Dad got out of the Army, he was still, when the war ended, he was still working at the store, was he not?

Bud: You see, after he got out of the Army, when he was going to school, Father was over in Taylor Brothers. He was still in Taylor Brothers before, you see, the war was ended in 1918, wasn't it? And, Father didn't leave until 1920. So, he was in Taylor Brothers and naturally, Uncle Tom's family as well as Father's family, they had a chance to work. Even part-time in Taylor Brothers. So that's what he, he got the job there after school and going in the Taylor Brothers and the dry goods department, the ladies ready-to-wear department, they had a lot of dry goods there.

And, his job after quitting time is to go in, under the manager whose name was Iverson. And, his job was to go in and he used to have to take big cloths that they had and he'd cover all the drapery material or dry goods. Most of the dry goods, you know, were in big bolts. And, anything else had to be covered to keep the dust from damaging it.

So that, I remember that was his job at that time and then, you see, after he graduated, Father asked him to come into DTR's [Dixon Taylor Russell] and to work in the drapery department. He had had this experience in Taylor Brothers in the drapery department so Father decided they were going to expand the DTR department. All they had in DTR at that time, it wasn't a big department, it was just a make believe. And Will Norman was the manager of the drapery department. Will was artistic but not a merchandiser.

John: Is that right?

Bud: Yeah. And so Father decided

John: What was the other Norman's name that was in the store?

Bud: It was George.

John: George, I've had trouble remembering that. Okay.

Bud: Yeah, George. And, so Father figured that they should open up a drapery department and that's when your Dad went down to Barker Brothers in

California. Then he worked down there, I think, for maybe, I don't know if it was six months. But, anyway, he went down and worked there for a while till he got experience, then he came back and opened up the drapery department at DTR.

John: Somewhere in there, didn't he go back to New York for extended training, at NYU?

Bud: I think that was after he got it started.

John: After he got it started?

Bud: Then he figured, in order to have a good drapery department, he had to get more knowledge because all he had before that, he didn't work before he came to Taylor Brothers. Before DTR's, he was working in the architect's office . . . Joseph, Joe Nelson. He was a draftsman. He was working as a draftsman.

John: He did some really beautiful work, too. He was a good draftsman.

Bud: Yeah, yes. He did very well on it and that is, I think he must have been going to school at the same time and working off and on. I don't remember.

John: I remember Dad told me and I saw some of his books, that he took drafting classes and architectural classes from ICS, the International Correspondence School.

Bud: Oh.

John: And he said that he would set up a drawing board somewhere, I guess, in the kitchen or some place and work either early in the morning or late at night keeping up with his lessons. I guess he must have learned a lot that way. Before he went to work for an architect.

Bud: When you mention that drafting course, I believe I remember seeing some ICC, is it?

John: ICS.

Bud: ICS books, in our library. So that's where those came from!

John: I think I was wrong in saying he went to NYU. Wasn't it the New York School of Interior Design he went to? Do you happen to know?

Bud: No, I don't know.

John: You're not sure.

Bud: I'm not sure of that. I always thought it was the New York University . . .

John: Well, maybe it was.

Bud: But I don't know.

John: Wherever it was he did good work there. He completed a lot of very professional looking scrapbooks filled with drawings and sketches of all the furniture designs and the history of furniture and textiles and all that. And, he was very knowledgeable. I guess that not only helped him set up a wonderful drapery department and upholstery department, but then he went on to be an instructor at BYU in Interior Design, the very first in fact.

Bud: Yes.

John: In his spare time.

Bud: And I'm sure he also, what was I going to say, I lost it [laughter]. You can see the drafting came in so handy for him because all of the store fronts of DTR's branch stores, he was probably the one that drafted them out. And if they had a building on it, then sometimes they'd get an architect to do it. But see the Dangerfield and Taylor buildings over there.

John: They were across the street from DTR, across Center Street to the north.

Bud: Right, and then up to the south. It was on the south.

John: South side of the street?

Bud: The big building was on the corner and then Dangerfield was to the east of that.

John: Right.

Bud: Those were, he drew those up. He drew those up and I know several buildings, like in Spanish Fork, they built there. And, Springville, I guess they didn't do too much on that. But anyway, all of our estate property, that's where he made the draft on it and Fred Markham was always very good to advise him and help him on a lot of those.

See we had, what, five buildings over on Second West that and remodeling those. Put a front on them. Put a front on the old house that was on it and . . . both of them. And he did all the drawing on that. And the one down on Center Street where the Provo City buildings are. There were two buildings there that he drafted.

John: Was that before Provo High School was there?

Bud: Provo High School was set back. This was in front of Provo High School.

John: Oh, I see.

Bud: The front was on Center Street. Those were Dangerfield and Taylor.

John: Okay, I know that he also was doing the designs of the changes in the interior of the DTR building. You know, when they would want to set up different kinds of showrooms or different departments. He would do those drawings.

Bud: I'm sure that that's right. I don't . . . I don't remember too much about how they were.

John: Do you remember anything about my father's courtship of my mother? She was teaching school out at Grantsville and I know he used to drive out there on Friday or Saturday and bring her back to Provo and then drive her back out there after the weekend which sounds like an extremely difficult task, given the old roads and the old cars in those days.

Bud: And, Father always used to say, "Now, Lynn, when you're driving back from there, keep your eye on the road and not those great big beautiful eyes!" [laughter]. Oh, my. It was just . . . go to sleep on it and . . . [laughter].

John: Oh, you know, driving to Grantsville and back, even today, is a big trip. That's a long, long way out there.

Bud: And that old Dodge car that he had to drive, that was no easy thing to do.

John: That reminds me, speaking of cars, I recently wrote to my children and told them about—my son, John, wanted me to tell about the incident—I was eight or nine and my father and I were up Rock

Canyon getting some rocks early one morning and his new 1936 Dodge rolled down into the bottom of a big ravine and was smashed. It was blue, and dad had it hauled out and fixed it up and it was repainted in off-white.

And then, sometime after that, my mother and I were waiting for Dad outside Dixon Taylor Russell to pick him up after work. We were parked, diagonal parking there, and a "wino" driving another car, coming east on Center Street smashed into that whole row of cars right in front of DTR. And Mother and I were in the car, probably second in the row and the car was just absolutely smashed. And so, he had to get another.

Now, your mother Maria had just purchased, shortly before that, a black 1939 Studebaker. Do you remember that? And, somehow, my father, I don't know how it came about, but he wound up buying that car, I guess, from Grandma. Do you know anything about the circumstances of that?

Bud: As I remember, you went with him up in the canyon to get those rocks and when it went over the gully on it at that time I had joined the Army then, I was in Salt Lake. And, so I didn't have use of the car. Ruth [pause], now let's see, was it Ruth, I don't remember where she was, but I don't think she was living at home . . . and father . . . had died before that . . . but that Studebaker was purchased by Mother, Ruth, myself, and Ken.

That's when we bought it, the Studebaker . . .

John: Dealer over in Springville?

Bud: No, it was a dealer just north of the Farmers and Merchant Bank. The drugstore. Farmer's Market was still over here, across the street was . . . they were the Studebaker agency and that's where we purchased that Studebaker car and so it was, Ruth was teaching school at that time. Ken was working at DTR and the three of us went together on it and purchased the car.

So, we each had an interest in it and then later on, when your Dad wrecked the car up in the canyon then Mother let him buy that Studebaker.

John: That was really a nice car.

Bud: Oh, it was. It was a good one. And your Dad

was back east on a buying trip and he drove it home. He picked it up at the factory.

John: He drove the Studebaker out?

Bud: Yes.

John: Oh, I see.

Bud: He drove it out for us.

John: Okay.

Bud: I remember that very well.

John: That's very interesting.

Bud: Because I used to keep the payment records. Ruth was teaching school, this was her first job and she had to pay every month and we all contributed each month in order to . . . borrow money from the bank to . . .

John: To pay for it.

Bud: See, together.

John: Well, Uncle Bud, my father's, the little extract of his history, about the only thing that he wrote where he told how he and Henry had seen property up on the hill that they really liked and they arranged with Eph Liechty to buy a little bit of land. Now, was it about that time that your father decided to buy some land up on the hillside there?

Bud: Not that time. You see, the thing that happened, when the Depression came along, things were really rough then and your Dad and Henry had already gone ahead and dealt with Eph Liechty for three lots. That's all they had and they were paying just a yearly amount to Eph. So when things got so tough during the Depression, they figured instead of your Dad paying rent to John Taylor for his little house on First North . . . and Henry had just been married, they decided that with Father giving them permission to tear down Provona Beach Dance Hall, they decided that if they could get enough materials from that, that they would go ahead and start to build up on the hill.

And so, that's how they first got started up on the hill. And then later on, before they started building, your Dad decided that he had a location on a lot

that he liked better just south of the one he originally had.

John: Did he have the one in the middle at one time?

Bud: Yeah. Well, it was actually [pause] . . . now, I guess they got Art [Arthur, oldest brother] to go in with them on the three lots. Yeah, that's what it would be. So that made the fourth lot or the fourth area south, your Dad said it was a better lot than the other one on it. So that's when they got Eph to sell that and I took over Art's interest. Art hadn't paid anything on it. It was tough times and he didn't pay anything at all.

So, he said, if I go ahead and take the responsibility that I could have it. So I had to work with Eph, at least to work with his wife. She's the one that was the business head of the family . . . so I assumed that position.

John: So there was Henry on the north end. Did Dad originally have the lot in the middle and Art on the south?

Bud: No. Art had the middle and your Dad had the south.

John: Okay.

Bud: Then he wanted to move farther down.

John: Farther south? So that meant there were four lots in there? [Pause]

Bud: There couldn't be, they must have had just two lots to begin with. I guess that must have been it, it had to be.

John: Okay, so Dad decided to move south and Art was going to take the one in the middle and then eventually you took the one in the middle over from Art.

Bud: Right, yes.

John: And then Grandfather must have decided he wanted to buy some property up there?

Bud: Then Father could see that the boys, the boys had their interest up there after they got the houses built. And he could see the dump yard down here

just below the hill, and the old slaughter house over here and they, see, they were trying to find out how to get a road up there. You see, there was no direct road from here down. They all just hooked down this other way from Eph Liechty's.

John: Right.

Bud: Up until it came to the slaughter house water tank over here, and the road ended there. And then they, Henry, got the city to try and get a road that went down this other way. Down from the water tank. And, that's when, when I came back from a mission, the first year, they had graded this road in here out of the hill.

John: The "dugway" we called it.

Bud: The dugway road was owned by Lynn, Henry, and Clarence, and deeded to the county. Yeah, and that's when we put the fence, a fence down here on the side of this new road. And the fence went all the way down the hill and that's when Father became interested in it. All this area through here belonged to the [inaudible] and that's when Henry went ahead and made a deal with, it was the receiver of the Provo Meat & Packing Company when it was bankrupt.

They made a deal with him to buy these eleven acres, I guess it was. That's when Father became interested in making this a pasture for horses. And so that's when he got it.

[This is John, injecting a note. One of my earliest memories after moving up on the hill in 1933, is that of Uncle Bud and Uncle Kenneth working most of one summer, laboring in the hot sun, putting a barbed wire fence around the perimeter of these eleven acres. Uncle Bud was wearing the famous pith helmet he brought back from his mission in South Africa. This task was truly arduous for the post holes were mostly dug into rocks and hard pan. They planted locust posts then strung the barbed wire. I was about five or six years old. Often I would take a little bottle of water and tag along, pretending I was helping to build the fence. Just off the driveway to my present home, next to a giant rock, is the one surviving relict of this fence: a lone locust post. It will never be removed as long as I live here. The post is solid as a rock, and is now at least 75 years old!]

John: I guess that, I'm not sure of the details, but didn't that mean that Grandpa owned this shoulder of the hill here about down to where Isaacson's property began?

Bud: No. Father never owned any at all.

John: Oh?

Bud: Henry made a deal with, he was the receiver anyway of the State Bank. And he made the deal and Father furnished the rug. This property here was traded for a rug in DTR and the original deed was made to Henry.

[From other Clarence D. Taylor papers:

"In 1932, Julian Greer, receiver for the defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co., traded a beautiful \$300 DTR rug, to Arthur N. Taylor, for an 11.49 acre tract of land at their abandoned slaughter house in the mouth of Rock Canyon. Title at that time was registered in the name of Henry D. Taylor, but later transferred to the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate and later developed into the Taylor Estates subdivision of 17 lots, and Taylor Terrace of 16 lots."

John: Well.

Bud: Father told Henry to go ahead and make the deal on it and then Henry said, "Well, I won't have it in my name." So it was put in the Taylor Estate name then. That's how they did that. You see, the road down here cuts through there so a part of the land was over in the temple area and that's how we got the sewer line up here. It was when we, the Church, when they were building on it, we got the city to grant a sewer line if we donated the property. Sewer and the water. So they were able to get that. So that's how that came about.

John: Okay. Oh, I didn't realize that that had been taken into the Taylor Estate rather than Grandfather actually owning that property.

Bud: Father never owned land up here.

John: Okay, that's very interesting.

Bud: No. But he's the one that furnished the rug.

John: Well, didn't that property, we're talking about,

that eleven acres, didn't they go down where Isaacson's property begins?

Bud: Yes. Well, let's see. When you, you maybe remember that when you were going to the grade school [Page] you used to come up the road a ways.

John: Yes, Elaine Liechty and I used to walk home after school when we were in the first grade. The Pleasant View Ward Chapel was down there on the Provo Canyon Road not too far from the Page School. Farmer Tito had a piece of property down below the hill and we were afraid to death of him and we had to pass his farm every day. It was very scary for us.

Bud: Ethelyn Peterson Taylor's grandfather, Rawlins. Rawlins had a vacant farm down there. I think that's what . . . but anyway, as you come up there, the section line, I don't remember if there was a section line, that used to go through the fence. And that was almost directly up from the Provo water tank. And the section line was the property south of that, that property up the hill where it joined on to Isaacson's property. [Not clear]

Well, the section line, the dividing line and where that little peach orchard was there, they belonged to Seamount. Then on the other side of that was Isaacson's. As I remember, that little piece there was Seamount's.

John: Where I was thinking of, at some point, the Taylor estate property then, on its west side, didn't it kind of bound against Isaacson's property?

Bud: The Seamount property.

John: Okay.

Bud: Then Isaacson had everything . . .

John: South of there.

Bud: It may have been that Seamount sold it to Isaacson. That could have been.

John: Remember in those days, all we had down there about where Ninth East is today was the Muhlestein family, and then the Patten's and then across the street to the east were Isaacsons, and then you'd go further down and you'd, I don't know how far down, you'd get to the Eakins property down there.

Bud: Yep! Now, the Eakins' property was, even up on the hill, they had a dairy up there. You know, near the gravel pit. That was the Eakins' property there. It was clear up into there.

John: You know, Bud, a couple of weeks ago, we went to a wedding for a young man named Patten who married a girl that had been on a mission on Temple Square with us. And, the grandfather of this boy has a home up in Alpine. And, I've forgotten his first name, but he was one of the Pattens from Utah Valley and this Patten had gone into industry and had become an operating superintendent of Geneva Steel.

Bud: Oh.

John: In fact, he's still up and until just a few years ago, was retired. They brought him out of retirement to run the steel mill when the Cannon boys bought the plant. But anyway, I started talking to this man at the reception, which was in their home and told him that my family had come from the Pleasant View ward area here. He's an older man, he's probably about 70, around in there. Like me [laughter].

But he said, he's related to the Eakins and the Pattens that were down here and he knew all of those people, you know, because he's in the farming business, too. His farm is around on the other side of the lake, you know. Small world.

Well, back to my father. We know a little about the struggles and so on that he had in pioneering, living up here on the hill. In fact, I remember all of that very well because I was five when we moved up here and I have a very, very good memory.

Bud: You were a pioneer [laughs].

John: For those days. I remember Aunt Maurine thought we were crazy for living up here and I guess she probably was the one that kept Uncle Art from having any interest in being up here on the top of the hill in those days. But people thought we were crazy.

Bud: Especially Aunt Edna Taylor.

John: Aunt Edna Taylor. I don't know Aunt Edna Taylor.

Bud: That's Uncle John T. Taylor's wife.

John: Well, I don't know Uncle John either. I'm afraid that there are a lot of those Taylors that I just don't know, Uncle Bud.

Bud: Yeah. They lived right next to you there when you were born.

John: Down there on First North?

Bud: When you were on your bicycle . . . [laughter].

John: Edna Taylor, was that Norma Taylor Gardner's mother?

Bud: Yeah.

John: Oh, so the little home that my father rented was actually Uncle John and Aunt Edna's house.

Bud: Yep, yep. She's the one that said, "Lynn, you ought to be ashamed of yourself taking your wife and family clear out of civilization!" Oh, boy.

John: I remember when our house was being built. I don't know who actually did the carpenter work, but my father was trying to save money. So he would go up there at night after work and do some things or cleaning up and so forth.

I remember one time we were staying with my Grandmother Johnson and my dad was going up there after work. And we were going to sleep up on the floor of the, the basic floor of the house. There was nothing built there, maybe some framing, and she packed me a sack of french fried potatoes. I just thought that was great. We lay up there on the floor of that house and ate those french fried potatoes under the stars.

Another thing happened up there that I don't remember, but I heard a lot about it. My father just loved to wheel stones. I remember he was always using a wheelbarrow, you know, and the house, I guess, was basically up at that time and I was probably around four and a half or five. And, he was coming one way and I was coming the other around the house and he had a wheelbarrow full of stones or soil and he hit me right in the chest and knocked me colder than a wedge.

And I guess it about scared him to death, because I was just out cold. I don't remember that, but that's a story that I was told many times.

Bud: Laughter. Yeah, but you see the house was built . . . END OF TAPE SIDE A

John: We were just saying that our house was built just to the north of a big rock pile where Eph Liechty and his family had for decades, unloaded all the stones that they had picked up all around the fields while they were doing work. Go ahead, Uncle Bud.

Bud: Yes, and I think, maybe your Dad got in good shape with the wheelbarrow then, tried to move some of those rocks a little bit farther south to make way for his yard.

John: There must have been some kind of swale on the ground right there because there must have been a low place and Eph filled it up with stones, and for a decade after we lived in that house, just south of this house, was this great huge pile of boulders each about the size of your fist or your head, around in there. And we never did get rid of those.

Finally, after many years, Dad had some kind of equipment come in and smooth out the stones and put top soil all over that and covered up the stones, but whenever we'd irrigate the lawn, you could go over there on that spot and hear the water running away down somewhere underneath these rocks.

Bud: Yes, that was the only reason why Eph sold that property up there is because he couldn't farm it. All he did was "Indian farm." He just would choose spots where it was level enough for him to plant crops. And that was it, that hard spine up there.

John: Well, Uncle Bud, why don't you tell me, I know the story, but I'd like to have it in your words about how we obtained our water supply there. It'd run right through Eph's cow pasture and finally, after three or four thousand feet went into a cistern. under Uncle Henry's house and that's where we got our culinary water for years, but with great difficulty.

Bud: [Uncle Bud's response, if any is not noted.]

John: But the time came when we wanted to become modern and have a telephone up there which we did not have at that time. What year was that about, Uncle Bud?

Bud: I can't remember.

John: It must have been about 1936 or 1937, some-

where around there, wasn't it? Or was it later?

Bud: I cannot . . .

John: It's when you moved the sleeping porch up there.

Bud: I was still living down on Fifth West at the time. But anyway, that was when it was time to get a telephone up here. The telephone company would always reject any inquiry about providing a telephone up there. You always had to go down to Chatwin's (half a mile away) to telephone or Chatwin's would have to get a call and come up to have one of the girls come down and talk on the telephone.

So, year after year, that went on and the telephone company always had the same excuse, "Well, we don't have enough telephones up on the hill to justify it." Finally, they listened to our pleas for telephones and in desperation they said, "If we had three phones up there, we would put them in." So that's when we took them up on it and moved the old sleeping porch then in the back of our home on Fifth West up on the hill between Henry and Lynn, and put a telephone in it. Stan Roberts had a large "cat" trailer and he loaded on the screen porch and hauled it up. Although the telephone people knew this third telephone would only be a temporary active line, they installed the three telephones. The third telephone in the old sleeping porch could be heard all over the area, ringing out the bell numbers for the nine party telephones. [As time went on and others moved up on the hill the three phones became nine, according to Uncle Bud. I don't remember how many.] You could hear the telephone ringing all over the whole area, because it did not have windows in it, only screens.

John: Tell me about the sleeping porch. What was the philosophy behind that and how did it play into your life and in the lives of your brothers?

Bud: You see, as our family on Fifth West got older and our house, in order to provide bedroom space in it, eventually they went as far back as they figured they could. And then Father went upstairs and put in three or four bedrooms. And, in the summer time, that upstairs got really warm and so as the boys were still at home, Father decided the best thing to do was just to provide bedroom space by building a sleeping porch.

It was an open-air screened building and so that's where we boys would sleep. Especially in the summer time and then we would take the bedrooms upstairs in the wintertime. Finally, the boys decided they were tough enough. They would sleep in the wintertime in the sleeping porch too. So they put a curtain, a draped curtain around on the inside of the screen to keep the snow from blowing in. So we used to sleep out there both winter and summer. And finally when all the boys had left, it wasn't being used at all.

John: What was the inside dimension of that, would you say?

Bud: The what?

John: The inside dimension.

Bud: I imagine it was about . . .

John: 20 x 20?

Bud: Oh, that big, yeah. Yes. You see, we could put three full-size beds in it.

John: Well, in the winter, when you had to go from your warm house out to the sleeping porch, that must have been kind of a cold trip, wasn't it?

Bud: It was, yes. I don't know whether we even would undress. I can't remember whether we got our pajamas on in the house and then ran out, or whether we dressed in the sleeping porch and then ran over to the house.

John: Well, you know, that practice that developed in your family affected me because when my father built our house, there was an underground garage, you'll remember on the east side.

Bud: Right.

John: And there was no, in those days, people didn't know how to heat things and so there were no heat ducts up into the bedroom which was above the garage. And that's where Janice and I would sleep. And there were just screens around the perimeter of that bedroom.

Bud: Right.

John: There were no solid windows at all.

Bud: Right.

John: And so, we had exactly the same experience you did. In the morning after a snowstorm, we'd find snow had sifted in through the screens, and it would be on the bed. And at night, when it was time to go to bed, we used to be in a warm house and then screw up our courage, you know. To run out there into that sleeping porch and run through that room and go and get in our beds because the temperature in that room was the same as outside. Whatever it was outside that's what it was in there. We didn't know about the traditional hot brick, but we did have one hot water bottle in the house and we used to fight over who was going to get to use it! Mother took pity on us and sometimes she would put flannel sheets out there instead of percale. Those percale sheets were just murder!

In fact, I even had a nice cat named Boots and I would make that cat go out there with me and crawl under the covers to help keep me warm because it was so cold [laughter].

Was it hard to move that little outdoor sleeping porch from Fifth West up on to the hill?

Bud: No. Stan Roberts, had a bulldozer and he used to do a lot of bulldozing and grading in the area and he had quite a large trailer that he would load his bulldozer on, to haul it to where he wanted to go for a job. He backed up against the sleeping porch and pulled it on top of this old trailer.

John: How did he lift it up and slide it on to the trailer?

Bud: I imagine that he had jacks to lift it up I don't remember when he moved it because I lived downtown.

John: I guess it didn't have a foundation under it or anything like that?

Bud: No, no. It didn't have foundation under it because when he got it up here, all he did was put some big rocks underneath it and jacked it up on that. That became the family "telephone booth" [laughter].

John: Well, we used to be able to hear the phone ring and as you recall, we had a party line. I don't remember what our ring was, but it was like J8 or

something, and so, you'd have to listen carefully. If it was two rings, it was somebody's house. If it was three it was somebody else's, four, five, or six rings and that's how you'd know who was supposed to pick it up.

Bud: Not only that, but they had a long ring and short ring. So you'd have to listen to it. People became so adjusted to it that they could pick up the phone without even thinking about it.

John: [laughs] Yeah, I'd forgotten all that.

Bud: And that's when Alta began to spend time listening in (laughter).

John: We are wandering all over, now but that's fun!

When Uncle Henry built his second home on the hill, now Scott and Ruth Wallace's home, was that property in the Taylor estate?

Bud: Yes, in a way. In 1949, Henry made a trade of a lot he owned in what was to become the Bonneville Development Corporation, with Weldon Taylor, and thus obtained the first lot in the "Oak Hills Subdivision," on the west side of Oak Lane adjacent to our Provo Meat property. On this lot he built his new home, and in order to get a satisfactory side variance for his new home he obtained a fifteen foot piece of additional land from the Taylor Estate, on his north boundary line.

John: I must add that Henry's home was the most beautiful ever built on the hill to this day, in my judgment I think Fred Markham designed it and it was very beautiful and clean. And it could be again, but it's certainly been allowed to run down.

Bud: I was going to say, it isn't that way now, it's not been kept up.

John: It's not very nice looking, but it has the potential. I wish somebody would buy the house. In fact, when Scott Wallace died, I sent an email to Hank and said, "Hank, I don't know whether Ruth Wallace is going to live in that house forever or whether it might go on the market. But," I said, "some of you people might want to think about buying that house and making it the way it used to be." Hank said he liked to think about it, but doesn't want to pursue it.

Bud: His mission . . . would interrupt that.

John: Yes, of course even for the future, you know. Underneath it's really a very beautiful home.

Bud: And it was well built, John. It was well built.

John: Who built it, do you know?

Bud: Old Ruel Davis.

John: Oh?

Bud: Ariel Davis's dad. He was a gruff, hard-to-get-along-with person. He built a lot of our buildings downtown. That big Skaggs building, that was his. Along with some of the others. He was a very good builder.

John: Of course, as you know, his grandson, Steve Davis is one of our Brickerhaven home owners.

Bud: Yes.

John: Well, Uncle Bud, have we left out anything about my father that you could tell me?

Bud: I couldn't think of anything, but the whole thing is I don't remember enough that I can carry over very long. As time goes on, later a little bit, I'll think of some things.

John: Well, you know, I'm very happy to have this conversation because my father, now if he were alive today would be 102 or 103

Bud: Yep.

John: And obviously, all of his contemporaries are gone. Occasionally I encounter someone today who will remember my father, Edna Done and Phyllis Allen come to mind. But you really are the last surviving person that knows anything about Dad, except Aunt Ruth and Aunt Ethelyn but they were much younger. And so, I was anxious to ask you for your thoughts and memories..

Bud: And as you can see on it, I don't remember anything about his early days . . . I wasn't alive!

John: Well, one thing that I would like to ask you, it seemed to me that you and Dad always got on very well and you were always involved with one another on projects and associations at Brickerhaven, the property on the hill, and the telephone thing that

you worked out together, and so you must have had a pretty good relationship.

Bud: We've always, all of us have got along very well together. You see, your dad and Henry; now Art was older. Your dad and Henry they always had things in common. Then when I came along, I'd always had very good relationships with Henry, your dad because they had always been very interested in helping me out. Like in the Brickerhaven Country Club. They're the ones that . . . got me in the organization.

Then when, you see, this property on the hill came up, they were very interested and I was interested in what they were doing and things like that. So, we've always got along very good and then, I guess, with Henry and Lynn always interested in developing the Taylor Estate. They were so interested in that and they were, always helping me on it. I was the younger brother and they accepted me. I guess you'd say anything that I've been able to accomplish has been through their influence.

Like on all the different projects. Bonneville Development and Brickerhaven. And so many things I've been on the receiving end of. Otherwise, I'd probably be in the poorhouse now. After leaving BYU or leaving . . .

John: Dixon Taylor Russell Company.

Bud: DTR. I wouldn't have anything at all. Just like Art. Oh, that was a pathetic thing when he didn't have anything left. Everything he had was spent along the way.

John: I guess his family assumed the well was never going to go dry.

Bud: They never had riches, but they lived comfortably. And, so that left him, when he was out, he didn't have a pension or anything but thank goodness they had their house in the clear. I think that, in the last few years that helped them a lot. But here I've got all these things around me to enjoy life.

John: You've done very well in your life. You've been frugal, but you've lived okay and you've been very generous with your means. You've helped a lot of people and made a lot of other people happy.

Bud: Well, why shouldn't I? [laughs] No, I, that's what I feel. I have everything that was necessary

and I'm still getting along. Only like everybody else, eventually, your health starts running down.

John: That's true.

Bud: If you haven't got your health then you haven't got anything.

John: Well, I don't want you to think of this visit, Uncle Bud, as in any way an intimation of your coming end, but it just occurred to me yesterday, "You know, I'm letting this time go by and Uncle Bud is now about 91, and he's not getting any younger and here I'm not taking advantage of his memories and pretty soon he's not going to remember all this." And so, here I am.

Bud: Memory goes. That's . . . it's getting that way fast. [laughs]

John: Well, I'm sure there was one other thing I wanted to ask you about, but I can't, oh yes, just your thoughts about Henry. I remember Henry as a very enterprising man. Even when he was very young, he was always trying to figure out how he could improve his situation in life. And my father, I think of as more of a pioneer in many ways. He was not afraid to get involved in new things like being the first to move up to Brickerhaven and, perhaps, being instrumental in forming the Brickerhaven Country Club, moving up on the hill with Henry when others thought they were crazy!

I remember things he was doing up on the hill—some of his enterprises were not too successful—but always ingenious! I remember things like when we were trying to irrigate our lawn. He came up with this scheme of building these covered concrete channels with notches cut in the sides. Then down at DTR, he had big, these big canvas pouches or tunnels made.

Bud: Yeah.

John: And then he had, in these concrete channels, a series of slots and he could drop metal barriers in so that he could put this big canvas bag system on these little ports and then shut the water off just below. So that would force water to come out of there and go over the lawn. And then he would move that to the next spot and put the barrier into the slot and force the water out on that one. Do you remember any of this, Uncle Bud?

Bud: I sure do.

John: And it was a great idea and highly successful except for one thing and that is that the water was so laden with silt that after a season or two, where the water would come out on the lawn, it formed masses of sand and so on even though the grass was growing on the top.. This made the lawn uneven and then the channels got choked up and so we had to abandon that. But the point is that Dad was always thinking about different ways of doing things.

Bud: Right. Yep, that's, he's the pioneer. That, I think he got that from his dad. I think that my dad was always thinking about making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and he's always branching out doing new things, and I'd say that gift was passed on to Lynn.

John: But Henry, back to Henry. He was a very, I think of him as a very modern guy. He was really up-to-date on all the new techniques and the new ideas. Didn't you find that to be true?

Bud: I think he, he was able to acquire a lot of that type of a character from Uncle Roy Dixon. I think before Henry, let's see, I guess he was just out of high school, he worked in Uncle Roy's real estate office. He replaced the English girl that Uncle Roy had been instrumental in bringing from England, a convert. She decided she wanted to go on a mission so Uncle Roy got Henry to take her place in the real estate office.

And that was the Dixon Real Estate Company and Uncle Roy was very energetic. You see, he was a State Senator, he was Mayor, he was on the High Council, and he was a member of several clubs.

John: Now, how did Uncle Roy fit into the family? I have no idea. How is he related to your mother?

Bud: He's one of the Dixon boys and he would be Grandmother Sarah Dixon's, son.

John: So Roy would be a son of Henry Aldous Dixon.

Bud: Henry Aldous. He was one of the, he would be about, oh, let's see, what. Uncle Arnold was the youngest of that family, so he would be the next to the youngest boy of the family.

John: Okay, so Henry went to work for him.

Bud: Yes, he went to work for him and Uncle Roy got along so well with everybody. And, I think a lot of that just rubbed off on Henry. So that was one reason why he was so interested later in real estate. Which amounted to wealth for Henry later in life because he used that a lot. He used that an awful lot. The real estate knowledge that he got.

John: Well, that's interesting because I remember, in his early days, he had, I think together with you, had some properties. Some rental properties and I always wondered how he got involved in doing that.

Bud: Yes, and that's why I say that those older brothers of mine were always so helpful to me. Yeah, we had a partnership. And, I guess at one time we had about eight or nine properties we were managing. Until he went back to school and went back to New York

John: He did go to NYU, I remember that distinctly.

Bud: Yes, and then I took over his insurance business.

John: You were a Hartford agent, weren't you?

Bud: Yes. Hartford didn't do so much. They're still existing, I guess. A lot of the success depends on the agent, the general agent that has an area, a territory. And one of the Hartford agents went down to Reno, that's where he wanted to be all of the time [laughter].

John: Well, Uncle Bud, this has really been very helpful. I think I told you the other day that I'd gone up to visit Alice and she gave me three full articles

that you had written for, I don't know exactly what purpose, but maybe at her request. One was on the scroll we discussed, one was on "Lightning," the pony, and one was on Aunt Ruth recounting how you helped get her a bicycle for Christmas. So those are just very nice and I'm going to, when I give my family the results of this interview, when we've perfected it, and I'm going to attach those little articles that you wrote to that. I know the family will be very happy to have those. So, thank you.

Bud: I don't know if you'd be interested or not, but anyway, this is one of the things, let me think . . . just some of the things that I've just been jotting down

John: Oh, another one that she gave me is "Father's rocking chair." I have that, too.

Well, that's good. I'm going to turn this tape over, or turn it off now and thank you very much for your help on this. And what I'll do is I'll have this transcribed and maybe edit it just a little and then I'll bring it to you and you can look over it and make sure that we haven't made any mistakes or that we've got everything that we want. Okay?

Bud: All right.

END OF TAPE SIDE B

[Note: Uncle Bud did review this transcript and made some very helpful suggestions. However, near the end of his long life, his memory was faulty, and I know some information is inaccurate, but I do not know how to correct it. So, I'm leaving it as you see it. Still and all, Uncle Bud's personality shines through! –John, 26 July 2005]

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